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M<sup>c</sup> Sparrow

NCW







THE  
**IRISH LEGEND;**  
OR  
M'DONNELL,  
AND THE  
NORMAN DE BORGOS:  
A Biographical Tale.  
BY ARCHIBALD M'SPARRAN  
WITH  
AN ORIGINAL APPENDIX,  
CONTAINING  
HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL RECORDS  
OF THE  
ANCIENT FAMILIES OF THE NORTH OF ULSTER.

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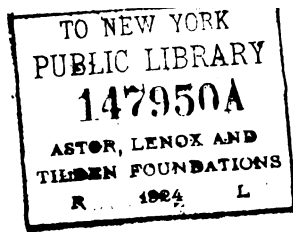
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AT THE CHRONICLE OFFICE, BY J. M'COMBIE.

1854.

M'Sparran

NCW-



Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom and song!  
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,  
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall  
twine;  
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
'Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own.

# AN IRISH LEGEND, &c.

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## CHAPTER I.

At the time that Britain was so much harrassed by those northern hordes of ravagers the Danes, issuing like locusts from their lakes and forests, and blasting wherever they appeared the fair fruits of industry; it was at this critical juncture that William Duke of Normandy made his appearance off the coasts of Sussex, with a numerous body of forces collected in Flanders, Bologne, Bretagne, Poictou, Maine, Orleans, France, and Normandy. The result of the contest between him and Harold the native prince for superiority, is too well known to need further explanation.

With William came also his two half-brothers, Odo and Robert, the former Bishop of Baieux, and now created Earl of Kent, the latter Earl of Cornwall. The family name of those adventurous chieftains was De Burgo, or rather De Borgo, and from them was descended the ancient family of Burke, the Earls of Ulster, Clanricard and St. Albans, with the Earls and Viscounts of Mayo, one of which latter was patron and protector to the celebrated Irish bard Turlough O'Carolan. To Elizabeth, daughter of William De Borgo, was married Lionel, third son of Edward the Third, King of England. This William De Borgo was possessed of many of the most fertile and valuable tracts of land in Ulster, and as a private nobleman, was more invested with supreme power and absolute dominion, than is the present vice-regent of Ireland, yes,

or I might say, the monarch of the British dominions; but at a time when this power seemed to have attained to its full zenith, he was basely murdered by his own servants in crossing a small stream near Carriekfergus. Upon the untimely death of this nobleman, his descendants were called by the native Irish, who could not well pronounce the English language themselves, M'Guilliens or M'Williams, the sons of William, as deriving their sole origin from him alone. M'William in process of time was corrupted into M'Quillan, which finally settled the family name of the adventurous sept of De Borgo. The M'Quillans being now in possession of many fine tracts of land in the northern parts of Antrim, as well as the south, were often engaged in skirmishes with their neighbours, in order to maintain the rights of their great ancestor; but with none had they more strife than the O'Neills of Clanbuoy; these it must be confessed were more than a match for them, notwithstanding that they were supported by a number of warm allies. All their animosities, however, after dyeing the soil of many a well-fought field, settled in a profound peace; and now the united armies of O'Neill and his magnanimous ally, I mean Daniel M'Quillan, were without an opposer.

On the north-western coast of Antrim, on an isolated rock, overhanging the eternal surge of a tempestuous ocean, stands the antiquated castle and fortress of Dunluce. The mind of the thoughtful traveller, in passing this way, is immediately arrested on beholding these awful ruins, and carried back to times long since buried in oblivion. A small hill continually green conceals it from his view, until he is within a musket shot of the place, when he beholds as if rising out of the sea, immediately below him, the crowded chimneys not of a single edifice, but of a little village; these chimneys stand upon the naked walls, and serve very much to give the ruin a more solemn appearance. The rock barely admits the castle, and is separated from the main land by a yawning gulf, everywhere impassable save one, across which a single wall of stone and lime has been thrown in form of an arch, scarcely 24 inches in breadth; and here is the only ingress and egress to and from this once redoubtable and strong hold of the north. Under the rock and immediately below the centre of the castle, is a cavern which passes to the other side overlooking the sea; upon speaking aloud or shouting, this cavern returns curious and

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even musical sounds. The hooded crow nodding on the mouldering pinnacles, that seem hanging over the white surf far below, as it breaks with deafening roar against the base of this natural bulwark; the screaming of the seafowl wheeling round our heads, and the mournful cadence of the north wind whistling through the rifted casements, leave an impression on the soul, and particularly the meditative soul, which no form of words can express.

Tradition says that an Irish chieftain, by name M'Keown, built this castle to awe the Danes and Cruthneans, or ancient Caledonians, as well as his tumultuous neighbours, who inhabited those parts when the Brehon laws were in full force, and this before the use of artillery undoubtedly was an impregnable fortress; for by pulling up the drawbridge that lay across the wall above described, all access was rendered impossible. On the south side of the drawbridge are the remains of an old barrack, which served to accommodate the gallowglasses of the chieftain, as it was necessary that his clansmen should be at hand when an alarm was given, or an enemy appeared; for in those days the approach of an enemy was scarcely ever sooner known than by the blaze of a fire from some eminence, or the sound of the war trumpet; besides the barrack which I have mentioned there are the walls of a number of other buildings, which have the appearance of a little town, and here was held a weekly market which fell on Saturday, for the use of the troops, followers, and family of the resident Lord. At a small distance to the east is a little green hill, called the gallows-hill, on which were executed all those who were thought unworthy to live: nor did the trial go farther than the single decision of the leader, who was absolute in all his commands.

Few persons of any taste or curiosity visit the Giants' Causeway, who do not also visit the castle of Dunluce; it being on the same shore, and scarcely three miles distant. To me the former raises the most exalted thoughts of the Deity, in contemplating his magnanimity in this miracle of nature. These thoughts, however, are of a cheerful and pleasing kind, as it shows to us only at a distance some of the experiments, if I may be allowed the expression, of his greatness.

On the other hand, on looking at this decayed pile of building, I see a picture of the shortlived race of man; I see him to-day surrounded by his numerous vassals, hewing the beams,

and laying the foundations of a building that he firmly believes will defy all the attacks of his enemies—to-morrow I behold him stretched below, as lifeless as the stones that from yonder ruin crumble over his tomb : and such, say I, old grey edifice ! has been the fate of thy now forgotten inhabitants. One apartment in this castle is called Mave Roe's room, and it is said to be always kept clean swept by her, she being the family Banshee, who upon the death of a person belonging to an old stock or line of ancestors, was heard lamenting in the most pitiful manner, either around the dwelling of the deceased, or that of one of his near relations. The room has much the appearance of a friar's cell, and its walls are all carved over with the names of the different visitors ; but old time, though slowly, is still advancing with his work of destruction, " nor will he cease till he tumbles from its solid bed the last fragment." The clangor of the brazen trump that once reverberated along those bold projecting shores, to rouse the clansmen from their distant haunts, and the manly voice that filled it, are now become mute. Yes, I say the sonorous tube, with the thundering hero around whose ample neck it was wont to hang, now lies hushed in midnight silence. Here also echo sleeps undisturbed, save by the braying of the hoarse Atlantic, the moaning of the wind, or the savage screaming of the sea-fowl. In those roofless walls old Æolus sometimes tunes his melancholy harp, and sends to the soul such sounds as leave the mind absorbed in sorrow.

" The Hermit oft,  
At dead of night, 'mid his orisons hears  
Aghast the voice of time departing tow'rs,  
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd  
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon."

After M'Keown had resided for many years in this castle, he was overpowered and forced from it by the English, who having quarrelled with him, and obtaining a passage secretly over the drawbridge, slaughtered, routed, and dispersed the entire clan in one night. Having defeated one Irish chieftain, they turned their attention to the reduction of others ; but none stood their ground more firmly than old M'Quillan and his sons ; they, assisted by their sons, often routed the English, and drove them into their fortress.

It was on a fine morning in autumn, just as the sun began to peep over the heights of Morven, and gild by his horizontal beams the chimneys of Dunluce ; the bending ears of corn were

hanging with dew, nor had the reaper seized his crooked sickle to resume the labours of the day, when young Garry M'Quillan walked some distance from his father's house, and keeping his whole attention fixed on the broad luminary of day, which was now overtopping the mountains of Scotland, that he beheld on the side of an adjacent hill a cloud of smoke issuing from the roof of a cabin. He not knowing what it might be, nor suspecting it to be anything more than the herdsman burning some hovel, lest it might become a shelter for those plunderers who come in the night season to drive off the peaceable inhabitants' cattle, directed his course to the place. Before him was a tolerably deep glen, thick with oaks, and a close brake of hazel and other brushwood, and down the bottom of this glen ran a small stream that supplied a cooling draught to the cattle, as often as they took shelter here from the heat of the meridian sun; he said to himself he would go to the spot and see what this was, perhaps it was an accident, and he thought might endanger lives, or rather it might be the work of an enemy. With his mind busied on these ideas he hurried across the glen, and imagined, at the same time, that he heard a number of voices very near him. He, however, took no farther notice of them, but ascended the other height, where the cattle were yet in their lair, with their heads all turned toward the rising sun, busily ruminating on yesterday's provender. At this moment he beheld fire burst from the roof, and wrap the entire cabin in flame, and soon after a half-dressed female rushed from the door with a naked infant under each arm, seemingly unconscious of his presence, and having laid, or rather thrown them on the ground, made back towards the fire with all speed, her undergarment blazing around her. At that instant a part of the roof fell in, and rolled a volume of sparks and flame over her and M'Quillan, who had now reached the place. She would not have perceived him, but turning round with a mother's anxiety for the two infants that lay behind her sprawling on the grass, she uttered the most heartrending shriek imaginable, and pointing to the cottage, called aloud, Oh! Fadie, Fadie, machree na roon Fadie! M'Quillan knew that some other person must be in the inside yet, and seizing a stake which lay at his foot, drove in a part of the wall, where the roof had been yet standing. As soon as the wall went in, a huge black dog, with his tail flaming like the torch of Ceres, freed him-

self with a spring—at his heels followed a cat, burning in like manner, and after her a pig, which was scarcely so light afoot as either of its precedents. The master followed these with a light skip, holding in his hand a black thorn staff, which was burning at one end; the first thing he did, without noticing his deliverer, was to thrust the end of the staff into a waterpool, and examine it nicely after he drew it out. M'Quillan by this time was making moan for the disaster that had befallen him, but he, always regarding the stick closely, answered him by saying he believed it was not much the worse yet.

As M'Quillan saw he had delivered all the inmates of the cabin from danger, he had time leisurely to view the actions of each inhabitant upon its emerging from this second Troy. The dog threw himself on his back, and plowed along the ground, in order to free himself of the fire, then expressed his joy by whisking round the children at full speed, and afterwards stretching himself down at their back. The cat, upon her escape, perched on the top of a high stone that stood on its end in front of the dwelling, and after licking herself all over, sat down upon her tail with her mustaches singed into her face, and humming a strain of congratulation, seriously viewed the ruin. As for the pig, it dived into the pool more like an inhabitant of the watery element, and coming out altogether metamorphosed, stretched itself at full length close to the dog's back. The master of the cabin, after surveying the group as they lay mingled together on the ground, made his apostrophe to the dog;—Musha, poor Driver, said he, you and I had warm ladgings this marning, but I knew there was no danger, for I sprinkled a bottle of holy water over us just as the roof fell in; let me see, I think it was at Hallantide last that I gat it, and I laid it safely up behind the knee of the couple waiting for a hurry of this kind, for you know it would have been a pity to spend it on a trifling thing, don't you jewel; and if I had flung it over the house last night, devil a stick of it would be burned yet. Your faith was good, poor fellow, said M'Quillan, and so you have benefitted by it. His first care now was to convey them to another cabin across the moor, and procure clothes and some kind of nourishment for them; their persons were not much the worse of the fire, save their hair, that was singed, and also the poor female's legs that were a little scorched, in consequence of her undergarment being consumed. Whe

they were a little recruited, and began to shake off the late terror in which they were, he questioned them respecting the accident that he said he feared had destroyed all their little furniture, besides endangering their lives. Arrah God bless you, says M'Ivennan, (this was the herdsman's name,) sure we lost nathing but two stoo's and a bed, as I may say, for the pat can be nathing the worse, honey. Well, said the other, but is not that your all? No, by my faith, said he, I have my black thorn, and many other things; we can easily get a wisp of straw to lie on, and for stools I can cut a hassak\* out of the turf bank, which will do us rarely. Hush!a, it's but the other day that we gat the stools, and I may safely say I never sat aisy on them yet, barring for the dacency of the thing.

Was the disaster a matter of accident, said M'Quil'an, or can you suppose any person base enough to have been the cause of it? As I was last night, said M'Ivennan, and a fine night it was, driving the catt'e to their lair, and shifting them to a p'ace where they might pass the night in safety, and a so where the litter was deepest, for you know I a ways leave them at the oak bank, Driver, pointing to the dog, had taken the one side of the hill, to collect the stragglers, and meet me at the grey stone, for this is the p'ace we always come togeth'r. Not seeing him come up to myself in time, I thinks with myse f that all was not right with poor Driver; I seated myse f as it might be on the stone, and by my faith a great arge s one it is. But what would you have of it when I did not see the poor fellow coming, off I sets bag and baggage, to see what was the matter; just as I came to the Tummock, there does I see the bullocks' heads appearing, but 'o, behoul'd you, dwoul a Driver was there. On myse f goes hi ty ski ty, d ye see me, till as luck woul'd have had it, I hears my poor fellow growling and giving battle like a man. Two rapscaillions had taken away a bullock, and Driver was standing right be'ore them shouting upon me, and as I am a sinner, the stones were whittling about his ears as thick as the moaty sun. Spitting on my stick, and thrusting

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\* A square lump cut from a turf bank, and dried, often serves for a seat.

my hat down on my head that it might not fly off, I was with him in two or three spangs, and neither said good, bad, nor indifferent till I flattened the cadger ; with that a large doireig passed my nose, and nearly took the breath from me, so we beat a parley, when Driver and I came off with the bullock, poor bruit, and they went off on the other hand vowing revenge soon or later, ashore, so that's all that I know by the frost, jewel. Yes, I had almost forgot, as they went up the bank I heard them say there were a score of them in the glen, and for all that I know, there may be as many more of them.

M'Quillan and he, after putting the mother and children to bed, walked back to the cottage, which being composed of turf, both roof and walls were sunk down into a red mass of fire. The day was calm and remarkably clear, which showed to their view, as they lay reclined on a scrap of brown heather behind the cabin, the tranquil face of the deep.

M'Quillan was planning how to erect a new dwelling for the poor man, and also to make some provision for his family during the winter, which was now fast approaching ; but how, said he, can we protect you from those nightly depredators who are disturbing the peaceable inhabitants, and carrying off their cattle ? there is no other effectual means of getting rid of this evil than driving them from their holds wherever they are ; and these incendiaries who attempted such a barbarous deed last night, I take to be vagabonds of our own country employed in foraging by the garrison of Dunluce, for that castle is at present held by a strong detachment of English. These robbers are not regular soldiers, they are only strollers, such as follow every camp ; I have always known an English soldier generous, humane, and brave ; but I suspect they are looking for something besides cattle. All I can say, however, is, you must be on the alert for some time, and if I find that any further attempts are made, either upon you or upon any other of my father's vassals, we will summon the clans from the nine glens, and as sure as my name is Garry M'Quillan, we shall give them a merry morning.

Such conversation as this spent the day imperceptibly, until the sun was going down, and the weighty clouds were verging

towards the horizon ; he was two or three steps on his departure, when turning to M'Ilvennan, he threw him his purse which, though containing but a small sum, was quite sufficient for his present necessity ; his wants indeed were but few, a blessing which Providence never fails to bestow on such persons as live in that humble but commonly happy sphere of life. M'Quillan having departed, the man and his dog went to lair the cattle, with much more caution and watchfulness than he ever had done before ; he was now under a kind of dread, not for his charge alone, but even for his life ; and as the distance increased between him and his deliverer, he fancied that danger became proportionably more near.

As M'Quillan was crossing the glen much about the place where he passed it in the morning, and meditating on the strange adventure that he had witnessed during the day, he was collared by two stout men, one of whom ordered him, in a tremendous voice, to surrender.

To whom shall I surrender, said M'Quillan, or for what ; I know of no offence that I have committed, and even that I had, it will take another to extort such submission from me. Are you not Garry M'Quillan, son to him who has withstood the laws of the British realm so long ? My name is the same, said he, and I am son.—But why should I reply to robbers ? He was standing on low ground, and been collared by both, was exerting his whole strength against them, when with a spring backwards he brought them both below him ; where are you now ? roared he aloud ? and at the same time grasped the neck of each in his ample hand ; but he had better been silent, for his voice that echoed like thunder through the glen, roused a number of others that lay concealed in the thickets, who rushing upon him, he was overcome and bound with gads or withes twisted from the shoots of a sapling oak that grew beside the place where he lay. In vain did he demand of them to know his offence, or what they intended to do with him ; he was hurried away in the deepest silence through woods, fastnesses, and over precipices, places well known to him in former days. After much travel and fatigue, about dawn they arrived at the castle of Dunluce, through the portals of which shone a few beams of dim-coloured light, serving only to show the frightful

chaasm that environed this rocky tower. M'Quillan was now aware that he was taken as a hostage for the conduct of his father, and also feared that he would be sent over seas far from the green hills and pure streams of his native island. His fate as yet was uncertain, for he himself had often measured swords with the English, and even with the present governor whose prisoner he then was.

As the party approached the castle, one of them, whose regimentals he could perceive under a great coat that he wore, put a trumpet to his mouth, (this also had been unseen by him,) and from it blew a blast that with its echo seemed to fill every room in the castle. Upon which a stern-looking head, cased in a steel helmet, and close to the cheek of which leaned a weighty battle-axe, called aloud from the ramparts who comes? The answer was soon returned Garry M'Quillan, which was the password that night. The grating of the massive hinges of the drawbridge was immediately heard, and poor young M'Quillan was ushered into the fortress between two files of soldiers under arms, and his big hands tied behind his back like a malefactor. The governor, a person somewhat advanced in years, was an austere rigid man, and had received his promotion chiefly from his exact discipline, and strict attention to his superior officers. When the prisoner was brought before him, he sternly demanded by what means he came there, was he still outraging the mild laws of his sovereign, as his father and grandfather had done before him? The prisoner said that chance had thrown him into his hands, but could the bands with which he was bound speak, they could tell who was outraging the laws both of God and man.

Davers, for this was the governor's name, told him he did not wish to lose time; but asked him what terms he could bring his father to, in order to obtain his liberty?

I neither shall bring my father to terms, nor do I wish him to be on any other terms with you, said M'Quillan, than the terms on which he is; I am your prisoner, and make your best of me.

After a few days' close confinement, weighty irons, and a damp cell, said Davers, you will be more amenable.

Take care, said M'Quillan, that you don't find me worse; I can live in the midst of damp, bear more irons than any man in the garrison, and so long as I know I am wronged, half food will suffice me.

Take away this stubborn young man, said Davers, and have him loaded with those irons which he seems to regard so little, we shall try his unbending spirit.

Poor young M'Quillan was led away by the same military escort that brought him through many windings until they came to a small cell on the south-eastern side of the castle; a window from this apartment overlooks a part of the bay, and indeed has a giddy appearance from a boat entering the creek. Here they stript from his hands the shackles formed from his own native plant the Shillelah, and put in their place a huge pair of rusty iron manacles, that seemed not to have been used since the days of Henry II., who probably had them made for some stubborn shoot of the same soil. They also put a pair of footloeks on him, from which a chain was united to his hands, and thus pinioned they left him to himself.

In leaving him they said that this was Mave Roe's room, whose company he might have every night; and as she was a countrywoman of his own, might be more agreeable to him. With a leap from the ground and a shake of his irons, at which the whole cell rung again, he menaced them, they retreating as fast as possible, and not forgetting to lock his prison door firmly, for indeed they imagined all securities little enough with such a man.

The cell was that one which went by the name of Mave Roe, the Banshee whom I have mentioned. She was of the family of M'Keown, and in her thirteenth year, say they took the veil and retired from the world, that she might spend her time in secret devotion and meditation, for she was known to be of a pious disposition from a child. The Banshee is considered one of the good genii, or guardian spirits, by the ancient Irish families, and many of them never fail to leave a small tribute in the place said to be frequented by her.

The prisoner being somewhat exhausted, reclined on a kind

of bench that stood against the wall, and from his seat, as it was now broad daylight, could behold that part of the ocean which surrounded the east side of the castle. From the turret to the water was a most awful depth, and to add to the terror of this, at the extremity of the gulf a wall of rugged rocks crowned the precipice. The thoughts of escape, notwithstanding these formidable barriers, haunted his mind all day; there was nothing before him but climbing, swimming, and leaping; his imagination was so far infected with these ideas that his hands and feet would often assume their proper functions until the weight of his bolts brought him back to his own natural reason. The cause of those chimerical notions was this,—bondage and imprisonment were strangers to him, he was accustomed to range as free as the wind that sweeps the high forelands of his native island. He had been taught from his infancy to shrink at no kind of danger, nor consider any achievement, however hazardous, too difficult for accomplishment, and on this he chid himself for being taken as he supposed so tamely. A few days after his arrival at the castle, he was sitting near to the small grated window, through which a part of the bay may be seen, and as the day was calm, could distinctly hear the crew of a vessel which was coming to anchor on the northwestern side of the fort, near to a small rock called the Skerries. They were unacquainted with the bay, and having lain off the land from the morning waiting for a pilot, were obliged under easy sail to stand in toward the harbour. As they had got in between a shoal and the land, he perceived that there was much confusion on board; through the different clamours of the sailors, one hoarse voice, however, was heard audibly above the rest shouting let—go—your—fore—top—gallant—halliards,—let—go—your—main—top—gallant—halliards;—let—go—your—mizzen—top—gallant—halliards, belay your sheet and haul away. Again, fore sheet—fore tack—fore bowling, let go and haul away—steady—larboard watch ahoy.

Such sounds as these were music to the ear of M'Quillan. What a hardy adventurous life, thought he, do these brave tars lead, buffeting the wind, waves, and all other dangers; whilst I have suffered myself to be taken and tied like a sheep without resistance. Why did I not either kill one of those poltroons or lose my life?

A short time had elapsed when an unusual bustle in the castle, and some preparation for food and beds, gave him to understand that a number of guests were expected there that night : he also heard the sentinel that guarded his prison door ask another soldier in passing were the troops arrived ?

They are descending the heights of Ballymagarry, said the other, and will be here in a few minutes.

He now knew that the vessel which he heard entering the bay some hours back was an English transport with troops to strengthen the garrison, and he was certain that this was another lock to his shackles. His greatest fear was lest he himself should be a part of her returning cargo ; but whatever the consequence might be, he was determined to abide it with fortitude. The cadence of a bugle, accompanied by other wind instruments, turning down the parade, let him know that they were come. The governor went out to receive the officers, and also his family, that came to spend the winter with him. After the usual salutations were over, he ordered refreshments for the troops, and brought the officers and his family into the castle ; but before his lady would venture to cross the draw-bridge, she asked twenty questions respecting its strength. Was there no danger of its breaking ; although such places as it may stand long, they must fall some time or other.

Davers said if she was afraid of it breaking, he would allow her to cross it alone, and then the weight would be but trifling.

This proposal did not please her, for, said she, in case it should give way, I would have no person to take my hand ; she wondered that a man of his experience did not know much better, and thought that his proposal bordered on rudeness, but she forgave him on account of the rigorous measures that he was sometimes obliged to use, and indeed a man of his years, said she, glancing at a young lieutenant whose slashing white feather fell majestically over his broad shoulders, I say a man of my husband's years, dwelling considerably on the last word, cannot be what he formerly was.

My love, said Davers, I shall protect you like the golden fleece, nor need you be more afraid than in the great aisle of Westminster Abbey.

After crossing the bridge, she asked them did they not think that the rock might fall, having such a weight upon it that night, herself, two daughters, three lieutenants, with a number of servants, and above 10 cwt. of baggage, and a'll this over and above what it formerly bore. She wondered very much what ignorance induced any person to build a house in such a place as this, stuck on the top of a rock like an eagle's nest; if they intended it for fighting, why did they not build it in the middle of the country where they would have had the level ground under their feet? She often dreamt of being in such places, swinging bridges, and hanging precipices. One night she recollected in particular, and would all the days of her life. She was sleeping with an elderly lady who was very much tormented with the toothache. They had both, she said, fallen into a sound sleep, and she immediately began to dream. This certainly was her dream read. She thought, she said, she was travelling at some distance from a huge promontory that overhung the ocean, which rolled tremendously beneath her; but looking another way, said she, I slipped my foot, and away I went, bless me. At the moment I came to the edge, seeing a branch growing out of it, I grasped this between hope and despair, but flew over it to the bottom with the branch in my hand; this was no other than a handful of hair, the ear-ring, and a part of the ear out of the old lady's head, which was beginning to turn grey, and indeed I never could get her persuaded but it was done through malice, that I might see her hair. She has never been on a friendly footing with me since, and indeed I had the greatest reason to be frightened, for grey hairs are one thing and life is another. Davers, you are beginning to mix, I should think.

If you have finished your dreams and military tactics, my dear, said Davers, we shall wa'k in; for you, my children, and those gentlemen are certainly in much need both of rest and refreshment.

At breakfast next morning she went on to tease the whole company with such like questions as these. What sort of people were the wild Irish, concerning whom she had heard so much? Did they suppose she stood a chance of seeing any of them before they returned, or was there any danger, for she

had heard they were mighty illdisposed creatures, and then so fond, she was informed by a lady who met two of them on the public road one day, and she alone—so very fond of looking at fine ladies; she thought she would not like to see any of them unless she had some of the military with her, for she was told they were always afraid of red coats. She then asked, were there no hopes of getting them destroyed? They certainly had cost his majesty much trouble and expenses besides the lives of some of his best officers; if his majesty was of her mind, she thought the most effectual method would be to burn their places of residence; and such caves or the like, where she was told they lived, either to stop them up with earth, or smoke them out; at the conclusion of this last sentence, she was interrupted with a roar of laughter from the whole company.

Well, my dear, said Davers, I heartily wish you had an audience of his majesty, but still fear that he might differ from you in many things: I also can assure you that our gracious sovereign is fond of his Irish subjects, although perhaps they are not aware of it; last season before I was appointed to this situation I had the honour to be in his presence, when being informed of some of the unlawful exactions committed upon his Irish people, he burst into a fury, saying he had been represented as a Nero to his subjects, not a father: and those vile creatures whom you would suffocate and smoke out of their miserable caverns, are as brave a race of men and as warm-hearted as exists on terra firma; and as to running from red coats, I have seen that pretty well tried: it was but the other day that I sent out a party in order to intercept an Irish chieftain or one of his sons, I mean M'Quillan, who has withstood the government so long; he is a brave man, but in a mistaken cause; they indeed performed the task on which they were sent; but besides this, they burned the cabin of a poor herdsman, who, had it not been for this young man your prisoner, might have perished in the flames with his wife and family.

Upon my word, said she, I think you have rather a warm side to them, and will not be astonished if you should be accused of disaffection; don't you know that an enemy is an enemy, and when a charge is committed to us, why should we not most

conscientiously perform it, even to chastizing with briars and thorns, saws and harrows ; but do you think I might see this chieftain with safety ? Have you him tied, or is he naked ?

Neither, replied her husband ; he is like one of ourselves, only thus far, that he could strike any two of our heads together ; he is a young man, and I can tell you all, has a feeling heart.

Garry M'Quillan by this time was removed into a better apartment, and treated as became an Irish chieftain ; the rigour used to him at first was a trial to break his independent spirit ; but this not having had the desired effect, he was kept with more mildness and humanity.

All the strangers came with the governor to see the bold unbending prisoner ; his irons had been knocked off some time before, and he was walking the apartment with all that clannish and dignified air so natural to an Irish chieftain.

Davers desired them to stay back, until he would address him, which he did in a more good-natured manner. He hoped that he found himself as comfortable as his situation would admit, and apologised for the severity which he was necessitated to use on such occasions ; but, said he, with a smile, as we don't know when the matter may be reversed, when we shall become your prisoners, it is our interest to treat you as well as possible.

M'Quillan said that might be much sooner than he expected, nevertheless he would not reflect upon his treatment, only thus far, that he was taken without cause at the present time.

With some conciliatory language on the part of the governor, he entered into conversation more freely.

Davers said there was some strangers who came to the castle last night, but hoped at the same time he would not attribute that curiosity to any kind of impertinence ; but rather wonder at seeing the son of him who so long withstood his majesty's forces.

The prisoner said he had no objections to see any Englishman, he had seen them on sharper ground than this, and unless they came as enemies were as agreeable to him as Irishmen.

The governor withdrew, and introduced the party. M'Quillan received them with politeness, but what we would consider a little stiff.

He discoursed freely with them all, but inveighed against the violence used toward his father; said he did not attribute it so much to him who swayed the sceptre, as to many of his petite governors, and hoped it would be always in their power to chastize such little tyrants.

Here the discourse might have become rather warm, if lady Davers had not interrupted it by expressing her astonishment to see such a manly Hercules-looking fellow as she called him, and, when he pleased, she said, so extremely polite.

At this M'Quillan laughed heartily, and thanked the lady with a more gracious conge.

Come hither, my dear Nancy, said she, and see this fine young Irishman, and you Caroline.

Mamma, said the latter, wouldn't he make a fine officer?

Davers, said the mother, could you get him persuaded to enter the British service by proposing him a respectable commission?

I am certain, said Davers, he will never enter service save that of his country, nor shall I be so mean as ask him, adding I would be g'lad, my dear, that you would season your conversation better, and use it only in its proper place.

She has said nothing wrong, said M'Quillan, at least nothing at which I am offended.

Caroline, a sweet, interesting girl, now entering her sixteenth year, incessantly asked her papa why he had those irons on that fine young man; two lieutenants had been chatting to her, little of which she seemed to hear, and as they were leaving the room, she asked her papa, would he leave him there alone? would he not ask him to dine? or if that would not do, would he order dinner to be served in the poor lonely prisoner's room?

Although it is not in my power to comply with any of your requests, my daughter, said Davers, yet I must admire your sensibility, and no doubt this poor fellow has been in as cheerful company and among as gay companions as any of us.

And so much the worse for him now, said she.

All her entreaties, however, could not prevail.

The prisoner being now left to himself, began in silence to pass each of their conduct in review before him ; none of them, said he to himself, seems to insult me, and one, I am certain, pities me ; yes, and the only one of them all whom I could wish to pity me ; but why should I entertain a single tender emotion, while I am held a prisoner here ? I could wish she had not come in to my prison, or otherwise that she had not pitied me.

Lady Davers had felt pity for the prisoner as well as her daughter, and requested liberty to breakfast with him next morning ; she was permitted by the governor, and her compliments on the same subject were courteously received by M<sup>c</sup>Quillan. He said he considered it a beneficence in that lady and any other person whom she chose to bring with her, doing him the honour.

After the cloth and service were laid, he saw lady Davers and her two lovely daughters enter ; he saluted them with a very low bow, and took the liberty of setting a chair for each ; indeed they were both interesting girls, but one, I mean the younger, he thought ten times more lovely than the first time he saw her.

During breakfast he directed all his discourse to the elder and mother, and seemed even afraid to trust himself with the younger ; however he was attentively polite to her, but seldom entered into conversation, unless it was to answer some inquiry, many of which she plied him with.

As they sat discoursing on different subjects, they heard a shouting from the other side of the gulf ; the officers and governor, with some other gentlemen, were standing on the ramparts, when M<sup>c</sup>Quillan put out his head, and heard a burst of laughter from those gentlemen, and perfectly recognized his friend M<sup>c</sup>Ilvennan the herdsman, on the opposite side.

He was arrayed in a frieze jacket, formed like a sailor's ; a hat on his head wanting the rim, a pair of stockings wanting the feet ; and a black thorn cudgel by the middle, probably the

identical one which he bore on the day of his disaster, with Driver his old companion sitting on his tail, and with his master eagerly looking over at the castle.

Hilloo, said M'Ilvennan—harkee, friend, have yes got Mister M'Queelen there? tell him there's a gentleman wants to spake to him. Anan? I dont hear a word you spake for that damned say that's roaring down bye there—come over here and tell me what you want. Anan, phat's that you say? Arrah, you tory thief you, are you laughing at myself? you hangman looking scoundrel you, it ill becomes any of the bad breed of you, to keep poor Mister M'Queelen tied up like a Connaught bullock.—Harkee, I say you downlooking *blaggard*, will you fight me! bad luck to the sheep thief among yes I wouldn't baste back and sides, "making his cudgel cut across his face in form of a broad sword." Arrah, what brought yes to our own island, ye cut-throat spalpeens yes, bad luck to you and your—together, we never were anone him a naggin of mail or a spoonful of sa't, and let me never go home again, if I was wanting my breakfast, if I would ask a noggin of buttermilk of him; for he's an ould ratten shinned heratic Marafastie. I say you *blaggard*, he had no more right to come aver here than I would have to go steal a fat wether—from—Darby Murphy—Upon my conscience and fine wethers they are, as ever walloped under the shears; but I'll tell Mr. M'Queelan what you have been doing to young Master Garry, bless his big soncy face.

After such a shower of invective, M'Ilvennan took his departure, turning about frequently and shaking his cudgel, by way of denunciation; nor did he rest until he fully informed old M'Quillan concerning the burning of the cabin and the imprisonment of his son, which last he had heard from some countrymen who were concealed in the wood at the time he was taken.

M'Quillan found himself very unhappy during this altercation, if it might be called so; for he knew it was on his account, and he knew also that this poor fellow thought he was taking complete satisfaction while he was only exposing himself to ridicule.

He apologized to the ladies by saying that the man was a

follower of the family, and hoped they would judge favourably of his ignorance, as he acted solely through disinterested faithfulness to him.

Miss Caroline laughed heartily at M'Ilvannan, and asked young M'Quillan could he procure them an interview with the man.

He smiling told her he did not doubt but he would be back soon; but feared the purport of his return might not be conducive to pleasantries.

Lady Davers started at this as well as her daughters, and asked was there any danger.

He told them none to them or any of their connexions, so long as he was with them.

At these last words Caroline Davers became quite serious, sunk into a kind of melancholy, fixed her eyes on the prisoner and sighed; to herself she repeated his last words—so long as I am with you, of course that will not be long, and it's more than probable he does not wish it to be long; he saw she was concerned and immediately waved the discourse.

Have you ever been in England, said the mother.

Yes, ma'am, I have.

Pray in what part.

In the greater part of it all.

Would you not prefer it to Ireland.

No, ma'am, I prefer Ireland to all the countries in the world.

And indeed, said Caroline, I think I could live in Ireland myself.

Would you not, said her mother, be afraid of those continual massacres and assassinations that we read of in the newspapers?

Oh, this gentleman, said she, would protect me from them all.

This was said unthoughtfully, which she showed by colouring immediately after it.

The governor sent to inform the ladies that Howard, captain of the Sphinx, had proffered them the long boat in order that

they might take a little cruise of pleasure by sailing eastward to view those bold rocky promontories that wall in the northern shores of Antrim, and also that the officers were waiting to escort them over the drawbridge.

Indeed, said Caroline, I think my head would never carry me to go over it ; I was not half so much afraid when I entered as now, and sure mamma nearly lost her senses in crossing it. These gentlemen can tell us every thing as it happened, and that will be more pleasure to us ; besides they will not have the trouble of handing, lifting, and supporting us at every step, and then the screaming and squalling that we keep might turn them deaf.

Lady Davers thought the bridge did not look now so frightful as when she came over it, and therefore arose, taking leave of the prisoner.

Neither of the young ladies wished to go, as both pitied him, one indeed in a greater degree than the other. And what is pity ? It is the advance guard of love.

As they went out of the prisoner's room Caroline was last. She curtsied low, observing how she was answered ; he in return bowed as low, and she thought laid his hand gently across his breast. The sentinel turned round to lock the door, but she thrust him away, and took the key into her own hand—here she failed, and left the door, the key, and the sentinel following her mother in silence.

They were soon over the drawbridge, and on board the long boat, and were sedulously attended to by the gentlemen, but Caroline would have drawn attention from an Ashantee—she was nature itself.

As they passed up the bay, she kept her eyes fixed on the castle, and on the window of that very apartment where she had breakfasted, often saying in a low voice to her sister, he will be so lonely, and I almost think he could have wished to accompany us. What do you think, Nancy ?

Indeed, said her sister, I cannot tell ; but I know I would have thought ourselves much safer had he been on board.

Yes, said the other, finishing her sister's narration, and even happier.

The boat returned in the evening, the weather having become somewhat rougher, and landed them between the castle and the Skerries, all fatigued and sprinkled with the spray.

As they approached the bridge, the mother and her two daughters supported by the military gentlemen, one of the lieutenants, who supported Lady Davers, hoped they would not be deprived of their company this evening, as they were in the morning.

She told him the reason that induced her to spend the morning with the prisoner was to hear something from him respecting his countrymen, and in place of finding him that wild uncultivated being that she expected, he was possessed of masterly politeness and even gracefulness. What a husband he would make, but most likely he is pre-engaged; for I am told that the Irish beauties are possessed of fascinating manners, and are remarkably distant.

I suppose all these things are true, said one of the gentlemen, but may we, my lady, expect the happiness of your company, and that of your two sweet daughters this evening. We would all be unwilling that you should be incarcerated a second time.

If our company, said she, is capable of creating such happiness as you seem to think, it would be unkind to deny you.

I think, said the younger daughter, I feel a slight headache, and would be glad of a little rest; upon which indisposition she was permitted to withdraw.

When alone she gave herself up to meditation rather than rest, and to a sensitive mind there is not the slightest doubt but that it was the more pleasing. While the hall resounds with the din of music and festivity, while each gay member talks to his companion of the happy days of childhood, and faces around the sparkling board seem to catch the pleasing infection. While these things are going on, said she, am I the only person alone? No, there is yet another, whose empty and solitary chamber, not illumed by a single taper, remains hushed in silence. And what has he done? Maintained his father's rights, and succoured the distressed. Perhaps his mother and

sisters are at this moment lamenting his absence, and perhaps another is lamenting it more.

On this subject she could have meditated much longer, but was interrupted by her sister, who came to ask if she was recovered, she said she was, and upon this they joined the party.

About ten days after M'Ilvannan appeared before the ramparts, a private soldier, who had been in the country all night, and learning something privately from the peasantry, whom he perceived making much preparation, came in great haste to inform them that old M'Quillan, assisted by great O'Neill of Clanbuoy, and an irresistible body of the clans, was directing his march toward the castle—that he heard the sound of the war-trumpet, and saw two flags descending the heights at some miles distance.

A general confusion now reigned through all the garrison; the soldiers were ordered to rest under arms, and a huge portcullis was erected over the drawbridge. The ladies were conducted to the back part of the castle, and a detachment of infantry ordered to kneel behind the north wall in order to take the enemy in flank if they should attempt to enter the outer gate. As the advanced guard appeared topping the hill, they were led on by M'Quillan's eldest son, and came at a quick pace marching to the tune called Patrick's day. O'Neill was on the front, commanding a choice body of cavalry. They were repulsed with a sharp broadside of musketry from the front, while they were taken on the left by the ambuscade; this M'Quillan's second son soon overthrew and cut to pieces. The soldiers were now ordered to pull down the wall, in the execution of which many brave fellows fell; but as soon as the first breach was reduced so low as the height of a man's breast, M'Quillan, on a tall bay charger, swept over it, followed by all his sons, and after them O'Neill with the Clanbuoy boys. They were warmly opposed by the garrison, but all could not resist the invincible M'Quillan, seconded by the Clanbuoy boys. They drove forward to the bridge, and as the guards about to drop the portcullis, they were sabred at their

the great door they were met by the governor, who de-

livered up his sword together with the keys of the castle, and while the royal troops laid down their arms to the elder M<sup>r</sup>. Quillan, O'Neill and the others rushed forward to find young Garry. As soon as the clashing of arms and noise of musketry were heard at the bridge, the sentinel who guarded the prison door dropped the key, and ran to support the contest; the key was no sooner dropped than the ladies, who were running from one apartment to the other for safety, seized it, and unlocked the prisoner's door.

Caroline threw herself into his arms, and exclaimed, oh, my father, save him; oh, save us all.

Young Garry in a minute was at the great door, and meeting his father, brothers, and other friends, was joyfully received by them. Being assured of the governor's safety, and that the carnage was ceased, he in haste returned to the ladies, and told them that their father was safe, and all hostilities at an end.

During the combat, M<sup>r</sup>. Ilvennan rushed in with his cudgel in his hand, and was engaged for some time with a swordsman, who could not touch him so long as the cudgel stood; but at a sweep of the broadsword it was cut in two near to his hand, when with a spring he cleared himself of his enemy, and taking to a rising ground, was distinctly heard encouraging the galloglasses. Now, my brave fellows, bowl a halliagh, hanna-mondwowl knock out his brains with that dornig; hirroo, there goes the fagaballagh boys—strike, you dog you. Now agaddy stand your ground, Paddy Mullin, and dont let that hangman rogue be driving you back—whillilul for the Irish Shilleas and the rattlers from Clanbuoy. Now the bridge, dont be lucking into the sai to make your head dizzy. Now you hive it, lie to that, hurra the day is our own. Now you sheep thieves and cut-throat rascals ye, didn't I tell yes what we would do—go home, bad luck to the bad breed of yes, and tell your king we dont value him a snuff of tobacco, tiggum te shin.\*

The garrison altogether were allowed to embark on board the Sphinx with their baggage and arms, save forty stand that they

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\* Do you understand that.

retained for the use of the castle. They marched out that evening toward the beach where the Sphinx lay at anchor, all save a few soldiers who were employed burying the dead. One person among the victorious, and he on whose account the fortress was taken, could almost have wished to remain in bondage. He began to like his prison, because it sometimes received a person who pitied him—he saw her melancholy appearance, and was distressed to think it was perhaps on his account. In passing through the great hall, he accidentally met her alone, whether chance had brought her hither, or whether she had expected to meet him there, is not known. He took her hand and was about to speak, but as he in such a short space knew not where to begin, he remained as silent as she, at which time her mother, sister, and father appeared. He took a farewell of them all save one. Hers was the last; but what could he say in the presence of so many? Her father reached her his arm, she received it, and departed.

M'Quillan stood looking after them; but she passed on even over the drawbridge, seemingly not to notice it, and never raised her drooping head till she left his sight at the outer gate.

Next morning the halloing of the sailors weighing the anchor, gave him to understand that the Sphinx was about to sail. He saw her spread her snow-white canvass, and with three cheers from her British tars, stand from the bay.

Old M'Quillan, whom we have so called to distinguish him from his sons, was a man at this time not less than seventy; his youngest child, a daughter, and she his only daughter, was much about the age of Caroline Davers; she had been in a nunnery from her twelfth year, but notwithstanding this secluded life, was fond of conversation. She was informed very early of her noble descent, and told that the sovereigns of England were her blood relations by the Royal De Borgos.

Daniel M'Quillan, now seated in his rocky turret, ruled and gave laws to the northern shores; in his halls were sung by the mistrels the deeds of the De Borgos over flood and field; the battle of Hastings and the defeat of Harold with his two brave brothers, was often talked over; as also the achievements of Robert against the Saracens.

At this time the strictest amity existed between the family of Clanbuoy and him, so that few of the northern chieftains could make head against him. One clan, however, I mean the O'Cahans, still opposed M'Quil'an, and often carried off the palm. The territory of this family was contained between the streams of the Bann and the Foyle, the greater part of which they held in the beginning, independent to any crowned head whatever, and these rights they maintained on many a bloody field washed by the above rivers. Their privilege was to be first seated at table, and this they obtained by their famous exploits in war; but at the time that Daniel M'Quillan took possession of ~~Dunlao~~, the O'Cahan family was on the decline.

From his strict alliance with the O'Neills, he exposed himself to the enmity of great O'Donnell, of Tyrconnel. The O'Donnell family was called in Irish Baldearg, from a red spot which they had on the neck, and which was accounted a sure mark of their royal descent from the ancient Milesian kings.

A rupture having happened between O'Neill and O'Donnell, and M'Quillan having espoused the cause of his neighbour, was implicated in the general quarrel.

As O'Donnell sat one night surrounded by his kinsmen, his clansmen and gallowlasses, drinking to the memory of heroes long gone, two aged minstrels stood behind, their grey beards hanging down to their girdles, and each clothed with a robe of six different colours, a dignity next to that of an Irish king, and were performing some of those old melancholy airs peculiar to Ireland alone.

## CHAPTER II.

"Does the wind touch thee, O Harp! or is it some passing ghost? It is the hand of Malvina! Bring me the harp, son of Alpin, another song shall rise; my soul shall depart in the sound."—Oss.

THE bards tuned their harps to that sweet old Irish air, Coolun, which they touched with just and natural pathos, and after finishing this they performed as a concluding piece the death march of Royal Bryan; at this piece a dead silence reigned through the company, nor could some of them refrain from tears.

He's gone, said O'Donnell, and no wonder that we should sympathize with the mourners of that great man; but if he fell, it was in the arms of victory, and his death gave a dying blow to the worst enemy, I mean a foreign enemy, that ever opposed our country; but where the inhabitants of a nation are divided against each other, I consider it tenfold worse. Daniel M'Quilgan has joined the forces of O'Neill of Clanbuoy, and I am informed, exults much in his noble ally; he thinks couched beneath the wing of the eagle he will rest fully secure; but I shall drive him from his hiding-place, and course him like a stag, from \*Binguthar to †Torr, and from Torr to the heights of

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Binguthar, the giants' cape or promontory, was the former name of the Giants' seaway. I shall not enter upon any description of this promontory at present, there being accounts of it almost in every book-shop. Suffice it to mention one, the cave of Runkerry, which is only accessible by water, opens between two huge masses of rock, and runs an unknown length under ground; as a house at a mile's distance from the shore is disturbed by the noise of the waves in this cavern, during a storm, which commotions resemble distant thunder.

†Torr, a lofty headland fronting Morven or Kintyre, the distance between them is miles; here are the ruins of fort Dunavarre, and a little above is Sleaght na h-Àirde, or the grave of the slaughtered; this was called the Scots warning fire, the consequence of fires of alarm kindled here.

**\*Sliagh Barragh.** He then, turning to the two Bards †**Malbruthan** and **Tuadhar**, told them they must go and inform **Daniel M'Quillan** that if he would not withdraw his alliance from **O'Neill of Clanbuoy**, and send his sons as hostages for the fulfilment of the same, he would pay him a visit in a few days, and perhaps an unpleasant one for him. Does he think that the streams of the **Foyle** or the **Bann** can save him? Does he think that his rocky tower can save him; or does he think that his noble ally can save him from the sword of **Baldearg**? We have cut our way through the most formidable ranks of the British; we have burst the castle gates of the metropolis, and we have made England's monarch tremble on his throne; therefore, let this half Norman look well to his undertakings.

These threats were uttered in the midst of his numerous clans and gallowglasses, who made the ancient halls of **Tyrconnell** ring with the family war-cry, **Aboo**.

The following day the two reverend sages set out, each bearing his harp as an emblem of his national function, and arrayed in a robe of sixfold colours. Having come to the banks of the deep and rapid **Swilly**, they saw a small hut close to the shore, behind which, on a little hill, was drying a fishing-net, equipped with large masses of corkwood on one side, to keep it above water, and on the lower side twisted with sheet-lead for a contrary purpose. Against the wall there was a number of poles leaning, which tapered to one end; to the top of these

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\* **Sliagh Barragh**, a green ridge of mountain east of the beautiful vale of **Glenarriff**. It becomes more abrupt as it approaches the sea, until in place of continued verdure, there is only a green spot here and there; these are most luxuriant in soil, on which the sheep are to be seen, not standing, but almost hanging, and on this lofty eminence with their mouths full, saluting the early passenger as he eyes them from beneath; the streams that pour over it resemble the waterfall of a mill, touching the precipice only in some places. The front of this hill is called **Garron point**, and is clothed with a spontaneous growth of hazel and oak.

† It was the business of the Bards to go as ambassadors between belligerent powers; also to keep the armour, and family history, records, and genealogy. Their persons were held sacred, and even their houses, by the most ferocious enemy. We see something of this in **Alexander the Great** sparing the house of **Pindar** when he burned Athens.

there were short lines attached with strong hooks, for the purpose of taking the white fish, flounder, and such as abound in the creeks and harbours of this frith. The cabin was formed in the natural rock, having spars of timber laid in a slanting direction from the lower to the higher ledge; these covered with turf, and securely thatched over with rushes and heather, together with an outside or finishing coat of an old net, defied all the powers of Æolus. It was guarded on each side by a fragment in form of a porch, and over the top hung a huge mass of stone that threatened the inmates with immediate destruction. Along the side of this tower the smoke rose perpendicularly, and altogether gave the wild shore a most romantic appearance. In a crevice scooped out of the stone, and almost in form of an oven, lay a large waterdog, looking down on the troubled element, as it burst against the base of his rocky habitation; and a little farther down the beach they saw a small boat lying at anchor, having her cable bound round a fragment of the same. There also was a number of geese and ducks with one solitary hen standing alone. The vicinity of the cabin was plentifully strewn with fish bones, oyster and cockle shells, and here and there heaps of the sea weed or what the northwesterns call yagh. As they approached the house, the dog, springing from his adamantine walcove, attacked them sharply, and getting between them and the house, held them completely at bay. The noise of Drake, for this was the dog's name, brought the entire family to the door, even to an infant crawling on all-fours. The sight of a human being at any time was rare; but such venerable-looking sages as these must certainly have greatly astonished the wild inhabitants of this secluded spot, who had pitched their dwelling here on the borders of the stormy Atlantic, much after the manner in which the eagle founds his eyrie the cliffs of St. Ki'da.

The fisherman spoke to them, seeing that they were human beings, asked them into his cottage, and seated them beside a turf fire, the evening having become somewhat cold. His wife and daughter were busily engaged in spinning a coarse kind of yarn for netting, whilst his eldest son and he were finishing a net that they had undertaken to make for some fishermen that lived farther to the West; they were just arisen from din-

ner, which consisted of fish and bread. The former they usually dress in a little butter, and this with bread is their ordinary food; and often when butter cannot be got, they eat the white fish without any other kind of dressing save boiling, and on this food they are healthy, fat and vigorous, being no more the worse of a wet skin or a ducking in the sea, than the diver or cormorant. The fisherman was dressed in a blue jacket of coarse manufacture, a pair of hempen trowsers smoothed over with tar, an old glazed hat beaten to the form of his head, and it decorated with the insignia of his vocation, hooks, lines, and flies. Each of his three sons wore head-dresses of the same fabrication, or nearly so, with their father, and all vied in binding them with as many fishing implements as they could bear. The cabin was hung round with dried cod, salmon, turbot, and many other species, natives of the northwestern Atlantic, and even of the fresh water streams, as eels and dologhins, so called by the Irish residing on the coasts of Donegall, Derry, and Antrim.

His venerable guests entered into conversation with him and the family regarding their tenure, their manner of support, and to whom they owed fealty.

He informed them that O'Donnell was their chieftain, landlord, and all; that the only acknowledgment he received was once in the season, or rather when he pleased, a turbot or salmon; that he had accustomed himself to accommodate the O'Donnells and their followers with his boat, and in short every article in his house, and himself to boot, was at their service.

Said Malbruthan we belong to the same sept, and are going on an important business across the Swil y, the Foyle, and the Bann; will you be so good as extend that accommodation to us that you have so often supplied to our common protector?

What, said the fisherman, do you mean God Almighty, or do you mean great Baldearg of Tyrconnell?

You are right, said the bard, the Almighty is certainly the common parent of us all, but does not require accommodation so much as Baldearg.

And if he did, said the other, I should grant it as willingly and even more so; for we could live without Tyrconnel in a kind of way, but not without God. It was but the other day my child, pointing to his eldest son, who had nearly attained the years of manhood, I say 'twas but the other day, God bless us and keep us from an ill hour, that he took the Curragh\* and went out to catch a score or two of glashens achree for the garlaghs,† and as I was saying, d'ye see me, just as he got over the channel, one of them large sais came swelling up, and striking her abaft, she shipt so much water that she was just going down; but at that moment another struck her on the larboard, and capsized her like a salt-bax. Thinks I to myself it's all up with yes, Phelimy; for I was lucken on at the whole racket from that big stone there. I grew blind with fear, and thought my head was running round like a wheel rim; what would you have of it, howsomever, when I opened my eyes the first thing I saw was the lad lying right across her keel like a sack upon an ass. Oh, Chierna‡ be praised, grammachree! And was not all this the doing of God Almighty himself, as-tore—sure Baldearg could do nathing for him here, no nor yet for himself, nat saying but he would if he could, bless him; but to make a long story short, I gat the large boat, and hurled him ashore in the cracking of a walnut.

They asked him had he no kind of milk for the children, seeing that it would be so nourishing for them, who fed almost continually on fish.

Arrah that's what we have, gragalmachree, and dwowl a better stripper than brawny in the barrantry; that is, I mane when she was a stripper. She is now in calf, and her time will be in, for all the world, fourteen days after new Candlemas ould style, jewel, I have it cut on the end of my Shilela.

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\* A Curragh is a light kind of boat, not much wider than a cradle, made with ribs, and a rim nearly after the manner of a basket, and not much weightier; over it they sew a horse or cow-hide, and in such a vessel will go out to the open sea, and I have heard it affirmed, sometimes to Scotland.

† The boys, or growing boys.

‡ Jesus be praised.

And pray, how do you feed her, said they?

Why, do you see that little scrag of a wood aver bye there in the hip of the hill: I let her ate in it to the middle of the day, and then I drive her home, and cut her two or three creels of the yagh or sai weed from the rocks, and on this be assured she will fill all the vessels in the Teigh.\* And moreover and above I can tell yes that by spreading the yagh on a lee ridge, we can raise the finest and sweetest of soil, dear; and by sowing the sai sand over the ground, we have good corn, but no matter for all these things, honey.

His guests were delighted with his very clear and entertaining explanations, as well as his pious ideas regarding the overruling care of Providence.

Here, said they, the sea, which would appear to us a great inconvenience, and still more an almost impassable barrier, affords to this solitary family and their domestics an inexhaustible store of provisions.

They told him that it was time now they should depart, and would be glad if he would be kind enough to leave them on the other side. Darkness had already covered the adjacent cliffs, and hid from their eyes the face of the deep; there was also a strong gale blowing from the north-west.

Their host entreated them to wait a little to the moon would rise, which would not be long, and then they could cross it both swifter and with more safety; and perhaps the blessing of the clargy light down on yes, you would play us two or three springs of ould times.

Cathleen, lay by that wheel with yere whirring and birring, I wonder ye's have not more manners before the jantlemen clane up that house and put more oil in the lamp, sit bac Phelimy, you and Pat, and you, Barney. Choo Drake, go slaht agaddy.

The dog sprung to one corner, and the children to another. The landlord threw his hat under a kind of bench, as if to give

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\* Cabin.

more respect and attention to the performers, and sat looking to them alternately as they toned and prepared their instruments. After having touched over several old melodies, they commenced that sweetest of Irish airs which goes now by the name of the Cold Frosty Morning. This tune cannot be unknown to any one that ever had the least taste for our national music. As they were accustomed to perform in concert, their strokes were natural and well-timed, the sound of each vibrating hard dying away like distant echo.

O'Fallon, this was the fisherman's name, sat sighing deeply, his time looking at the minstrels and another at Cathleen, who was sitting rather with her side to them, holding her apron to her eyes. Och on, och on! exclaimed O'Fallon, but that brings to my mind the sweet ould times that will never return. Och shla ma chree na roon ochon ochon! The poor man and his wife were melted down into tears by the fascinating power of the harp, together with the soft and melancholy pathos of their national music.\*

During the time of performance, Drake lay whining a mournful kind of ditty, keeping time with the minstrels, but indeed his pipe seemed to be the discordant notes of torture rather than anything else; his actions, however, disturbed O'Fallon, his master, so powerfully, that he whipt off his gigue, and flung it at him with go slaht and be damned agaddy. The dog seeing that he had misbehaved, made the best of his way to the cavern, and exchanging the sound of Apollo's harp for that of Triton's shell, laid himself down with a groan.

And O'Fallon, rising up and approaching the musicians, held out one arm like a gun, and scrubbing the sleeve round the other hand, arrah mannam yes could you play me up ould Rinceadh fada, that I used to dance at the castle of Mearg.

Being answered in the affirmative, he stood up before his

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There is a pleasing sadness peculiar to the old slow music of Ireland, which exceeds beyond all others; this caused a celebrated Italian musician to exclaim, on hearing some of our plaintive airs performed, "that it was a land of

Cathleen as straight as a poplar, and making a princely bow, handed her to the opposite side of the cabin. The children's eyes were glistening to see their father and mother in such spirits, and as the harps struck up the humorous jig, he crossed to the other side of the house like a shadow, and with one foot before another thundered off a few hard beaten steps of a horn-pipe; then with a birroo crossed the floor again, his light-heeled partner passing through all the involutions and evolutions with equal agility; at the same time holding her apron extended with both her hands, as if she were guarding fowls into a barn door.

Then with his right hand on his haunch, the other vibrating at his side like a pendulum, again to the left, and with a whisk snapping his fingers as he passed his lady, he appeared in the ground where he started. After heeling, toeing, wheeling, channeling, and frisking, the harps changed to a slow minuet; upon which he immediately called for his hat, and stealing round the walls with his arm extended, bowing, kneeling, and bending with the utmost pliability of limbs, &c., traversed the extremities of the floor like an Irish king; his wily partner wafting round the walls like a shadow, and moving from his approaches with captivating shyness, kept her eye slyly askance on her graceful paramour. The dance being ended, Cathleen prepared supper by broiling some fresh fish and toasting a couple of large oaten cakes baked of a kind of meal, called by the Irish gredding.\* The strangers praised the fare, and having washed it down with a draught of Brawney's Bunnarammer, they devoutly on their knees returned thanks to him who stores the air, the sea, and the land, with provisions for his children. As they rose from their devotion, the broad moon had protruded her golden edge over the mountain of Ailagh, as if awaiting the solemnization of this happy supper. Och, my bannagh light on your purty face, said O Fallon, as he turned

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\* Gredding was meal ground in a kind of hand mill known by the name of querns, the stones of which I have often seen dug up near the foundation of old dwellings. The grain got no other preparation than threshing, cleaning, and drying, often in a large pot. It was then ground down, husks and all, and being sifted, produced a delicious bread. My father told me he has often eaten of it.

round in the floor, and saw her ascending like a fiery balloon above the Swilly ; my bannagh light on you over again, say I, who has lit me over the waves many a dripping dreary night, hushla.

The boat was soon drawn up, and the strangers having taken a friendly leave of the family, embarked ; being accompanied by their host and his eldest son, as good and as fearless a seaman as ever wielded an oar. They had proceeded a small distance to sea when Captain O'Fallon recollected a line that he intended to cast somewhere beyond the channel ; and resting a little on their oars, he put his finger into his mouth and gave three whistles. This surprised the passengers very much, for they could not conceive what means his wife or family had of sending the article that he wanted : a considerable time afterwards they perceived Drake's head rising on a large blue swell, and greatly exhausted, having to fight his road against both wind\* and water.

Arrah kead miel a faltie to yes, my poor fellow, said he, what could I do without you ? then cutting off a piece of twine nearly the same as that which he wanted, he put it into Drake's mouth, who bounding over the side of the boat, disappeared in a few minutes, the tide being somewhat in his favour, and with the line and hooks wrapped round his neck, soon appeared again. O'Fallon took him into the vessel, and informed them that when his wife saw what Drake bore in his mouth, it would serve as a full interpretation. They gave him a piece of old sailcloth to lie on, and he became a fifth passenger. There was a smart breeze blowing up the gut, which rolled the waves of the great Atlantic in quick succession upon them, so that it appeared very difficult to encounter the passage. With the force of stout tugging, however, they brought her down the shore in shelter of a high promontory, until they got right before the wind, then hoisting a jury mast and spreading a small sail, they turned her head about. It is difficult in the gulf of Swilly to manage a boat, chiefly if there is a strong breeze

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\* When the wind blows up the gut, it is necessary to sail against it, until the boat nearly reach the channel.

blowing up the throat, the waves roll in such quick succession, and dont give her time to ascend them as in natural swells.

Young O'Fallon was at the helm, and the father seating himself in the centre, and keeping the peak of a distant hill for his aim, kept the mast as a kind of medium, and bellowed directions to Phelim as she stemmed the sweeping current. Had he laid her side to the waves, one of them would have capsized her in a minute ; and had he laid her head to them, she would have cut the wave, and must inevitably have perished ; but like a true seaman helming her a weather, he took them in a slanting direction, and rode them as tight as a cork.

The captain—helm a lee—steady boy—helm a weather, and snuff her up against the breeze—mind the sand bank.

The sky was shaded over with lowering clouds, which seemed passing across the moon in hurried confusion, and sinking betimes in the hollow between two seas, the tops of the highest hills disappeared from their view ; again mounting the next, she skimmed it like a feather, and in this manner they arrived at the farther shore.

Any person acquainted with this ferry, will have no difficulty in comprehending O'Fallon's method of steering through these short seas, as they are called by mariners.

The two reverend strangers being landed, bid an affectionate adieu to their benevolent host and his son, wishing them a safe return, and directed their nightly course toward the royal court of Ailagh, which now was mouldering to ruin.

I have often, said Tuadhar, performed in that mansion, assisted by others of superior skill, when O'Donnell with all his followers, and when Hydaire Oireaght, I mean O'Dougherty with his, besides many others, were present ; but even at this time royalty had long departed. Alas ! it brings tears to my eyes to behold the naked walls and deserted chambers of Oilleagh\* na Riagh. That ample court is now become quite green

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\* Ailagh, north-west of Londonderry, was in former times one of the three principal seats of Royalty in Ireland, i.e., Teamra or Tara, in Meath ; Eamhain ; and Oilleagh na Riagh, or Ailagh ; and here the king of Ossory was held prisoner for a considerable length of time.

and covered with moss, where once the well-caparisoned fiery war-horse champed the foaming bit, proudly bestrode by daring Baldearg; or where the nervous hunter bounding erect, and pawing the ground with his horny hoof, snorted for the chase; while the deep-mouthed hounds coursing through the lofty oaks that clothed the banks of sacred Foyle; made hill and dale, thicket and valley, ring to their cries. How many a winter's morning have I mounted yonder turret, and stood amazed to see the dappled stag sweeping from hill to hill; the deadly peck, still hanging on his train with murderous cry; while the fearless horse over bank, brake, and precipice, shot like a Parthian arrow; and after leading his hundred foes some six miles base, I have seen him plunge in the rapid Foyle, and glorying, shake his branching\* antlers as he swam with the ebbing tide.

"His deer drank of a thousand streams, a thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs."—Oss.

'Twas here that wassail, mirth, and revelry, passed the winter's night, when Erin's congregated bards from sweet-toned strings made Oilleagh's spacious halls re-echo back the choral symphony, "Now as I view thy shattered ruins pointing to the pale moon their roofless heads, and stretching their dusky shadows o'er the wild; how awful, how deathlike! What a change! 'tis like the midnight grave, save when the howling wind tears from its long known bed a rolling mass, and rolls thundering down the glen."

Three stones with heads of moss are there: a stream with foaming course; dreadful rolled around them is the dark red cloud of Loda; high from its top and forward a ghost, half formed of the shadowy smoke; he poured his voice of woes amidst the roaring stream; near bending beneath a blasted tree, two he received his words, Swaran of lakes and Starno foe of strangers; on their dun

In early times the Irish were famous for stag-hunting. I have seen the antlers of the Moose deer dug out of marl pits eight or ten feet under ground; and in the white limestone rock in the mountain of Ballyness, county Derry, fifty feet under ground, I've seen fragments of them raised in abundance. The antlers of a deer with the skull quite fresh, were raised beyond Drogheda by a peasant, and were turned a little black, and when resting on the skull, the horns resembled a tall man's head. This individual was my author. The Irish chief was usually buried with a bow, arrows, and horn of a deer by his side.

shields they darkly leaped, their spears are forward through night; shrill sounds the blast of darkness in Starno's floating beard."—Oss.

To heighten these midnight reflections, as they stood among the ruins, through the apertures of which the watery beams of the moon were shining, he touched in melancholy strain the fall of the Milesians, an old melody composed by the sweet-voiced Malobruithian; and raising aloft their harps, they left to the silence and stillness of the night this time-worn edifice, watering their path with tears. The moon by this time was encircled in a large ring, the stars were seen shooting along the sky and dipping to the horizon, and a short surly blast would sometimes force through the trees, warning them that a change was about to take place. They were now approaching Daire\* Calgac, which stood on the acclivity of a little hill; as far as the eye could reach on either side, it was surrounded by a forest of tall oaks,† the horizontal branches of which were extended over the waters of the Foyle, and three large ones at the northern quay, served as a safe anchorage for vessels.

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\* Daire Calgac, the ancient name of Londonderry, which signifies the oaks of Calgac, or the territory of oaks pertaining to Calgac. From Daire, an oak, the O'Dougherties of Innishown took their name. Daire, an oak, and oireagh, a property or territory, i.e. the chieftains of the oaks. It was not until after the colonizing of the forfeited lands that it received the appellation of London prefixed to it; and the place properly claiming the name Derry, is the immediate spot on which his Lordship the Right Rev. William Knox's garden stands. Ireland undoubtedly in days of yore was the genuine country of the oak, as we have in my own acquaintance all these towns called by the oaks—Derry Ard, Derry lane, Derry big, Derry more, little Derry, Der na flaw, Derry arken, Derry ork. So abundant was the oak timber in our island in former times, that it was exported to the Continent for shipbuilding and many other purposes; and we have good testimony that Westminster Abbey is at this day roofed with our Irish glen wood oak. How many of the finest buildings in our country have been pulled down for the sake of that precious timber. Its duration, when kept free from water, cannot properly be ascertained by any person that ever I talked to. I have known weavers lately, when it became scarce, give at the rate of fivepence per pound for it in order to make what they call under balls for looms, on account of its solidity for driving home the woof. The glen woods or copes where the best oak was produced, lay in the south-eastern parts of the county Derry; from Maghera to beyond Bellaghy and Masterafelt, and near Desertmartin, grew the so much celebrated royal oak claimed as a privilege by some of the Georges.

† From Calgac possibly came Colgon, a name pretty common in Derry.

Coming to the monastery of Dominican friars, they being admitted, rested soundly for the remaining part of the night, and even to the hour of matins, when they were awoken by the morning bell, and after prayers sat down to a comfortable breakfast.

They were fatigued with the difficulties and various casualties of last night, and therefore did not commence their journey until the day was pretty far advanced.

The atmosphere now became darkened, and it snowed heavily during the remaining part of the day; however, they could not be prevailed on to stay that night, notwithstanding much solicitation on the part of the Dominicans. They insisted that there was no cabin whatever would deny shelter to a wandering bard—that they had accustomed themselves to travel in every season, and above all, that the business on which they were required the utmost despatch, and therefore they could not comply.

The country was mostly overgrown with wood, the roads were few, and such as they had no better than turf or bridle roads. A bridle road was such as could only be passed by men on horseback, and not admitting any kind of car or carriage. A turf road was such as is still used in bringing fuel or turf down from the mountains, there being only a single rut, and that usually very unequal; so that their journey, as it had been the former day, could not be many miles.

They were accompanied by some of the brotherhood as far as the river side, where they could not see the farther bank for the weight of snow that was falling around them, and also the density of the clouds which, collected into one universal gloom, hovered over their heads like a dark canopy, and had rendered their external garments as white as their flowing hair. From leaving the ferryboat they turned down the left side of the river, and each with his instrument slung on his shoulder, his hands in a large skin muff, and dressed in antique costume, passed along the way discoursing of the day's events, among which they did not forget the happenings of O'Fal on's cabin, the sagacity of his dog, and chiefly

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his more than ordinary abilities in executing the Rinceadair, at the name of which they both laughed aloud; thinking on what power of body and limbs he manœuvred before his partner. Where the country was clear of wood, it was pretty deep with snow at this time; and it was with much difficulty they could perceive the road, night being closing fast upon them again.

I think, said Malbruthan, we are now approaching Oireag O'Cahan, or the country of O'Cahan; I lived among them in the space of two years, and know them to be a great and powerful sept: they and the O'Neills are of the same stock, and also the O'Donnells. Have you ever heard of Toal O'Cahan, the famous minstrel of Teamra?

I have seen some of his compositions, and heard many anecdotes respecting him; was he not a facetious witty fellow, and something fond of the bottle, said the other?

I have been so informed, said he, but believe few since or before his time could equal his performance; and I can also assure you that he was of this very family; many times have I heard his name mentioned by them with sighs, as they said with him their history and long line of genealogy had died. He was born to a princely fortune, but being of a wandering disposition, he left his lands and inheritance among his friends, and took up his residence at Tara. 'Twas he composed that air called "Thro' the green vallies of Erin," which I believe was a kind of name for his own wanderings; indeed there were few vallies of any beauty or notoriety in our island that he did not visit: the Dargle and Killarney were his favourite retreats, after which places he called many of his poetical and musical compositions. When I was in Balinagar with O'Connor, I found a fragment of an old song composed by him in our genuine tongue, every stanza of which ended with Finvola the gem of the Roe; it was on the banks of this romantic stream that Toal O'Cahan took his birth, where I have often mingled the sound of my harp with the cadence of the waters.

Engaged in conversation of this kind, they passed imperceptibly on, until they began to think they had lost the main road, nor could they know on which hand it lay. As dusky night

she almost assumed her full sovereignty over the whitened  
 brown woods and hills smoothed with snow so bewildered  
 them, that they knew not which hand to turn to. At length  
 they perceived a kind of winding track which was one of those  
 roads leading across the country, and following this for  
 some miles, it brought them to the banks of the stream above-  
 mentioned, which was darkly forcing its way through pendant  
 firs, and grumbling as it received the fallen tribute.  
 "Now behold," said Malbruthan, the favourite river of  
 old Oshagan; it now appears dark on account of the snow;  
 in fine weather it is as bright as a mirror.

Just as he had finished this sentence, they heard some voices  
 among the bushes at the ford below them, and saw a small  
 fire in a few minutes it burst into a flame, and one of the  
 long men whose voices they heard rushed into the water,  
 holding the flaming torch in one hand, and a weapon called a  
 gaff in the other. It is a crooked iron firmly bound to a kind  
 of staff about three or four feet in length; the iron is much like  
 the hook on which butchers suspend small carcases, only that  
 it is set out at the point and barbed. The other was armed  
 with what they call a leester, after the form of Neptune's tri-  
 dent, only it had seven prongs close together, and also barbed.  
 They scrutinized the stream with great eagerness up and down,  
 holding their long bare legs high out of the current, lest they  
 should disturb the fish. At length the leester bearer made a  
 dash, but seeming to miss, the man with the torch sprung for-  
 ward, and striking across him on the ford, lifted a large sal-  
 mon, then leaving it on the bank, and casting the fiery end

From some time before November the salmon, wishing to deposit their spawn,  
 leave the salt water, and seeking the fresh water streams, ascend them to the very  
 source. It is always the hardest, and roughest bottom or sands they choose for  
 this purpose; the male and female swimming parallel to each other, perform a  
 kind of motion by moving off their meeting, and in this manner they form what is  
 called the road. For the purpose of taking the salmon, they split up the fir that  
 grows on the hills, and this being dried, makes the finest of torches, and when  
 the resin will run of it like oil. Then rolling up hard a little ball of tow,  
 leaving it in the fire till it becomes red, they carry it rolled in a larger quan-  
 tity of tow, in order to light the torch, and this is called a spunk.

of the torch backward, they took the strand, which consisted of round stones of various descriptions, and went like a pair of newly-shod hunters over it, although treading with the naked sole, then into another, and so onward. The river was wooded on each side closely, save the kind of path which conducted the benighted strangers to its banks, and when the fishermen kindled their blaze, as it is usually called, the sight was beautiful beyond description. The light at first nearly struck them blind; but when a little recovered, they saw themselves standing in a forest of holly, hazel, alder, oak, and mountain ash; the trunks of the oak were wound round with ivy, the leaves of which with the holly berries sparkling in the light, made this place appear rather like a fairy scene. The higher trees were all feathered over with snow, which not a breath of wind agitated; and to crown all the parts of this grand panorama, a large blackbird whirred out of a holly bush at their feet, and shortly after a partridge.

Now could the piece have been well sketched, with the two reverend figures half seen among the trees, their beards of snow hanging to their girdles, I must think it would have been grand; of this I am certain that had the fishermen seen them, it might have spoiled their sport.

In early times the existence of supernatural beings as ghosts and fairies, was almost universally believed through Ire and; the latter genii they considered not an unfriendly kind of spirit, and that chiefly where they were well attended to; but should they be offended by any kind of neglect, or by the cutting down any of their favourite haunts, as scroggs, i.e. shrivelled low bushes, low bended hawthorns, called by the Irish skeaghs, and often standing alone in tiled or pasture fields, or even pouring out the water in which the family's feet were washed, this was an unpardonable offence, as the gentry say they might call and require the like. Should any of the above insults or neglects be committed, the delinquent was certainly punished by the death of some of his cow cattle, or even his only cow, if he had no more, often the death of one of the family, a broken leg or arm, and sometimes the pulling down of his whole house. Of these things he was commonly warned

by a little fellow clothed in a green jacket, who is usually the ambassador of the fairies.

Having crossed the river, and keeping the village on their left hand, they directed their course toward the slack that divides the extremity of Magilligan mountain, from that romantic green hill called the Kadey at the present day, but in earlier times Krockanbaan. It was clothed with a thick forest nearly to the top, as was also the opposite hill. There were some little openings along the stream which separated those two mountains, and lighted by their nightly friend, pale Luna, they entered the wood, not without some fear regarding wolves, an animal with which the wilds of Ireland formerly abounded, and the last of which, I have been informed, was killed in the Wicklow mountains not thirty years back. The place which the

This appellation the fairies themselves consider harsh and insulting; they would much rather be called the gentry, the quality, or the strangers; and few of the lower order at this day will venture to call them by the above disrespectful name, imagining that they are always at their elbow. Many a happy evening I have sitten, and many I do sit, listening to legends of this kind; but should I seem the least incredulous, I would not be favoured by a single rehearsal. I say I am happy in hearing such recitals, because they convey to my mind the simplicity and innocence of our ancestors, and indeed the effect of it is evident on the present generation. In a winter evening to enter a farmer's house, and see a group of young and old encircling a large turf fire, each employed in his or her respective business, the females commonly spinning, and the story going round of fairies, woods, scroggs, glens, gentle bushes, and haunted castles, I must confess that to me this is more entertaining than the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero. A place frequented by these genii is called a gentle place, and no emolument could induce them either to build on or till that spot. Whirlwind is always full of them, and in such places, the best preservative is to cast a handful of earth into it, and call out in the Scotch tongue, Weel may ye gang, and weel may ye bide, and ai your heels to us, for a fair wind and a round sea to you, and always your heels to us. If this does not do, the pocket knife is to be opened, and held opposite danger. A withered and twisted of the mountain ash or rowan tree, is the best specific in preserving from what is called a bad eye, or the blink of an ill eye. The mould of nine shillings on a silver sixpence is a complete cure for elf-shooting; to go through a blanket of yarn that is unbleached, is almost immediate destruction, and the means of avoiding the evil is to return the way you came. If a cock crow in the night time, it is very important to know what road his head is, as also if one be cold and the other hot. To throw out the sweepings on new-year's morning, there will be no luck in that house to that day twelvemonth. To be crossed by a barefooted female first in the morning, is a sure omen of bad luck that day.

minstrels were approaching was perhaps as pleasantly situated and as beautifully wild as any they had met with. In the summer season Knockanbaan is covered with purple flower of the wild thyme, the fragrance of which is perceptible at a considerable distance, and the butter that is made on this soil has a peculiar sweetness. I have also collected wild strawberries on it, and if you set your foot on a bush of chamomile which also grows spontaneously here, it will salute you with the sweetest fragrance.

Toward the north is a lime quarry, supposed to be the whitest in Ireland, and farther to the east is a quarry of soft lime, that might almost be used for cement; below are two large springs whose currents united would almost turn a mill. In a frosty morning after the sun is arisen, these fountains send up an evaporation like the steam of a furnace. But the finishing piece is the remains of a semicircular building on the top, which some suppose to have been a druidical temple. Magilligan mountain, oftener called Benn Evenney, from Evenney O'Cahan, that was formerly carried off by fairies, concerning whom many stories are told; Benn Evenney, I say, is productive of nearly all the natural beauties to be seen on the other: and besides these, has a most abrupt termination next the sea, some hundred yards of a perpendicular height, commanding a grand view of the Foyle from its confluence with the Atlantic nearly to the liberties of Londonderry. Below you are the lowlands of Magilligan, abounding in rabbit warrens, washed on the west by the Foyle, and on the south by the Roe.

As they passed along the valley that divides these two hills, not without some dread of the wolves\* that were said to fre-

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\* When these animals were plenty in Ireland, they were, as they are in all other countries, mortal enemies to the sheep; for not eating their satisfaction of one, or finishing out a covease, they slaughtered and destroyed, so long as they were able, sucking the blood of each as they killed it, until they either thinned the fold, or were driven off by the force of men and dogs. In the mountainous parts of the county Tyrone, the inhabitants were very much distressed by them, and from public contributions gave so much for the head of every prowling freebooter, as they would now-a-days for a robber on the king's highway. There was an adventurer who alone and unassisted by any person, made it his occupation to destroy those ravagers. The time for attacking them was in the night, and usually about mid-

ment them, they thought that the snow appeared trampled in some places, as it seemed, and following the track through the trees, took it for a guide; it made many turns and windings, sometimes keeping the bank of the stream, and at others leaving it. They might have begun to think it was a delusion, but in traversing another sweep of the river, they saw a large bulk moving before them, which to their imaginations was as large as two men, nor could they perceive any shape or form resembling a human being; but from the track, they knew it must be of that species, and therefore their minds being at ease in regard of wild beasts, they stretched their step a little, as the saying is. When they came near enough to see what the being was for the snow was over, the sky serene, and the moon sailing in lucid splendour above the whitened woods; on one hand

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 But as they would not leave their recesses in the woods until the country was at rest and quiet, then issuing forth on their weak and defenceless prey, they generally commenced the carnage. There was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting them, called the wolf dog; the figure of this animal was somewhat like a short half-bred greyhound, but much stronger, with large ears and erect head and tail. In the county above-named, there was a large plat of ground inclosed with a high stone wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were inclosed the sheep of the surrounding inhabitants for better security; but all the fold was entered, and the havoc continued. The proprietors having heard of this noted wolf hunter, Rory Carragh, I believe a native of a small village called Dungiven, sent for him, and offered the usual reward, with some addition, if he would undertake to destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed so much devastation. Carragh taking two of those courageous animals with him, and a little boy only twelve years of age, the only person he could get to accompany him, repaired to the fold as it approached the hour of midnight. "Now," said he to the boy, "as the two wolves will enter the opposite extremities at the same moment, I must leave you and the dog to guard the one, while I go to the other. He deals with all the caution of a cat, nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and positively will give him the first fall; if therefore you are not active when he comes to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise and kill both the dog, so good night." "I'll do what I can," said the boy, and immediately throwing the gate open, took his seat in the inner part close to the entrance, his faithful companion couching at his side, and being perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was about to encounter. The night was dark and somewhat cold, so that he being benumbed with the cold, was beginning to fall into a kind of slumber, but alas! he was slumbering on a dangerous precipice, for at that instant a wolf with a roar leaped across him, and laid his mortal enemy flat to the earth. The boy was roused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove his spear through the wolf's neck as directed, at which time Carragh appeared behind the head of the other.

appeared the old cemetery of Drumachose, its fretted walls silvered grey with the pale light, and hanging over its sleeping charge, like some hoary sentinel, whose furrowed brow bearing the marks of fifteen long campaigns, had caught the gleam of a neighbouring lamp, as he leaned on his musket; while from the summit of Knockanbaan the old Druid temple cast its giant shade across the wood, the stream, and the vale, frowning upon all—I say, just when they had got so far as I have mentioned, they perceived it was a man carrying a bundle of faggots which he had been cutting for the fire. In his right hand he bore an axe, and with the other secured his load as he trudged in silence before them. The minstrels seeing him loaded with fuel, and also carrying his axe, knew he must be returning homeward to his hut, whatever sort it was or wherever it might be, and also doubted not of his hospitality to them for one night, knowing they could make themselves comfortable with a good fire and the store of his cabin, be it ever so mean. Of the fire they had no reason to doubt, from what they saw, and as to the other necessities of life, it was evident that flesh, fish, and fowl in variety were here in abundance.

The man, whom we are to suppose meditating on nought but witches, fairies, and Will\* of the wisps, on being asked how far he travelled, flung his burden on the ground, until it almost rolled into the water, crossed himself with the quickness of lightning, and muttering a short ejaculation, cast a handful of snow in their faces. This only drew laughter from the strangers; but he well knowing that laughter was a practice peculiar to the fairies, grew worse; at that moment recollecting that iron was a repeller of demons, he held up the edge of the axe toward them, and retreating, kept his eye firmly fixed on them, and exclaiming, “a fair wind and a round sea to you, and always your heels to us.” As Malbruthan advanced to undeceive him, he gave a spring backward, and coming in contact with the bundle of faggots, went heels over head into the water. Imagining that all this was the effect of enchantment, and see-

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\*This is a deceitful kind of spirit, that is always seen with a blinking dim torch; his business being to lead people astray who are travelling by night, also to decoy them into pits and quagmires: he is much dreaded.

the two phantoms rush after him in order, as he imagined, to seize him, he thought he was on the point either of being annihilated or whipt into the air; and rolling on his one side out to the farther bank, for he had not time to rise, he burst through the thicket and was heard crushing, cracking, and breaking, for a considerable distance up the stream. He was followed by a shower of laughter from the travellers, which only added wings to his feet; and to complete his catastrophe, they both struck their harps and performed one of their merriest springs before they departed.

The gentry are amazingly fond of music, as harps, fiddles, pipes and the like; and have often been seen holding their rural dances under the greenwood tree, and the place brilliantly illuminated by a number of tapers.

The cottage to which the wood-cutter belonged, was much frequented in the winter evenings by the neighbouring youth both sexes; as it was seated in a pleasant place, with abundance of fuel, and the host himself altho' a little credulous, and something timorous on occasions, not averse to rustic merriment, and even fond of fairy legends, but scarcely ever could he trust himself to walk alone by night. The family with their evening chants were engaged in the above recitals, just as he entered with his burden, his hair all on end, and prodigy bursting from his two eyes. The lesson was perfectly read by them all as he spoke; but when he painted the two ghastly figures that appeared to him in the wood, how when he attempted to pass between himself and them, the foremost with a blast from his mouth, whiffed him over the bank of the river, as if it had been a feather, and immediately both apparitions took wing and flew right forward to light on the top of me, said he, my good luck I rolled across the stream, and here they were at the end of their tether, not having power to follow a human being over a running stream.

And said an old woman sitting in the corner, did yes throw handfuls of dust in their face, spit over your left shoulder, draw a circle round you three times.

Musha you're talking nansense now, so your are, said he, for if my hand had not gane like the crack of a whip, I could not have crassed myself in time, for they flew at me like bull-dogs.

Here was a general cessation from business, and one gazed on another with horror.

And then said Knogher, (Knogher O'Brady was the good man's name,) and then, said he, when I did get out of their clutches, such gafaaing and laughing, with pipes, fiddles, and all and all kinds of musick.

You're right enough, said an old man out of the corner on the other side of the fire, its sartainly the gentry; they have been in Scotland these three years, and I find they're returned; but they're dacent, quite, harmles jantlemen and ladies all of them, said he, winking to those about the fire, as much as to say they were listening to him. But, said he, in a low breath, and reaching forward his head, where did you cut the brosnay.

At the root of the ould Skeagh.

Aw, Marra fastie, cried he, bad luck to the gentler place in all the glen.

The old woman sat rocking off one side on another, with inward groans, and at the same time watching the door closely.

The two benighted travellers had no other way of finding out the dwelling of Knogher, than by squeezing through all the thickets, jungles and brakes through which he passed, and arriving at the door during this colloquy, the windows were beaming with the red flame of timber, so that the reflection shot far in among the trees, whose broad canopies were closely interwoven together, and all loaded with snow; tied to two large hollies, lay a couple of sleek milk cows chewing their cuds, and near to them stood a small rick of hay, with a brown dog lying at the end of it. All the domestics were enjoying the light of the cottage windows, and no doubt were well pleased with it as well as the homely voice of the family. They again touched the wires, but rather to a solemn strain, when that instant they heard the knocking of stools, chairs, pots, and pans out of the way, and every one endeavouring to get as near the wall as possible.

As they entered, all the voices like one saluted them, you're welcome quality, you're welcome gentry, come up strangers and take a glaze of the fire this cold night.

The family were engaged by this time knitting, spinning, and making baskets, and not seeming in the least concerned. However, they could discover a piece of iron near to each individual, and an old woman that sat close to the fire, on what in the Scottish tongue is called the hab, scourged three handfuls of salt over all their heads, muttering at the same time some incomprehensible cronan, then down on her seat, slipping the end of the tongs into the fire, and began to spin on a rock and spindle,\* keeping the tail of her eye glancing betimes over at the strangers, and asking in a loud unconcerned manner if they had travelled far to night, and then eyeing the rest of the family silyly; having the rock stuck in her belt, and pulling out the flax a considerable length, she would make the spindle twirl round between her hands, and thus she went on, but still watching the other side of the fire with a hawk's eye, and keeping up the conversation with them as if she was not the least afraid. At length seeing that all her incantations were to no purpose, and that the gentry had no appearance of leaving her, she slipt carefully from her seat, as if not wishing they should perceive her, and taking three nails out of a horse shoe, three elf-shot stones, a handful of salt, and a branch of hawthorn tree, she put them into a little pot, and boiled all on the fire effectually, nodding at the same time to the family with importance, as much as to say, keep your minds to yourselves; for she had not the least doubt but this would send them farther out of the chimney, or through the keyhole, in a flash of fire. She had kept conversing with them in the most plausible manner, as she went back and forward about this exorcism, until she thought it was boiled enough, letting it cool sufficiently, and skimming the top off, so that she might have the strongest part of the decoction, then holding it in her one hand, and drawing a circle round her with the other, she

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\*The rock and spindle was the former manner of spinning in Ireland, and in other countries; it is generally practised in Portugal at this present day, and even walking the streets, as females would practise knitting.

heaved all in their faces; but to her utter astonishment and confusion, all remained as formerly.

Och, didn't I try all these things already, said Knogher, and bad luck to the morsel of good it did more than I had thrown a handful of ashes at them!

The travellers at length wiping their faces, assured the family if they supposed them to be supernatural beings, that they really were not, but human creatures, flesh and blood such as themselves; they also explained their meeting with the good man in the wood, and how he mistook them for what he supposed to be fairies.

At this declaration the faces around the fire all brightened up, and drawing nearer to them, asked their occupation, their destination, and in short opened their store, their hospitable board, and even their hearts to them. The cottage was hung round with beef, mutton, and venison, with a store of dried salmon and white fish. All the produce of the neighbouring woods and waters.

The travellers asked them were there any such things as fairies in these districts, of which they seemed so much afraid.

Is that all you know, said the old woman? Have yes not heard of Evenney, in the rock, who is through the glens every night, with the quality galloping on great black horses, formed out of benweeds? Sometimes he is seen standing on the hanging walls of Knockanbaan ould castle, sometimes on the ould church, aver bye there, and at others sweeping aver our heads like wild geese, and geegling and laughing at us.

And pray who is Evenney?

Why, he is of the family of the O'Cahans, a near friend of our own; he was full brother to my great grandmother, and he was taken away when he was a young man, and always has a young appearance, bless you. I'll tell you a story about him which I have from my mother, rest her soul.

"There was a poor woman in ould times, as it might be, that had to luck for her bit through the world, dear, and more-

over than that, she had six small childer, and the youngest of them a clarenagh hushla machree. Arrah, I forgot to tell yes that her own name was O'Cahan, or O'Kane, of the ould stock, the ould breed, the very same as Granie Roe O'Kane of Benbraddagh, the banshee, musha. Well, what would you have f it, she was lucken for her bit, as I was telling yes just now here avillish, and coming into a house in the bottom of Lagilligan, in a could frasty marnen, with her five starving brats at her feet, and the clarenagh on her back.

"Arrah, good marrow marnen to yes, says she, and the luck and the blessing be in your store, will you help the poor woman? and dwowl a gleed was on the hearth more than on my nose.

"Musha is it help you, ye lazy rullian ye, and your scroodery lowzy childer, said a great big stokagh that was sifting mail; and luck to the bit nor sup shall enter your wizzen in this house.

"Howanever, sir, she goes her ways to another house beyand there, and going her ways, as she entered the door, Maney\* Deawit, says she, Maney† Deawit fein, says the other; go nees nat htinna. Well, to make a long story short, they were sitting down to their breakfast; much good may do yes, says she; thank you, says the other, and gave her and her six garlaghs as much breakfast as the could swallow; howanever, sir, she travelled on till near night, as I was saying, and as she was lucken for lading, she thought she would call in the first house to see what they were about avournien; and the ould carline says to her, will you sup a noggin of brath, poor woman? The woman's name was Bridget.

"Och, I believe nat, says she, for I'm somehow or other all throughother, saying your presence; but the blessing of the ergy be about ye, will ye give me the shilter of your house for the night.

"Oh, dwowl a shilter nor shilter, faughshin,|| in the cracking of a nut, ar I'll trow yes on the dunghill; in she comes that

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\* God bless you. † God bless yourself. ‡ Come up to the fire. || Leave that.

instant, nar a ladging she could get high nor low. She thought she would go up the mountain a bit where one Barny Rooney lived, an ould cronie of hers, and may be she would get ladging there; so she travelled on and on till night came aver her, and dwowl a bit of Barny's she could make out.

"Howsomever, sir, she came near the top of the mountain, and saw a great light at some distance, and coming up to the light, what was this but Evenny's castle.

"Arrah! kead miel a faultie, Bridget, come up and take a glaze of the fire; there, d'ye see me, there was quality of all descriptions dressed in green; dancing, fiddling, piping, and keeping all the noise in the world: he brings herself up till a fine room with all the childer, and placed them beside a good fire; in a short time, two men came to the castle, leading a branded cow all sparks and bogs; they knocked her down, and in a few minutes had fresh griskens on the coals for her and the garlaghs: she got warm water to wash her feet, and a good feather bed; now says he to her, you were in such a place the night, looking far ladging, but did not get it; did they affer you any brath? yes. Did you sup them? no. It was good far yes, this is the cow that they thought they had killed; but here is a horn, take it with you, and look tomarrow what you may see, so a good night's rest to you.

"She and the childer went to bed astore, and slept soundly to breakfast time; but when she wakened, lo behould you, they were lying behind a stone ditch; well she put her hand into her mail-bag to see if she had the horn, and indeed she had it; well, hap well, rap well, says she to herself, I'll go down and call in the house, so what would yes have of it, off she comes, and just when she came in, the brath was boiling.

"Arrah, says the ould woman to her, and a sour ould carlien she was, arrah, says she, are you here the day again? Did yes lie out last night.

"Musha no then, says she, and with that putting the horn to her eye, she saw in the pat the grey head of an ould man, and the tongue walloping out at the one side of his mouth, and along the ribs she saw his legs, thighs and arms hanging like a gallagher of harrings.

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"Out she comes, for she was frightened, and settled in a little baghag down by there, and always had plenty while she kept the horn. She was sitting spinning one clear moonlight night, far all the world such a night as this, save us, barring there was no snow. She had put all the childer to bed on a wisp at the fire-side, and was sitting spinning alone, as it might be. There was a kind of road past the door, and lucken out, she thought she heard a great soughing coming along the way; at last on she runs, and there does she see the whole road as far as she could see, covered with an army of soldiers marching to the music of a pair of bagpipes; a little ould man sat above them in the air, as if he was flying, and played to them. But who do you think was at the head of them? who but her friend Evenney.

"Arrah musha kead miel a faultie, Evenney, said she.

"Ramnation to you for an ould harridan, said he, why did you speak to me? I was going to fight the fairies of Scatland, and if we had gained the victory there would have been seven years plenty; but now there will be seven years dearth, and a Marastie on yes. Have you that horn about yes that I gave to yes, you ould traitor go shlat, musha bad luck to the ill-looking breed of yes? and with that he snapped the horn out of her hand, and putting it to his mouth, with one puff blew out both her eyes, and left only two red holes in the place where they were. He and his men that instant took wing, the piper playing at the same time, and went soughing over her head back again to the tip top of Bennevenney, where he keeps his castle. What's that flew past the window there? put the boul't in that door."

The hour of supper was now drawing near, and the guests were beginning to feel a little hunger; while Knogher, rising up, filled a large tub with corn, and spreading a cloth, began to clean it by fanning it with a weight which he brought down from a cross beam over the kitchen; but how it could be prepared in time they did not know. He first placed a large pot on the fire, and when he had cleared it of the chaff, put all into the pot. This culinary article was formed with a broad bottom, which rendered it more fitting for this

purpose, and being heated with a fire of timber billets, one stood beside it with an iron ladle, and kept constantly turning, while the corn was cracking like shot: then when it was properly toasted, taking it off, they put it through another process of fanning, to clear it of those husks which the fire had raised. After this, having brought in the querns, which consisted of a square frame, on it lay the under stone that is usually called a layer; above this, with a handle fixed to it, was the other, which is called the runner. A winnowing-cloth was then spread on the floor below the machine, and while one turned the handle another poured in the grain, until it was twice put through the querns: then being collected and sifted through a close sieve, was made into cakes, the husks and coarse particles being put into yeast for flummery.

The time occupied in the process was not more than an hour and a half. The bread was remarkably sweet, from the grain being toasted in the juice; and this with a roast haunch of venison, and two or three methers\* of good bunnarammer, made a supper that might have done old Bryan Borohoime,—and a supper it is very possible he often took. Thanks were sincerely returned by the family, in the giving of which tribute the two strangers were as much interested as any, nor indeed had they less right.

They retired to a small apartment, which was warmed by the same materials that prepared their supper. In this apartment was one bed, surrounded by straw mats in place of curtains; it was a good feather bed, with the skin of a large stag stuffed with the same for a bolster. Although it had not the most superb appearance, yet they rested comfortably until the sound of the woodcutter's axe awakened them next morning. It is reasonable to think that he intended not to be so late with his faggots that night as he had been the former, and therefore avoid all danger in regard of the gentry.

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\* A mether was a wooden vessel formerly used by the Irish, and hewn out of one solid block; it was narrow at the mouth and wide at the bottom; it was also without hoops, and might hold two quarts.

Breakfast was prepared when they entered the kitchen. It was placed close to the fire on a low bench of timber, around which they all seated themselves, with the most hospitable cordiality to the strangers. After it was ended, they set out on their journey accompanied by their host, and a world of well-wishes, and happy return from all the family, who flung the broom and all the old brogues in the cabin after them, vociferating *bannacht leat, bennacht leat,\** as long as they could hear them.

"Grey morning rose in the east; a green narrow vale appeared before us, nor wanting was its winding stream."—Oss.

It was one of those foggy mornings, wherein the frost falls in a kind of misty shower; the heights of Bennevenny were shrouded in a rolling cloud; the old walls of Knockanbaan were enveloped in the same, and Cruick na huirclet was wrapped to its base in the kindred robe. Uncapped by snow or fog, and high above them all, stood old Benn Braddagh like a hoary giant, whose locks were turning gray, while round his stately shoulders hung a verdant robe entwined with heath and mountain fern.

Having bid adieu to their host, and indeed a credulous good-natured man he was, yet such another as we would suppose living to live in the fifteenth or sixteenth century; they pursued their way, being surrounded by forests, hills, or old ruins.

They began to converse on the past night's entertainment, and truly if they had a happy night with O'Fallon, the last night was no less so. Such is the natural disposition of the Irish, and are often betrayed into error from their openness of heart, and frankness of communication. Far from this characteristic, is that slow, cunning, deliberating nature, which is common in many other countries; calculating upon an act before they per-

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\* My blessing be with you.

† The former name of Donald's Hill, co. Derry.

form it, whether it may be beneficial or not, whether it may be consonant with all the different quirks of the law. If life, person, or property is in danger, the Hibernian asks not, whether he be a friend or an enemy, but rushes upon his deliverance, often at the forfeiture of his own. Hospitality\* is of old date peculiar to them; and such was the happy cabin of Knogher O'Brady, who, together with all his credulity, was very religious. No morning or evening passed that did not witness his private as well as his public devotions, nor did he scarcely ever venture out wanting his beads, but when the idea of witches, Broonies,† or fairies seized him, his faith immediately gave way; nor could the power of iron circles, or handfuls of dust support his courage in such times. He returned homeward regretting in his turn the departure of his cheerful and facetious guests, at whose presence the whole cabin smiled, as he was pleased to say.

Arrah, said he, if I hadn't traited them so badly at our first meeting, I would be aisy now, but they had so much right to take me for a broonie or fairie, and more by the frast, than I had to take them; and if ever I could clap my eyes on them, bad luck to the bit myself would care, jewel; but I was draiming last night of two sheeps that I was running after to catch them, as I may say, this good marning; but lo! behold yes, one of them boult through my fingers, and leaves the tail in my hands achree. I never dream of sheeps jumping thro' my fingers in any such fashion, but I'm sure and sartin to lose some ould friend or cronie, or something of that kind, jewel. Ochon what

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\* There were in Hibernia many noblemen, and at the same time of the middle order, from the kingdom of England, who left their native island, and retired thither on account either of learning divinity, or a monastic life, all whom the Scoti-Irish receiving most willingly, afforded to them daily food, also books for study and professors gratuitously.

This is from the venerable Bede, born A. D. 678.

† A brooney was a spirit supposed by the Irish to lie around the fire or hearth in farmers' houses after the family went to bed, and if a stack of oats was to be threshed, or any such task to be performed, it was only necessary to say such a thing is to be done, and it was performed in the morning. No reward was to be given, or if so, the spirit was heard to go away howling and calling, I have got my reward, never returning to the same house again.

shall I do? Arrah just now I'm thinking on it, I believe I'll climb up on this ould hawthorn and look after them, but I'm afraid it's a gentle bush, and that would be the worst jab I met yet, I'll get up on the tap of this auld standing stone, it may do as well. Oh, hoh, hoh! manamasthee, I see them yet. Arrah my bennacht leat twenty times, say I, and a dhooragh by the hokey.

Thus O'Brady went on, raving until they were out of his hearing and seeing. As they gained the height above the glen, a flock of wild geese,\* went clanging over their heads, and chattering to each other as they winged their liquid course, keeping regular order like an army of soldiers, and pointing their flight to the mountains.

It is the nature of those aquatic fowls to leave the sea at the approach of a storm, and make for some of the fresh water lakes farther in the country, such as Loughneagh or those smaller lakes on Cookstown mountain; if the wind is against them, they usually form the van thin and in the manner of a wedge, so that it may cut the air the better, taking the precedence alternately, the front in rank falling back to the rear, and so on.

Around the sky the horizon appeared of a dusky brown, and the watery sun from behind a dark cloud proclaimed a storm. They now came to Macosquin, where was another country; the brotherhood received them kindly, and entreated them to spend that night with them, as there was all appearance of an approaching storm; and another barrier was the river Bann† that lay in their way, over which there was no bridge: and these objections were to no purpose.

They said there was day enough for them to arrive at their journey's end, and they probably would get a ferry boat at Coolrathain‡ or Colerain, and then they were within a small

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\* I have often listened to the ducks as well as geese flying both to and from the mountains; sometimes they take the day time, sometimes the night; but in regard to the geese, the gander's voice is audibly heard above the other, as if directing them.

† By Ptolemy called the Vidua.

‡ Which signifies the town on the fort.

distance of the castle of Dunluce, where their embassy ended, and so they proceeded; meeting with every thing favourable until they arrived at the drawbridge, which was immediately lowered, and the minstrels admitted into the castle.

This was a festive night with great M'Quillan, who had his friends the O'Neills of Clanbuoy surrounded by their clansmen, their galloglasses and kerns, with their bards or senachies playing in concert, while the great hall of shells responded each note in numberless echoes, and the rusty armour suspended on the walls, the trophies of many a bloody field, rung in accordance with the general choir. The storm which threatened during the day now burst from the north in a tempestuous hurricane, driving the seas in wild commotion against the rock which supported the castle, and sifting the sprays around the loop-holes, where the two bards were enjoying the terrific scene. Sometimes the water appeared like a flame of fire, and every third wave broke with the report of artillery in a cavern below the fortress. They attempted to converse, but it was in vain, therefore removing from this appealing situation, they entered the festive hall, where neither storm, rain or wind was heard. Here they got ten thousand welcomes, and after some refreshment and change of garment, took up their harps and mingled in the choir.

As the minstrels always led a wandering life, in straying from one place to another, their arrival was in no way remarkable; nor did M'Quillan think any further of it. They were asked by Baron O'Neill to play the old melody called, "Thro' the green valleys of Erin," which they entered upon, and performed with more than usual sweetness, the company remaining in deep silence all the while; at the end of this they were asked, would they perform an old melody called *Fínvola O'Cahan*? three of them commenced this, and executed it with equal judgement, singing with their harp, "Farewell to the streams of the Roe." These are the only fragments we have remaining of the poetical pieces of poor Toal O'Cahan, said O'Neill; \* my

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\* Many of the O'Neills filled the royal seat in Tara, and were called in early times *Hy Nials*; they were elected by casting a shoe over the head of the person about to be chosen. As proud as an O'Neill going to Tara, was a common saying.

ancestors of Tara were often\* entertained with his wit, his music and poetry. Fear Flatha, our family bard, I have heard them say, could have performed many of his pieces, and also could have related some good anecdotes concerning him. I believe his last request was that his remains should be brought to the old burying place of Dungiven, and there interred.

At this moment M'Quillan's only daughter entered, a rising girl, and clothed in those modest blushes that sometimes adorn the sex at a tender age. Like the young ladies of her country, she wore her hair flowing over her shoulders, that added a natural sweetness to her appearance not often found among the artificial beauties of the present day. She had received her education in a convent, which gave rather a serious cast to her manners; but if it did, it gave to her altogether a grace which nothing else could bestow. Being remarkably fond of music, particularly the harp, and being accustomed to converse with the minstrels who attended at the castle, she acquired a just idea of that science, and was no mean performer on this, as well as on many other instruments. She was also fond of hearing from distant countries, as well as from those parts of her own which she had not visited, and her constant interrogations to every traveller were, had they ever seen the ruins of Tara, or what sort of a place was it? A conversation was immediately entered upon between her and the two strangers respecting the family of Tyrconnell; she was acquainted with Laura O'Donnell, a young lady about her own age, who had been educated in the same convent with her, although it happened that she was daughter to that O'Donnell, who had sent her present guests as messengers on an embassy so disagreeable.

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\* At the death of any great personage or hero, the chief minstrel usually tuned his harp over the grave of the deceased, and at certain wild affecting pathos, was joined by the inferior musicians: to his harp he sung the praises of the dead, and often went far beyond what he deserved; this had a powerful effect on the soldiery in stimulating them to attempt meriting an equal share of glory. This provoked Edward First to collect the bards of Wales and have them butchered, for opposing his overreaching and ambitious views, as the poet Gray sweetly sings.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,  
Confusion on thy banners wait,  
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,  
They mock the air in idle state,

She asked them had they no word from her gentle friend to her, or could they carry a letter on their returning to the country of Tyrconnel.

\* Said Tuadar, fair lady, your name has been mentioned in our presence often with tender regard and affection, not by your female friend alone, but by all the family of O'Donnell. I have heard young Odo O'Donnell and his brethren times without number solicit and entreat their sister to tell them something regarding you, and this because she accustomed them when seated around her to listen to her recitals, none of which she could finish unconnected with your name; but from the severe message which I bear to your father, I fear it may stop such friendly and pleasing intercourse.

They did not deliver their orders to M'Quillan, until after breakfast next morning, when finding him alone; they in as plain a manner as they could delivered the mandate with which they were charged.

In answer to this, he said, that their great master he thought took rather an irritable manner of treating with him, and if he ever had been disposed to be on amicable terms with him, the message which they bore was well calculated to turn him from it: however, as to that matter, his intentions were the same as they always were, firm and sincere to his noble and disinterested neighbour, great O'Neill of Clanbuoy, whose ancestors swayed their sceptre over the green island.

Notwithstanding, said he, that such threats cannot intimidate me, I have no wish to commence hostilities with him, but perhaps might be a means of healing the breach between him and his countrymen; that is, if he is disposed to become a friend: if otherwise he will not, I fear not to meet him; so my answer is, that I am equally prepared, whether as a friend or an enemy, and therefore leave the alternative to him; but never until I have further reasons shall I wish to dissolve alliance with the noble family of Clanbuoy, who have stood faithfully by me in every difficulty.

Having received this intelligence, they took their friendly

leave of M'Quillan and his family, carrying the proposed message from the young lady.

On their return they stopped a night with Knogher O'Brady, and partook of all the festivity and rustic happiness which his cottage could afford, together with ten thousand Kead miel a falties from all the family. He was by trade a creel and basket-maker, the materials for which the wood that surrounded his cabin supplied him plentifully; he drove these wares as far as Daire Calagic sometimes, at others to Culrathain and round the neighbouring villages; with the sale of these he purchased any article of which his family stood in need, and likewise brought home the only public news which the entire neighbourhood received during the season. At his return from market, his house was filled with all the neighbours anxiously waiting for a recital of his own adventures and also those of others; for he carefully kept all in his mind, in order that he might gratify them with the relation on his first returning. From winter began to set in, until spring, this was his continual trade, making the article, and selling or bartering it for some other commodity.

But to return to our strangers—they returned safely across the Foyle, and through that region until they arrived at the banks of Swilly, and at that very place where they disembarked; they were fortunate in meeting or rather hearing the voice of O'Fallon, who had just cast this night lines, and was hallooing upon Drake and his son, as they had gone down the strand on some excursion of their own. The night was become pretty dark, and there was no moon-light as yet, so that if they had not come forward at that instant, they would have been necessitated either to remain there during the night to such times as the fisherman returned for his lines, or otherwise to travel far into the country, and this to men of their years, in a strange place and dark night, was not easily effected.

O'Fallon was sitting on the side of his boat humming a kind of song to himself: but hearing the sound of footsteps, he started, and wheeling round, knew them in the twinkling of an eye; arrah musha kied miel a faultie, my brave fellows, are yes returned? by the hokies it was but this instant that Phelim and

Drake went down the shore after a hare that came limping past a few minutes bygone there; before he was done speaking, the boy returned, bringing with him the hare and the dog following at a little distance; it is a custom with the peasantry in the time of snow, to go out a hunting,\* carrying only a large bludgeon, and coming on the track of the hare, they follow onward to the place where she has lain down to sleep, and with a blow of this weapon either maim or kill her. I have seen them bring home more in number than the man that had a good fowling-piece, and this hare had been hurt in the above manner, so that the dog caught her without much trouble.

When they were embarked and some short distance at sea, they could perceive a red-coloured light like a large star in the western horizon; but frequently it dipped from their sight, and immediately after appeared again.

On asking the captain what the light was, he said to them, it was nothing else than the light of his cabin; and what is the reason, said they, that it disappears so often.

Why, said he, when a great sai comes between us and it, or rather, when we sink between two sais, the light is hid from us agra! and so I see you are not well acquainted with coasting jantlemen, but no matter, you're acquainted with much better things. The size of the light always increased as they drew near the shore, until they could perceive the children sitting around the fire.

O'Fallon gave a shout that echoed along the beach, at which his wife came out and hung a small lamp against the wall, and filling it with oil, it cast a flame along the water extending to the boat. He rowed down a small distance, and bound her to a large stone, then returned and brought all with him into the cottage.

O'Fallon's hospitable place retained and cherished them that night, after which they sought the castle of O'Donnell, and there informed him of Daniel M'Quillan's determination; they

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\* How cruel the act!

also delivered the message that they had undertaken to his daughter, who, when she was informed how matters stood between her father and that of her friend, was cast into the deepest trouble, and immediately repairing to him with tears in her eyes, she used her most strenuous exertions to dissuade him from this undertaking.

What, said she, has the family of M'Quillan done to merit your enmity, or that you should make these severe denunciations? His fault is nothing but what the bravest and most disinterested man would do—adhere to an old and faithful ally;—and, my dear father, said she, let us consider that the family of Clanbuoy have rather been protectors to him; being one of the most powerful septs in our nation; besides, will you think of his daughter and her affection to me, while we were at the convent together; indeed I can never forget my dear friend; and how could I bear the idea that my father would unsheathe the sword of his ancestors against that family from whom I have received the most distinguished marks of esteem and affection; and again, said she, there is another consideration that ought to weigh well with you,—he is a brave man, and his clans are numerous, and strongly attached to their leader, nor is there a doubt that though you should be victorious, it may cost you the sum of many precious lives.

M'Quillan's fair advocate was possessed of much humanity and the finest feelings, not alone to those she knew, but also to persons she never saw, and even was convinced were inimical to her family and connexions. Besides all these reasons which she gave in, as militating against the measures about to be adopted by her parent, there was still another more powerful one that she could not properly introduce here, and, therefore, it remained at the bottom of her heart, sending forth sighs morning and evening.

Fion or Finn M'Quillan had gone to the convent to see his sister; he also had orders from the father to bring her and any other of her companions whom she might wish, and for whom she could obtain leave from the abbess. Her companion alone was the fair daughter of Baldearg, who was her equal in all the

tender feelings that can possess the female breast. When young ladies meet at convents, boarding-schools, or such places, and form their first attachment, it is usual for each to be mentioning the individuals of her family to the other, and even describing their persons and manners, among whom we need not expect that the brothers will be left unnoticed;—their characters, features, and dispositions form the topic of general conversation, and not unfrequently make an impression before there has been an interview; and such was the case with Laura O'Donnell in favour of Finn M'Quillan. Her companion knew that one of her brothers would come to convey her home from the convent, but which of them she could not tell; and indeed her fair friend was as anxious to know, and more so, than she. The happy day at length arrived, and to their inexpressible joy it was the favoured person; any of her brothers was the same to her, but on her friend's account she preferred the present.

'Twas during the happy recess at the castle of Dunluce that Laura O'Donnell formed an attachment which ever after wrapt her in a veil of melancholy. The commencement of hostilities, therefore, between her father and Daniel M'Quillan could not but have a most dangerous effect on a mind so tender, so young, and so deeply engaged, and indeed which happened almost unknown to herself, as she had talked herself into this attachment with his sister.

Her father the following morning sounded the war shell, which echoed round the adjacent hills, dying away among the woods and oaken forests of Tyrconnel. The M'Laughlins caught the sound, and blew another blast that roused the O'Dougherties, dwelling from the Atlantic to the Foyle. The Magenises toward the south renewed the dying sound, and sent it rolling through the mountains of O'Flannagan, M'Mahon, and O'Rourke, who, all under arms, of whatever sort they could find, repaired to the castle of O'Donnell.

A short speech was delivered to them as they stood around their chieftain, commenting on the insolence, pride, and growing power of the Norman de Borgos. This was answered by the war-cry of the O'Donnells, aboo, aboo, from every mouth, that rung like a peal of thunder through all the apartments of

the antiquated mansion. To add to the distress of his daughter, she was carried with them to be a spectator of scenes unbefitting the presence of any female, much less the feeling heart of young Laura.

The next evening saw them across both Swilly and Foyle, marching with hostile minds against the peaceable inhabitants of Dalriadagh.\*

Unhappy country, said Laura, ah, unhappy Erin !† torn by intestine broils and dissensions since time immemorial; and how can I behold these scenes that are about to take place. Had my father left me at home to mourn in dreadful expectation, it would have been affliction enough, and rather more than I could bear. Perhaps I may see the face of some of those whom above all the world I do not wish to see; if Providence had fated me another father, or my father another daughter—at the conclusion of these words she wept aloud, and fell upon the breast of one of her maids, who accompanied her.

The father was witness to this sensation of his child, whose feeling heart, it seemed, was not capable of conceiving the sad sequel of this undertaking. She and her two maids were mounted on white horses of that species, called Hobellarii,‡ something larger than the common ponies, but of a gentle disposition and elegant figure.

\* A name by which the northern parts of Antrim were formerly called, and now corrupted into Route.

† Ireland in early times has been known by many names—Erin, Ierne, Jerha, Juverna, Iris, Bernia, Hibernia, Hiberione; also, Scita, Scotus, Scoticus, Scioticus, and Scotia, from Scythia, whence the Gael emigrated; others think from Scota, wife of Gaethelus, and daughter to one of the Pharoas, Claudian, Paulus, Orosius, Gildus, Cogitosus, Isadore and Bede, testes. Inis, Alga, the noble island, Inis, Bannud, the blessed island, Inisfalia, the fatal island, from the fatal stone, which was taken to Scotland and used for the coronation of their kings, being placed in a wooden chair; it was afterwards taken away by Edward First to London, and left in Westminster Abbey shortly after the unhappy end of immortal Wallace; the green island, the island of strangers.

‡ The Hobellarii were first imported from Spain, and used in war by the kings of the Continent. Palus Jovias affirms, that he saw twelve of the Irish Hobellarii of a beautiful whiteness, led in the Pope's train.

The two bards, Malbruthan and Tuadar, who so lately had travelled this road, surrounded with happiness and entertained by the innocent conversation of the peasantry, were now forced to accompany their patron on this disagreeable business, which was about to water the pleasant plains of Hibernia with the tears of wife, maid, orphan, and widow.

When they entered the barony of Kennaught or O'Kane's country, said O'Donnell to one of his sons who commanded the M'Laughlins, order the troops to file to the right, keeping the river Roe on the same side until you come to the castle of O'Cahan, for there I intend to quarter my forces to-night, and the following morning we shall clear the pass of the mountains, and direct our march for the deep and sullen Bann; and thence to the Dalriadagh, or lands of M'Quillan. He then ordered the shells and war trumpets to be sounded, the echo of which travelled up the streams of the Roe, until it reached the castle\* at Leamavady. O'Cahan immediately despatched a

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\* The castle of O'Cahan, one of the chiefs of that name, stood on a lofty rock overhanging the stream of the Roe. There are at present the traces of his fish-pond, with one solitary apple-tree growing where his orchard was, but not a stone is to be seen where this ancient edifice once stood. I imagine they have been carried away for the purpose of building, as a bleach-green has of late years been erected in its immediate vicinity. There are many stories prevalent regarding great O'Cahan, who last inhabited this beautifully romantic place, surrounded even to this day by oaks and all other kinds of forest trees with which our country formerly abounded. I have heard some people affirm, that he would have sharpened his sword in the morning, and come in at night having it altogether blunted, from the slaughter he made among the Protestants; to this I am not inclined to give much belief. Another story is, that he had arbitrary demands regarding every new married bride; in consequence of which, he was almost killed by the O'Mullins, near the village of Garvagh, although this place was convenient to another powerful branch of the same family. Be this as it may, on the first market day of Newtonlimavady, he collected indiscriminately a number of the O'Mullins, and brought them to a place since called the Gallows Hill, and there hung them up in revenge for what had been done to him: it was but the other year that some labourers in digging gravel for the public road, turned up their jaw-bones and skulls, where they had been buried at the foot of the gallows which was erected in sight of the castle windows. I am happy to learn that it was with much reluctance the present possessor pulled down the castle, saying, as I am informed, he would rather have sunk one thousand pounds in its repairs; but being obligated in a clause of his lease, he was forced to demolish this beautiful Gothic structure, the history of which will cast an eternal obloquy over the Vandal's memory who was the prime instigator.

couple of horsemen to reconnoitre and bring back tidings what the warlike sound meant, who, on mounting a little hill to the one side, could perceive three large red flags waving aloft, and shortly after the front ranks of the forces. Returning, they informed O'Cahan of what they had seen, and added they were sure it was the approach of M'Quillan, his enemy.

He coolly mounted, and calling for his sword, rode forward to see; but when he came to that place called Mulloghbaan, or the little white hill, he immediately called to his galloglasses. No, said he, these are no enemies: it is the colours of Owen Baldearg, or O'Donnell the red, Owen Roe O'Donnell. I can easily distinguish the Tyrconnel arms as the wind expands the flag and sweeps it like a red flame over the trees. Make the best of your way to the castle, said he, and give orders that dinner be prepared for the army of Owen Roe O'Donnell; and what cannot be accommodated at Limavady, let them be quartered through my tenantry, while I go to receive them. After a friendly salutation on both sides, they rode forward, O'Donnell having given the charge of the troops to his two sons, Odo and Roderick.

As they came along the side of the hill lying parallel with the river, and were turning down a large avenue skirted on each side with spreading oaks, the old family mansion of O'Cahan or Cooley Na Gall opened upon their view, standing on the peak of a rock after the manner of a sentry box, with the lucid current of the Roe dashing in whitened foam far below. At some distance were his office houses, with barracks and other accommodation for his galloglasses; and on the rising grounds, a high stone wall fenced in a spacious track of land, which was well stocked with deer. The great entrance facing the avenue was raised a considerable height above the common surface, with some rough hewn blocks of basalt or whinstone, and a large massive door of glenwood oak, solid as iron and black as ebony, secured this passage. Above this door was a broad slab of quartz, and on it was carved in legible characters the family coat of arms, "The crown and three stars, two flags of defence on each side of the crown, two rampant lions to support the standards, with bloody heart and hand, sword, stag and deer, cat and monkey, river, otter, salmon, and bunch of shamrocks."

As they entered the hall, it was hung on each side with suits of rusty armour, and at the opposite end were seen a huge pair of antlers, probably the growth of some hundred years, together with the shaggy skin of a wolf, having the teeth and claws still attached to it; O'Donnell surveyed them as he passed along, and reaching up his hand, brought down a weighty instrument having a blade almost as large as a scythe; he must have been a stout fellow, said he, who could wield this weapon with any kind of ease.

That is the Baille na Sluadh, said O'Cahan; it was with that very weapon that my ancestor, Dermot O'Cahan, overthrew the Saxons at the old cemetery\* of Dungiven, when they were

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\* This is one of the most extraordinary ruins in the co. Derry, or perhaps in Ireland: in 1100 Dermot O'Cahan founded a priory for canons regular of the Augustine order, but it having been polluted by the effusion of blood, was afterwards restored by the archbishop of Armagh. In 1297, the town of Dungiven was founded by the same family, and this cemetery was the chief burying-place of that sept. In the south-east corner of the church, lying in a horizontal posture, is the effigy of Cooley Na Gall, the last inhabitant of the castle on the rock; above him, on the eastern gable, in former times, was his coat of arms, but this has long disappeared: he has on the Celtic dress, which was the national costume at that period, with a broadsword in his right hand. Around him stood twelve images (two at each end, and four at each side,) of a smaller size, seemingly as if they supported the greater image; it was unknown what the meaning of these was, or whom they represented, as O'Cahan's children did not amount to that number. Some years past, however, not exceeding half a century, one of the lineal descendants of the O'Cahan's had buried her husband within the church, and as near as possible to the great Cooley Na Gall, which grave seemed to have infringed a little on the ground taken up by a certain gentleman of the neighbourhood of Dungiven, whose ancestors had come as strangers to that place. He rode to this poor woman's door, and with some warmth demanded by what authority she dared to inter her husband so near his ground? This reprimand tore asunder the wound in her mind, which was beginning to heal, and opening upon him in the strong invective and opprobrium of her vernacular tongue, she raked him fore and aft with various epithets, asking him how dare he bury in the church erected by her great forefathers any of his spurious breed, as she called them in Irish, terming him at the same time turn-coat and interloper. "I say," said she, "how dare you approach the sacred ground in which great Cooley Na Gall lies, with his twelve men of the Cooleys, at present Quiggs supporting him." These were twelve families of the O'Cahans, who supported Cooley Na Gall, and after him were called Cooleys, or Quiggs. After this, taking the street, and clapping her hands violently together, she raised the old Caoine, following him up the street, clapping and howling in the most terrific manner, until the O'Cahans, roused by her cries, rushed forth upon him, and it was the swiftness of his horse alone that saved him.

attempting to pillage that monastery; and I am prouder to be heir to the Baille na Sluadh than the estate of Limavady; nor is there any instrument you see that was not either the property of my ancestors, or taken by them from their enemies on the field of battle; but our family is fast going to decay, as well as our inheritance.

Owen Roe O'Donnell informed him after dinner of his intentions regarding M'Quillan, and his alliance with the O'Neills of Clanbuoy. I do not wish, said he, to punish him farther than drive off a number of cattle from the Route and northern parts of Antrim; but should he attempt anything like opposition, I fear I may be likely to lay a heavy hand on him.

He and I, said the other, have been at war these seven years, and I have always found him a generous enemy, nor can I censure him for his adherence to our common friend O'Neill; for, let matters stand as they will between us and the latter, he is our kinsman, and indeed I must say he is a warm friend, but on the other hand a dangerous enemy; and if the sound of M'Quillan's shell can reach the Clanbuoy boys, I think the same number of you will never descend the heights of Knock-buan,\* for he has the swiftness of the eagle and the impetuosity of the lion.

I am perfectly aware, said O'Donnell, of his prowess in war, and know well that what you say is characteristic of him; but the temper of Baldearg's sword was known to O'Neill long before the present day; and I question, notwithstanding all his velocity of wing, but he might fly back again as fast as he flew forward; however, it does not sit well on a Tyrconnel to

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In Ireland, the appellations which are used for hills and mountains, serve to distinguish the size of the one from the other than in any other country, *knock* signifies the smallest hill, but one tolerably abrupt or steep, as they call it. *knock* is a hill that may be latitudinous in its base, but of an easy ascent, *knock* is sometimes applied to a smaller, and sometimes to a larger eminence, even *knock* a mountain. *Sliabh* or *Slieve* the largest mountain, such as the Alps, the Alps, or Pyrenees. *Benn*, or *Binn*, to an abrupt rock, as Benevenney, County Derry, Tillanhead in Donegal, and St. Kilda in the Hebrides. *Doon* signifies a rock overhanging the sea.

boast; a short space of time will put all our sayings to the test, so let us leave off commenting now, and introduce another subject.

Pray, where have you got the wolf skin; it seems to have been a large animal, and scarcely so dark in the colour as many wolves\* that I have seen. This wolf, said the other, was caught near to the deer-park, and there lies the boy, pointing to a large stout wolf dog that was lying in the hall, there lies the boy that attacked him: you see he is a pensioner, having lost nearly his right ear in the contest; he is greatly lacerated in the breast by the claws of his enemy, who was no common plunderer; but he is recovering, and I shall take good care that he be well nursed until he be better.

It was one night as I had walked out after dinner to inhale the fresh air, and enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scenery; I am always attended by Tartar—this was the dog's name—and rising the height along the park wall, Tartar dashed into a thicket and laid hold on the robber, who answered him with a most tremendous yell, and wheeling upon him with tooth and nail, I thought had despatched him, as Tartar remained quite silent; I, however, with a blow of that Andrew Ferrara, half severed the wolf's head from his body, and there I found Tartar clinging to his throat with a death-hold, regardless of all his efforts.

I have suspended the trophy in the hall, and there is no place in the mansion pleases Tartar so well to lie as immediately under it, basking like many a renowned hero in the sunshine

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\* A family who were natives of the village of Dungiven, and by trade timber-workers, practised going to the glenwoods in night time to cut and carry off the oak; they would have kindled a large fire in the old graveyard, and turning their horses into the castle meadow, no person dared look out while the fire was there; then mounting, they rode to the woods, and cut down their loads, trussing it to the pins of the straddle on each side of the beast. It was in one of these excursions, that a horse strayed away in the wood, and his owner running down the glen in search of him, bearing in his hand an instrument in form of a sword to defend himself from the wolves, when seeing him as he thought sitting on his haunches in a bog, he seized him by the tail, and striking him along the hip with the instrument in his hand, called "Get up, Brown," as loud as he could roar. The animal, which was a wolf, with a howl that made both his ears tingle, passed across the glen like a shadow, and disappeared in darkness.

of his hardly-earned spoils. The night from hence was spent in wassail and revelry; the deeds of the O'Cahans against the Danes, the Saxons and their achievements in the land of Palestine as Crusaders, were all sung; the great Baldeargs were not, however, left in the shade, but shone equally splendid in all the records of music and poetry. The Irish cornu which used to kindle the flame of war from shore to shore, was here filled to the brim with strong wine of Oporto, and manfully quaffed to the bottom by every guest.

Teag O'Cahan, who was now family bard at Limavady, mingled the strains of his harp with the others, and along with many good pieces, performed "Thro' the green vallies of Erin" with true taste and judgment, at which all rose to their feet in honor of the deceased minstrel; the O'Cahans all hanging down their heads, and turning their eyes towards the likeness of the sage, suspended on the wall, as he leaned over his antique instrument and performed the same piece.

Having taken some rest, O'Donnell caused the cornu to be sounded, and drawing around him his sturdy galloglasses,\* he gave orders to march, the pipers † playing up "Farewell to great Cooley Na Gall, as the broad red flag waved majestically over their heads, pointing its intimidating crest toward the peaceable inhabitants of Dunluce. The day to be in winter was fine, the sun shone bright on their steel helmets and burnished swords, as every soldier, together with his other armour,

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\* The Gallowglasses, or Galligloghs, were a robust, stout soldiery, or attendants on an Irish prince, and were allowed more honour and privilege than a private man. They usually wore a weighty coat of mail and steel casque, with a ponderous battle-axe, called in Irish Tuatha-Cathan, having a strong target or shield on the left arm; and this battle-axe in the right, with the thumb along the handle to direct the stroke, they would have looped off a horseman's thigh at one blow, the body falling on one side, and the limb on the other.

† The pipes were used at a very early period in Ireland, some suppose coeval with the harp; but it is not so, we are indebted for them to the Scotch, and they to the Romans. We have still many Irish families celebrated for their performance on the pipes; as the O'Rourkes, the O'Kellys.

Ptolemy Auletas got his name from his love of the bagpipes.

carried a broadsword, either light or weighty according to his class: the Kerns were a light armed kind of soldiery who carried a spear, lance, and light shield, with a sword of smaller dimension than the galloglasses. The troops now, from the top of the intervening mountain, had a full view of the Antrim side of the Bann, to which river the commander despatched a body of his light armed forces the Kerns, that they might seize as many boats as they could, and also the boatmen, lest an alarm should be given. This being done, and the main body having arrived, they were transported to the farther bank in safety.

O'Donnell having posted a strong guard on the ferry, for the purpose of securing a safe passage at their return, then sending out his men in small detachments, he remained in the centre of the country, giving orders to sweep it of horses, cows, and sheep, as far as they went, sparing neither the infirm,\* the orphan, or widow. At the time of this irruption M'Quillan had been a small distance from home, and did not hear of it until his return in the evening, when his ears were filled by the cries of his distressed tenantry and followers as the were called, every one painting his distress in as good a way as he could, and among the foremost was M'Ivvenan clapping his hands and shouting in the depth of affliction. When his patron took possession of Dunluce, he assigned him a good portion of land fit for tillage, together with a tolerable quantity of rough ground as pasturage, in reward for his unshaken zeal to the family. He was now become an interesting farmer, and had his little patrimony as well stocked as the closest industry from him and his partner would allow.

Meeting with his magnanimous friend, he opened on him with a clap of his two horny hands like the report of a musket. Oh, Mr. M'Quillan, oroh ochon, I'm rabbed, I'm rabbed; I'm

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\* This system of warfare, which was universally adopted in Ireland at that period must have been the most iniquitous that could prevail in any country, punishing the innocent as severely as the guilty; and visiting the offences of the master on his unoffending and harmless domestics, that were ignorant of the evil for which they were suffering. Listen to them expressing their sorrow of heart by lowing, neighing and bleating.

broken, jewel! Crummy and Hawky is both whipped away from me, but the poor Neenan\* ogs, oehon marafastie, one of my cows, fifty forrow, and the other's time was in at ould Hollantide avillish, and the ould mare and the olibbuck, that I was affered five pound bate a crown far in the Martinmas fair of Cool rathain, dira chora, oh miely murder, my three poor oganaghs and their dry hearts,† arrah, may the plague overtake them; arrah musha a murrain light on the bad breed of the Baldeargs and their dirty sleught,‡ as I may safely say, this good Monday morning fresh and fasting, jewel; oeh on, oehon, my poor cappul,§ and brimmagh,|| will I ever see your party white face again, coming noddling up to the door of my cabin, with your sweeping long tail and your skipping and jumping! mannam your soney¶ gaacy\*\* face astore! Och, och, what will my poor oganaghs do that haven't a white drap this morning gragalmachree!

Such a plaintive apostrophe to his cattle as what M'Ilvannan uttered, touched his master's heart, for it appeared to him the workings of nature, and this oratory never fails to captivate the attention of the audience. I am distressed for you, said he, nor can I redress your wrongs at present. However my orders are, not to you alone M'Ilvannan but to all, haste with utmost despatch and rouse my clansmen and galloglasses from the Baun to the Bush, and the Bush to Shieve Barragh; let all haste to the ferry at Culrathian,†† bearing whatever weapons they can seize and perchance we shall overtake the despoilers. The alarm was soon given and spread over the country like a northern meteor. The war trumpet and Irish cornu were blown from the top of Croaghmore,‡‡ their blasts travelling along the vallies while every chief caught the ominous sound, and sent it like infection from hill to hill. The great flag bearing the arms of

\* The young infants.

† Dry heart is a term usually applied to people who have no milk.

‡ Tribe or clan § Mare. || Colt. ¶ Lucky. \*\* Broad and cheerful.

†† Culrathain, the town at the fort.

‡‡ This hill is in the neighbourhood of the Giant's Causeway, and is six hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea.

De Borgo was unfurled, and at ten that night they raised the Irish war cry on the banks of the Bann.\* When young Garry M'Quillan came to the water edge, being foremost, he saw that the boats were all bound fast at the other side, and the boatmen tied with their hands behind their backs, so that they were rendered unfit to assist them. He however spurred his horse into the river, and the faithful animal striking like a water-dog, bore him to the other bank; then dismounting he untied the ferrymen, but what was his surprise when he was told that the oars were sent down the stream. The want of them was supplied by wrenching off a couple of shingles from the side of a yawl that lay hard by, and with the assistance of these they brought all the boats over; temporary oars were procured after some delay, and the troops marched forward at a quick pace. The night being dark, they could not make much speed; however the country was pretty well known to them, having fought the O'Cahans almost on every mile of it.

M'Quillan gave orders that no music should be heard nor the sound of any instrument whatever, but that all should march in deep silence, keeping as near the leaders as possible, and for further security he detached an advance guard to explore the recesses of the wood, so that they might not be surprised by an ambuscade; to his eldest son Finn M'Quillan he gave the command of this body, marching along with the standard himself and his two other sons, all who were engaged in hushing whatever noise might arise, and urging forward the army. They began at length to emerge from the woods, and entering a kind of moor, the horses were every moment plunged into the girth so that they were necessitated to seek a better and firmer ground for the cavalry, and allow the infantry to proceed through the bog; this manœuvre separated the forces for some time, and had they been in the neighbourhood of an enemy, might have proved fatal to them; but having an advanced guard commanded by an active vigilant officer, and all well proven n adventures of this kind, they were under no apprehensions.

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\* This river has its source in the mountains of Mourne, co. Down, and is called the Bann a little before it enters that romantic sheet of water called Lough Neagh. It is termed the Bann from this to it falls into the sea.

It was the space nearly of two hours before the ground became firm enough to admit a re-union of the forces, and after they were joined on a hard footing, it was so rough that the riders were often unhorsed, and sometimes rider and horse rolled over each other alternately; the night was still and very cold, but being well advanced they were soon in expectation of the moon. All at once the mountain became level and quite hard; as they approached that part of it called Gortcorbery, M'Quillan, who commanded the advanced guard, stooping down with his ear to the horse's neck in a listening posture, gave orders to halt, as he thought he heard the sound of horses' feet at a distance, but approaching them at a hard gallop; none in the ranks could conjecture what the meaning of this solitary horseman could be, coming with such rapidity in the dark of the night, and through a mountain, where he did not see two leaps before him. Some thought that it might be a prisoner making his escape from the enemy; others with more probability imagined that it might be a scout sent out on the same business on which they themselves had been ordered. A few of the soldiers were for cutting him down, and some others for taking him prisoner, at that time M'Quillan looking between him and the horizon, which now began to brighten from the reflection of the rising moon, saw the appearance approaching them as if led by a line. Stand to the right and left said he, and seize him as he passes.

"The thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, fleet-bounding son of the hill, his name is Dusronnal among the stormy sons of the sword. A thousand thongs bind the car on high; hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam; thin thongs, bright-studded with gems bend on the stately necks of the steeds; the steeds that like wreaths of mist fly over the streamy vales. The wildness of deer is in their course, the strength of eagles descending on their prey, their noise is like the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal."—*Oss.*

The wind was whistling of him as he skimmed the heath like a swallow, when M'Ilvennan, who was in this party, and well accustomed to vigilance in the night, looked up, and seeing the horse's white face, roared out, by St. Bridget and the nine Whillans\* it's the brimmagh dhu.† Arrah musha kied miel a

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\* Nine rocks near Glenarm.

† The black colt.

faltie to your soncy face, my poor fellow, and you just came to meet us ma vourneen, och I knew it was the sound of your own feet as soon as ever I heard them. But where have you left the poor ould Cappul bawn\* your mother achree? och she was not able to follow yes with her ould stiff legs that have plowed and harrowed so long to us; murra bad luck to the thief's breed of the Baldeargs, she'll be breaking her poor ould heart after yes. He had a feeling breast and delivered himself in his own way with the most tender sympathy. His beast acknowledged the affection of his master in a wonderful degree, for as soon as he heard his voice, pitching himself on his hunches with the utmost activity, he was standing stone still in two leaps; then grunting and shooting his head over his shoulder, they caressed each other like two brothers that had met for the first time after seven years' separation. It is supposed that as he was wild and light a-foot, he had escaped from his enemies at some turning, and gaining the open fields their pursuit only increased his flight, until with the wind blowing right a-head of him, he began to smell some of his old companions with whom he gambolled many a day on the green coasts of Antrim, and thus directed his flying course for them.

The dam of the young horse was a good highlander of a reasonable size, and for fire and spunk, as the jockeys term it, was behind none other. His sire was a blood horse of M'Quillan's, and one of the most powerful animals on the sod ever known in Ireland, so that the brimmagh for speed and activity was well come home on both sides, as the saying is.

It was with much difficulty that M'Ilvennan could be separated from his friend, chafing his neck and clapping him, frequently asking him questions, as if he could answer all inquiries. There is no nation in the world so fond of their cattle, chiefly their horses, as the Irish, unless the Arabians:†

\* The white mare.

† It is not uncommon to see a poor man even in the winter season himself in rags, and mounted, whether on a tree or the top of his cabin, surveying his horse with head and tail erect, encircling the country, snuffing the gale, and passing over the fences like an arrow.

and the reason is, that the poor Irishman and his beast are constant companions; he has not high company, luxuries or invented pleasures to direct his attention from his faithful companion; he frequently lives in the same shed with him, talks to him, tells him his grievances, and asks after his, as M'Ilvennan\* did; this is a manner of fondling and making much of the animal, and seems to be perfectly understood by him in turn. The officer gave orders to march, and called to him to come on; and what will I do with the brimmagh jewel, you know said he, if I let him go here he will follow us, and may be the blackguards will get hould of him again achree, so the blackhearted spalpeens would ax no better I'm sure and sartin, pshtshrew pshtshrew—stand still I say, do you know where you're gwine, Bochil Dhu?† hallo has any of yes an ould halter or bay-rope about yes? Noh! and what will I do then? I'm afeard if I go home with him, I could not overtake yes; but hould, hould, I'll send him home himself—I say sir, you must keep the very same track you came, and when you come to the great big water, or lag na darragh,‡ as I may say, yes need not be waiting for a boat, but just swim through at Culrathain and then straight home, an my bennaght leat musha. ||

After all this digression, and so friendly a caution to his horse, M'Ilvennan putting his two hands to his mouth and raising a sputtering noise let the colt loose, and flinging his hat among his feet, raised a whillilu and cry; the colt flying off with the speed of the wind, soon disappeared in darkness. Arrah, musha but I had bad luck, said he, and now it's just come into my head that I didn't send home these ould martinns,¶ for they're only an incumbrance to me, and if I had tied them to his tail, he would have taken them home to the garloghs or sheelah,

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\* I have been acquainted with a person that had a large handsome dog which would fawn upon his master when he would call upon him by an indulgent name; but should he mention the word rascal, he would slink away with his head and tail down, frequently looking back to know whether he was in real earnest or not, and so much for the gentle treatment of the irrational species.

† Black boy. ‡ Deep and dark. ¶ My blessing be with you.

¶ Martin's ould stockings wanting the feet, which are usually worn by those who are necessitated to travel through wet ground,

that they would keep her legs warm. He received a sharp reproof for raising such a noise at that particular juncture, and also for his unnecessary delay; but excepting M'Ilvannan alone, there was none other dare have taken those liberties.

Whether the brimmagh had stopped to feed along the road is not known; but it is possible to think he did, after so much fatigue and so long a journey; however the sun was up before he came round the hill at Ballymagarry, which he did as if he had been turning one of the sweeps on the Curragh of Kildare, his glossy skin shining with the water thro' which he had swam some six miles back. As he passed the castle, he neighed aloud, and turning, gazed about him, snuffing the air, and then with a toss up of his heels, took the road again until the sound of his feet and the appearance of his cheerful white face, brought the family to the door of the cottage, round which he went three times with his head erect, and tail turned up; the long hair falling down on his back; this he did as a kind of salutation to them, and afterwards was supplied with some refreshment in his own familiar stand. As the colt came across the country, all the women, old men and children of the neighbourhood flocked after him, seemingly to learn the news concerning their friends and property. M'Quillan led them as near the road that the colt came as he could, keeping a close look out on every hand, for the horizon was becoming clear and the morning fast advancing. They were now on the top of Knockanbann, and pretty close to the old Druidical temple, which served in place of an observatory: the troops being ordered to halt and one of them to ascend the highest part of the wall, he told them that he saw a very large fire, the smoke of which began to be perceptible to them all, on account of the brightness of the morning, and now and then their ears were saluted with the neighing of horses, lowing of cows and bleating of sheep. Garry M'Quillan mounted the old building himself, and saw that M'Donnell had entrenched himself immediately beneath them on a little rising ground covered with furze; the cattle were turned into a large field where they were browsing at their ease, save now and then that they would lift up their honest front and feelingly utter the impulse of nature.

They had posted a strong guard on the park, and in the middle of the intrenchment the red standard of Baldeargh was hovering over them like a fiery dragon breathing death and destruction to all opposers. The smell of roasted flesh was strongly felt, and some were seen seated along the trench, which was of a quadrangular form, others supplying them with refreshments: when the cornu was filled and handed about from one to another, pledging their great leader the war-cry of Baldearg, made the distant mountains echo through brake and dell, not escaping the ear of De Borgo and his galloglasses. An immediate council of war was called behind the old ruins, and Daniel M'Quillan arose, and addressing the assembly, spoke a few words nearly as follows:

Our common enemy, my friends, lies securely entrenched beneath us, in no kind of fear, I am certain, of an attack, nor indeed has he reason; for, considering the strength of his position, the number of his forces, and again, a matter that is still greater than any of these: he is encamped in the country of our mortal enemy. I mean, Cooey Na Gall O'Cahan, who, should we be victorious, might fall upon us when our numbers are weakened and in disorder, and thereby annihilate us altogether. My opinion is therefore this, that we rest here, or rather in the depth of yonder wood, until two of the swiftest of our horses carry tidings to our friend O'Neill, of Clanbuoy, with whose assistance we might have a better chance of victory. Finn M'Quillan, his eldest son, next addressed them thus.

Fellow-soldiers and Brothers,

I must confess that I perfectly agree with my father, that to fight in conjunction with our friend O'Neill, might be more secure and likewise might give us a greater chance of victory, that is, if he were present; but must we lie inactive here, waiting for succour, while we behold our enemy coolly march off with the plunder of our country? I think I hear at this moment the cries of distress which first informed me of this unprovoked act of rapacity, nor is there a man present who ought not to feel the injury as sensibly as what I do. In regard of O'Cahan, I am not afraid of his interference; I know

he is possessed of honour. I have often experienced it when we fought him singly and therefore cannot attribute a dishonourable part to him in such a crisis as this. Therefore I call upon you, fellow-soldiers, by holding up your left hands, if you wish that our enemy should march off with the spoil of the fatherless, the widow and the infirm, while you in your right hands grasp the swords that so long have stricken terror to the enemies of the Norman de Borgo. If otherwise, raise your shining blades to heaven. For myself I say, that had I only twenty of my choice galloglaghs, I would attempt it, however ineffectual.

In answer to this patriotic appeal, all as one man held up their right arms, pointing their gleaming swords to the sky, and entreating him to lead them forward. His two brothers Garry and Daniel, rose up and said they had nothing to say but what he had spoken before them, and therefore the sooner he led them to the attack the better. I wish now said he that you, Daniel, retire along the west side of the mountain, with one detachment, and if possible gain the bottom of the river unperceived by the enemy ; then marching along this stream by no means show yourself out of the wood until you are completely behind them ; in this position you must remain until you see unfurled the eagle of De Borgo ; yes and even until you see me engaged, and that their attention be turned all this way ; then I wish you to come on like a thunderbolt, and we shall have them between us. To you Garry I commit the right wing, and desire that like myself you use no weapon save the broadsword, and on this occasion let us imitate our great ancestors at the battle of Hastings. A few words to you my dear father, and then I'm done. If the entreaty of a child can prevail upon you, will you and some chosen ones whom I shall name remain in this ground and view the battle ; you cannot aid us much but should you fall it would ruin our cause. Turning to the soldiers who were all well prepared for the action as well in body as in mind, I cannot assure you my brave fellows of victory, said he, altho' our cause is good ; but I can assure you that I fear no man in the ranks of our enemy, whether in single or general combat, and wish you to do nothing only imitate my example. You see that my brother with the green cock-

ides has gained the wood, and now I call upon you all, have you swords in your hands? Yes. Well, behold your cattle, and those who have wrested them from you. The standard was now unfurled, and all with one shout raised the Irish war cry, farah, farah, farah! It was customary, or rather one of the feudal laws prevailing in those days, that the enemy who could forcibly take the property of another past three crosses situated at a mentioned distance from each other, then became the lawful possessors of it; and therefore O'Donnell had placed one cross at the Bann side, another somewhere in a central direction, and the last beyond the old church at Drumachose.

At this cross, defended by a strong guard, he had ordered his lovely daughter Laura to remain, in order that the troops might be more incited to reach the goal. With her were her waiting maids all seated in a kind of temporary tent, erected from the boughs of trees. She was pale as death, and could have wished that she had been deprived of sight before that bloody day; for she trembled to think that she might see Finn M'Quillan and her brothers engaged, one of whom she knew must fall. Baldearg and his forces were astonished to hear the war-cry and see the standard of an enemy, whom they did not consider on the same side of the Bann with them; therefore the first general cry was shin kateway,\* or some such word, which signifies, behold the multitudes.

The next cry, to arms, to arms, and let the word be Laura O'Donnell.

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\*From this word the hill ever after was called the Kady, in place of its former name, Knockanbaan. The battle lasted for two successive days although some say three; but I am rather to believe the former from certain indisputable reasons. The entrenchment in which O'Donnell halted, was of a quadrangular shape; but whether originally formed by him I cannot say; it bears no resemblance to the circular Danish forts which we often see. It has been levelled last season, and is now under crop.

### CHAPTER III.

"As the sudden rising of winds, or distant rolling of troubled seas when some dark ghost in wrath heaves the billows over an isle, an isle the seat of mist on the deep, for many dark brown years; so terrible is the sound of the host moving over the field. Gall was tall before them: the streams glitter between his strides; the bards raise the song by his side, he strikes his shield between, on the skirts of the blast the tuneful voices rise."—Oss.

Finn M'Quillan marched forward, commanding the main body, while his brother Garry led on the right wing, supported by some inferior officers of good experience, and as the enemy made a full stop, observing the disposition of his lines, and extending his left wing so as to cover the field in which the cattle were driven, he attacked them with impetuosity, and drove them back over a small stream that empties itself into the Curly, at which time his younger brother was warmly engaged by one of the Baldeargs, leading on the clan O'Flannagan and the clan M'Laughlin, two fierce tribes from the south of Donegall, or Tyrconnel, as it was formerly termed. Garry being fewer in number than his opponents, saw his forces about to be out-flanked, and by degrees retired a short distance, keeping good order and forming a junction with the rear-guard of his elder brother, who was labouring hard in the front of his faithful Galloglaghs, and encouraging them both by his voice and actions. The enemy now collected toward the standard of De Borgo, and the spot where Finn M'Quillan inch by inch was selling his ground to them, heard the terrific war-cry in their rear. Farah, Farah, Farah! and turning round, saw the green cockades under Daniel M'Quillan rushing upon them behind. Such an unexpected manœuvre checked them for a considerable time and also divided their forces, leaving the two brothers more equal numbers to contend with. Young M'Quillan and Roderick O'Donnell, each in the prime of life and pride of ancient family, were now engaged hand to hand, with two weighty broadswords and shields of massive structure. Each

before his troops emulated to strike his opponent to the earth, and end the bloody contest; the powerful arm of M'Quillan at length cleft his enemy's shield, and wounded him slightly on the left shoulder; he however retired without any further injury, bringing off his men with the flag and flag staff of the enemy.

The O'Donnells were plied hard at this time both in front and rear; and although fighting in the country of an enemy, yet from their well laid plans M'Quillan had hard work to keep his ground. Owen Roe O'Donnell the father, during this severe conflict, kept guard on the cattle; for he saw that the enemy directed the fury of the battle toward that place. By the decisive blow which Garry gave to his foe, and by following up his battle, he succeeded in separating their forces, so that their right wing occupied the little ridge called Glenchin,\* or Glencheen, and their left covered the fortress. Old Daniel M'Quillan stood on the top of the Kady, an interested spectator of the prowess and glory of his three sons, and manifestly from the wall of the old building, could see his elder son make a strong push for the cattle, calling aloud to his men, now is the time, come on and let us force the trenches; the best farm in my father's lands to him who first pulls down the red flag of Baldearg; remember the battle of Hastings and our royal ancestor from Normandy. With a wild shout similar to that of victory, they rushed forward and seized the standard, but it was well supported on the opposite side by the daring Tyrconnel and his powerful Milesian tribes, exposing their bodies to the swords of their enemy rather than relinquish the colours. With a blow of his sword Garry M'Quillan cut the flag-staff in two, but the top was immediately seized by O'Donnell, and a tremendous blow levelled at him that nearly carried off his left ear.

Daniel with his green cockades was forced to make a counter-march, being opposed by two intimidating battalions; one headed by Phelim Mulruany, and the other by Cahir Roe O'Dougherty, a man of gigantic stature, and long experience

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\* Glenchin signifies the head of the glen.

in the field. By this retrograde movement he came round on the little town, or rather few scattered houses, called at this day Gort Garran,\* and without much loss joined his brother with a kead miel a faultie and three cheers from their comrades; the pipes and harps altogether striking up the old air, "Musha kead miel a faultie you're coming again." The three brothers now forming a line from right to left, that is, Garry on the right, Daniel on the left, and Finn in the centre, prepared for renewing the battle, the minstrels still continuing the humorous lilt, "Musha kead miel a faultie we'll try them again." The words to this air were composed by one of the minstrels who was present at the battle of Clontarf on the part of royal Bryan. The immediate subject is that place in which Carmac routed Bruadhar a Danish prince, and drove him off the field of battle, returning from which he received the kead miel a faultie of the troops under Bryan\* and his brave son Murrogh Bocrohoime.

The wing of Baldearg's army, that had been separated from the main body, and which had occupied the heights of Glenchin after the commencement of the battle marched off coolly and joined their friends. It was now manifest that the victory was undecided notwithstanding the vigorous efforts on both

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\* Gort Garran, or the freedom of land for the horses; I have always seen that, convenient to every old religious house or place of worship, there is a freedom or gort, sometimes for a support to it, and often for the purpose of holding their horses, during the time of divine service, or worship of whatever kind it consisted: and as we must suppose that such houses were thinly scattered over the country, they were necessitated to ride: but the old temple on the top of Knockaubaan, whether of Druidical or Christian date is unknown, being inaccessible to horsemen, they used this field for the above purpose. Gortmore or the large freedom, likely to distinguish it from Gort na Garran; Gort at Boveragh church, and above that Gort na Boley, the freedom for milking. It is evident that the ruin of which I speak was antecedent to Drumachose, from its almost totally defaced appearance. Some bones have been dug up there lately, but it could never have been a burying place, being built on a floor of the basalt rock in parts scarcely three inches from the surface.

† At the battle of Clontarf, the gleaming of the swords in the sun appeared to those at a distance, like the flying of white sea-gulls. Bryan received his death-blow from the Dane Bruadhar, as he was reaching for his battleaxe given in token of submission; but did not fall till he laid his murderer dead at his feet. Murrogh was stabbed by Cnutus, a royal Dane, as he was in the act of raising him where he had fallen under his wounds.

sides since the early morning. Owen Roe O'Donnell did not think that even the discomfiture of his enemy could have stood him such a struggle, but he now found that he had to deal, with men of intrepidity and perfect experience in war; and that Cooley na Gall O'Cahan had given him a true character of the descendant of De Borgo the red earl, a name by which William earl of Ulster commonly went.

He saw that night was coming on and the business not finished, he ordered his son Odo to march to the old cemetery of Drumachose, and fortify it as well as possible for their night's encampment, also to escort his sister hither with her maids and attendants; to fit up a place for the wounded, and to have three of the largest beeves slaughtered, and a quantity of fuel collected for the preparation of victuals. As the two parties were pretty well fatigued, and exhausted by this day's hard labour, neither had any great wish to commence hostilities again; they therefore occupied the remaining part of the day in burying their dead, sometimes within speaking of each other. Indeed there were not many killed in this first engagement, excepting what fell at the time the contention was round the standard. During the time of interment the bards, on both sides, as if in emulation, performed in melancholy tone the Irish caoine, accompanying their mournful harps with their voice, and over the slain lamenting the fate of their fallen companions. The peasantry of the surrounding villages crowded forward to this distressing scene, and could not omit mingling their tears as they silently looked on.

When the last rites were performed to the dead, the bards played a farewell and each detachment resumed its former position. As soon as O'Donnell had evacuated the entrenchment, Finn M'Quillan immediately entered it with all his forces and thereupon sent an express for his father whom he sincerely pitied, standing all day and beholding the doubtful contest, in which he was so deeply interested; but to their inexpressible contrition, they saw the enemy drive off all the cattle not leaving a single hoof behind. The distance which Baldearg felt back, might be between two and three furlongs; not so much thro' necessity as wishing to occupy a strong position in the presence of such an adventurous foe: the place which he had

chosen was well calculated for defence against any intruder, having a deep glen behind and secured by a tolerable ravine, which ran around the graveyard and served as an embankment. Although this eminence was not remarkably high, yet the building was raised on the very pinnacle of the hill, and had all the advantages in regard of defence that such a situation could possess, as the assailant must ascend, let him approach in whatever direction he would. On seeing the cattle driven off, M'Quillan called to his friends, were they willing with him to pursue and renew the engagement? for I plainly see, said he, and so may you all, that Baldearg, from what he has smelt of our swords to-day, is afraid to retain his position during the night, and therefore assisted by darkness wishes to avoid us. We are all as ready to renew the battle now, said they, as we were to commence it in the morning, and will follow the eagle of De Borgo wheresoever he spreads his wings: lead us on, ead us on, was the universal cry.

It is better said old M'Quillan, who had came forward to the camp, that a few scouts of the Kerns and light armed infantry follow after them, hovering about their rear and observe, whether in the course of a mile or two, they halt and go into quarters for the night: if so we will not molest them till the morning, but should they appear to continue their march, I would advise that the choice of our troops by forced marches cross the river Roe, and post themselves strongly before them, while every man who can bear a sword, not excepting myself, shall follow them up behind, and when we know that we have them closely wedged between us, let the attack be commenced by the rereguard raising the shout, so that when they turn to defend themselves, our advanced guard may throw them completely into confusion. To this proposal all unanimously agreed, and the scouts being sent out returned in the course of about an hour, bringing information that O'Donnell had retired to the chapel of Drumachose, in which he had placed the wounded, and guarded it both behind and before by a strong piquet; that they had chosen a large field in front of the graveyard, into which they had put all the cattle, securing them also by a guard, and kindling a number of fires about the field; they saw them also engaged slaughtering some of M'Quillan's largest bullocks:

and that the windows of the building were sparkling with light, as if a fire was kindled within. Since these things are so, said M'Quillan, let a temporary camp be erected, and cattle slaughtered for the men. They were obliged to drive in some that were pasturing in an adjoining field, and have them prepared for the troops, so we must do, said de Borgo, as we are done by, and if we obtain our own, we can repay them.

After the tents were well secured by boughs and every other material that could make them comfortable, as also fires kindled, and proper guards appointed, they all sat down and feasted heartily—come, my brave fellows, said their chief, I hope you will dine with a good appetite on that for which you have fought, while others are taking the same liberty on your property, yes, even without thanks, and that at our noses, we may say; but if to-morrow morning were come, they shall either severely account to us for these wrested privileges, or otherwise it will be the last dinner to many of us. His words were awfully prophetic, for to half these brave fellows it was their last meal in this world. If, said he, this day's fight was undecided, I hope we will not have the same story to tell at the conclusion of to-morrow, for we must either return with victory or sell our lives as dear as possible to our enemies.

The night was calm and the sky mantled over with lowering clouds, not being illumined by a single star, all nature was hushed around, save these; the cattle which filled the spacious bounds of Gortmore, thinking of their familiar plains, hills and wonted stalls, were uttering their innocent plains in various tones. From the north the Tons\* were roaring like peals of distant thunder, and seemed to be sounding the alarm of the bloody day that was hastening forward with rapid strides, that day that was to seal the fate of many brave men.

The hoarse Banshee, with dismal yell,  
Thrice walked the graveyard round,  
And thrice from the ruin on Knockanbaan,  
Made woods and rocks resound.

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\* The Tons always roar loudly before a storm, and are that part of the sea, which beats over the bar of Coleraine and also at the disembogement of the Foyle.

The howling wolf from Eyepney's cliff,  
Roar'd wildly through the gale,  
And the shrieking owl from Dreenagh\* wood  
Told forth the fatal tale.

A gentle heart in sorrow sank,  
Hung over the grass-grown tomb,  
And oft she wished for that silent bed,  
But she wished a night too soon.

O'Donnell's flag shall be stained in blood,  
That never was stained before,  
And De Borgos' eagle shall flap her wing,  
Red, red, with M'Quillan's gore!

Finn M'Quillan not being well in mind, from the scenes of the past day, and also from other reasons unmentioned here, and which it would almost be unnatural to introduce in such a place, walked out alone and unattended to enjoy the stillness of the night. He was armed with his broadsword, and had on a military cloak and helmet; it was easy for him to hear the distinct voice of the watch that kept guard over the cattle, every one answering and calling to his fellow sentinel, and that call echoing round the hills; keeping these men on his right hand, and inclining to the left, he stole quickly down the little stream which occupies a deep glen south of the burying ground, and in the church or chapel† of which his bloody enemy was posted

\* The former name of Fruithill, the present residence of Marcus M'Causland, Esq.

† I am informed that there is a record in the Cathedral of Londonderry, shewing that this church was founded in the year 1800: how true it is, I will not venture to say, but think it might be of a longer standing: it bears however, in its northwest corner the manifest marks of Cromwell's cannon, a salutation that he in his true character gave to all Catholic houses of worship. As these breaches have never been repaired, it is a complete proof of its never having been occupied by the worshippers in any other religion. It is now above 175 years since Cromwell came to Ireland. The other day in a neighbouring gentleman's house, I have found the lock and key of this antique building; it is of curious and coarse workmanship; its bolt is a small bar of iron nearly two inches in breadth, and one in thickness, being stocked in glenwood oak, half an inch deep of which is completely decayed, so that it may be picked away by the finger, the key has been weighty, but is greatly corroded by rust, the front part of which from grating against the bolt is much worn down; the lock and key weigh nine pounds, but formerly I should think must have been more. When the bolt is shut, the letters H and E appears, engraven with a coarse tool, probably the initials of the Mechanics' name. Whether this has been the first lock of the Building is uncertain.

at that time. He had crept through the brake until he was immediately below the yard which descended in an abrupt declivity to the spot where he was, and from an opening in the back part of the building, his ear was stricken by the groans of the wounded, to whose distress we must suppose at that time they had few physicians skilful enough to administer. While he lay concealed here, two voices approached him in deep consultation, and talking of the events of the past day; it was Owen Roe O'Donnell and Cahir Roe O'Dougherty. I had no expectation, said the former, that our enemies were so masterly in manœuvring their forces and choosing the advantageous ground both for attack and defence; they made a bold push for our colours, but the reception was too sharp for them to abide long. To do them justice we must confess, they are brave men and were as firmly supported by their galloglaghs. I should like much, said O'Dougherty, to meet Finn M'Quillan in single combat, I think I would stop his manœuvring for one day: Did you hear that noise among the bushes, had we not better explore those recesses? perhaps some of our enemies are lurking about to overhear our deliberations. You need be in no fear of that said the other, the business of to-morrow hangs too heavy on their hands to allow them time for such practices, nor do I think any of them would have the audacity to risk himself so near our trenches: I intend, however, to give them an early morning of it if I can, and with that intention have ordered all to be in readiness for action at break of day: see what a daring attempt they made to-day in order to get behind us, a ruse de guerre which we might more easily have practised on them.

They at length returned into the fortress, leaving this solitary young man by himself, and unaccompanied by any, save those who peopled the regions of the dead, lying here free from wars and the rumors of wars, and free from the manifold broils and commotions that agitate this lower world. As he lay here almost lost in a deep and gloomy reverie, a glaring light spread itself over a great part of the yard, reflecting from the old lattice windows of the chapel, and giving to his view the dilapidated state of the sacred edifice; the graves that were heaped close together were all grown over with rank grass and nettles, the common vegetables of such places; at length he heard a

number of voices, and saw several persons approach, carrying a dead soldier. Six men preceded the body bearing torches, and two others bearing his sword and habergeon; having come to a vacant corner of the yard, they dug a grave, and laying the body into it, just in the manner in which he came from the field of battle, they afterwards filled up the pit, each looking upon his fellow with an ominous aspect.

The bards then tuning their harps over the deceased, sung a long requiem to his manes, and after this doleful scene was over, they performed the last farewell or bennacht leat, marching away in the order in which they came; armsbearers, torchbearers, and all.

The last sight that M'Quillan witnessed had a powerful effect on his mind, the glare of the sombre light across this silent recess of mortality, the old crumbling pile that stood there, exhibiting in its falling roof and fretted cornice the lapse of time unknown; the two venerable sages hanging over the yawning grave, with their beards of snow, the wild and softening pathos of the harp, with the body coming to meet its kindred dust, and that situation in which he himself might be ere that time to-morrow, I say the sum of these scenes could not but leave him in an awful and thinking posture of mind. As he lay here pondering over these deep striking pictures, not indeed troubled with any supernatural fears, for his heart was as stout as that of a lion, he fancied that he heard a profound sigh towards a dark corner in the yard, and immediately beside where the soldier so lately was interred; turning himself around he heard another and still a deeper.

"Dost thou not behold Malvina, a rock with its head of heath; three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows and shakes its white head in the breeze; the thistle is there alone shedding its aged beard; two stones half sunk in the ground show their heads of moss; the deer of the mountain avoid the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there. The mighty lie, O Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock."—Oss.

From the obscurity of the night he could not easily perceive any object, although it might be pretty near him, but still he heard a weighty sigh, and if one might trust to conjecture, it seemed to be the effusion of a troubled heart; can this being

said he be any individual, who overwhelmed with grief, has sought this dreary abode to pour out the overflowings of a distressed mind, while nought stands by, but a few time-bleached headstones, whose low-lying tenants hear not the mourner's tale; or is there such a thing as the return of any supernatural existence to this nether world? if indeed there is a reality in the last idea, it is what I never believed, but shall be glad now to have the matter determined.

As he said these last words to himself, he arose, and was retiring down towards the stream, but immediately hearing a light foot behind him, he looked back and saw a slender appearance, wrapped apparently in a white shroud following him slowly; he turned round, and spreading his arms to catch the shadowy appearance, it fell cold against his breast; 'twas Laura O'Donnell: she had seen and known him even in the dark, when he first come down the river side, and followed him secretly wherever he went; she knew that this would be their last interview, whether her father were victorious or not, and could not leave the spot before she spoke to him. Can you speak to one of the hateful race of O'Donnell, said she, after what they have done to your family, to your country and to yourself? Was it thus I was treated at the hospitable castle of Dunluce, with my dear Aveline M'Quillan? tell her I have come like the basest and most ungrateful enemy, against the parent who nourished her; against the brothers who supported her; and against her pillaged country: and what has urged a female mind to such revenge? The warmest friendship from a father; the sincerest affection from a sister; and both from—— At this place she burst into a flood of tears, and gently leaned her head on his shoulder. The cold of the night air, said he, I fear will be injurious to your delicate frame, and stripping his cloak from himself, he wrapped it around her. Such trifles, said she, cannot be injurious to her, who leaving the softness of her sex, comes out like an Amazon, intent only on blood. Cease these severe invectives against thyself, said he, and let us not lose our precious time talking over such disagreeable matters: I am perfectly aware of the compulsion used toward you, and have felt very much since I was informed that you were brought to a place so unbecoming you. But how could you come alone

and in the clouds of the night into this region of the dead, a place even appalling to the heart of a soldier? I came, said she, attended by my two maids, accompanying the remains of the poor soldier; they are standing beneath yonder thorn, that hangs over the late-made grave, while I walked hither, wishing to meet I know not what; only fulfilling the chimera suggested by a dream which I had to-night.

And beautiful Laura, said he, were your thoughts composed for dreaming, and you sleeping under the open canopy of a bed, alone hard enough for the adventurous veteran? If I would not be counted an intruder, or rather if you would not account me importunate, might I ask if your dream was happy, or otherwise? Did it concern your friends or your enemies? This was an insurmountable interrogation, in answer to which she hung down her head, and said she hoped she had few enemies; but I beg you ask no farther than I shall tell you, my dream is fulfilled in part, and the remainder was rather unpleasant. I thought I saw you rolled in blood. He smiled at this latter part, saying, and why? my sweet girl, would you not like to see the blood of an enemy? but this means nothing more than what I shall do to your countrymen tomorrow. Were you wounded to-day, said she? I have been informed you were. My younger brother received a slight scar, said he; but I remain unhurt, excepting an old wound, which I received the last time you were at Dunluce, and I fear it is opened afresh to-night. I think, said she, there is some person not far from us, for I have seen two heads above the hill, that have now disappeared: I wish that you either had not come, or that you were safely away, for the sentinels frequently patrol the circuit of this yard. I have tired your patience, said he, and I fear detained to you too long in the cold; but it is long since I had this happiness, and was led some how or other this way to-night, scarcely knowing for what or where I came; and if this interview should be our last,——I cannot leave you, said she, interrupting him and clinging to his arm. Her two maids came forward now and whispered to her, that she was missing, and that her brother and one of the sentinels were searching for her. I shall see you thro' the yard, said he. No, no, no, said she, putting his cloak about him, leave me, leave me, leave me,

—this she spoke in a frantic manner, and walked hastily through the yard, attended by her maids, uttering as she went alas, alas! tomorrow. After M<sup>c</sup>Quillan had departed some few paces, he perceived a little dog following him and used many fruitless exertions in attempting to send him back. At length seeing that he could not prevail, he says to him, and almost involuntarily, and, my pretty little friend, what shall I do with you? Let him follow you, said she, speaking from the other side of the trench; she had heard him talking to the animal, and her anxiety lest he had fallen in with the guard caused her to return—let him go with you; 'twas from Dunluce he came, and has attended me faithfully since; not all our endeavours could cause him to stay behind me on this ill-fated journey: let him be your aide-de-camp tomorrow. Good night, my dear friend, uttering the last words in a low tone of voice; good night, Dunn. She named him after the castle of Dunluce, where all her happiness centred. As he was leaving the outer part of the fosse that surrounded the yard in the back part, and turning to the right, wrapped up in his cloak, and meditating on the events of that night, a man leaped before him, calling aloud, who comes? I am the spirit of the soldier that was interred to-night, said he, going in search of my enemies, stand off! at which the other hesitated a few minutes; but concluding that an aerial being would not press the ground so weightily as he did, he leaped before him a second time, and demanded in a more peremptory tone, who are you? An enemy to Baldearg, said he, grasping his sword and retiring two steps; an enemy to bloody Baldearg, roared he second a time, and with a spring took the hill of him, rolling his cloak around his left arm; the other, however, with an equal effort gained the same height, and swore, to that very name you shall surrender, or your fate is the fate of the deceased soldier whom you wish to counterfeit and at these last words attempted to close upon him.

Having defended himself for some time, with difficulty he got clear of him, and ran backward; at which the other, thinking that he had betaken himself to flight, rushed after him up the hill, but was disarmed at one stroke, as he attempted a second time to grapple with him. Beg your life from me, Baldearg, said he, I know you perfectly. I scorn to receive it

at your hands, said the other ; your superiority was accidental, and therefore you should not exult. Well, then, said M'Quillan, I shall teach you a lesson of humanity by giving that which perhaps I could not obtain, if in your situation. On what private business have you dared, said he, to come so near our garrison ? Or is it sheltered by darkness, stealing like the midnight thief that you come forth murderously intent on the execution of some base design ; and also to a place where in the broad glare of day you dare not show your face. Dare you meet me, said he, tomorrow, single-handed, and decide the affair between our families ? If, said the other, you had been victorious, or had me bound in chains, you might insult me thus, but you certainly rely weightily on my clemency, when you would venture to speak in this unsoldierlike manner. I hope my answer to your second interrogation will convince you that I feared not to declare who I was, although in the presence of an intimidating hero ; in regard of my other intentions, they alone remain with myself ; but I lose time talking to you. Am I not witness to your improper acts in luring away even this little animal from its owner ? was this all the plunder you could make, and it even stolen ? I perfectly understand you, said he, you would willingly learn by what means I came to him, but this you cannot ; it would also be unbecoming a soldier to draw upon an unarmed man as you are, notwithstanding you have given ample provocation : but for plunder, rapacity, and such unlawful acts, I only refer you to the undertaking on which you came ; and shall hold conversation with you no longer, until I meet you tomorrow in a better condition to answer me.

So saying, he walked off, having restored the weapon.

My poor little Dunn, said he, our journey seems to-night to be often impeded ; and have you followed me in preference to all your old acquaintances ? You have indeed followed me through peril, and I fear much, that our journey in life may be attended with more ; however, for the sake of your mistress, and your own faithful attachment, I shall endeavour to make you as happy as possible. Discoursing to his little companion in this manner, he arrived at the entrenchment, and was sharply

questioned on his first appearance by the sentinel who he was, presenting at the same time to his breast a naked cranuil.\* If it should be Owen Roe Baldearg, said he, would you be much afraid? Arrah, by the island of Raghery, said the other, if it was Owen Roe the devil I wouldn't fear him, but should give him the length of the cranuil; for they say that iron is good for making the ugly thief take to his pumps!

The sentinel was M'Ilvennon, who bawled out as soon as he knew him. Arrah thunderanouns, Mister M'Quillan, is that you? May I never heat sheet or blanket with Sheelah, my own callien Roe, but we have been lucken for yes these two stricken hours, and your father is as mad as buck or bear, thinking, as I believe, that he will never see you; but I tould him twenty times, so I did, that dwowl a morsel of fear there was of yes, so long as you had a slashing broadsword at your side, dangling down to the heel of your brogue by the powers. Oeh mannam yes, did you see the ould capul bawn any where on your tramp, for I'm some how or other afeard that she'll be starved with hunger achree? Musha good luck to yourself, my bochiel more, you have got a crawling clarenagh of maddy big with yes. May I ax where you have found that blood-thirsty animal, or that starved winder of a dag that I see creeping after yes like a whitteret? by the tether-stake of Bacon† na Bo, I wouldn't give Driver for nineteen dozen of him so I wouldn't a halliagh. Do you know does he hunt by the heels

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\* The cranuil was a kind of two-edged lance worn by the Irish, in the handling of which they were very expert.

† Bacon na Bo, or the cow's tether stake, is a lofty rock, standing like a Colossus in the margin of the sea, near Baron Bruce's castle, co. Derry; there is an old tradition in that neighbourhood, that in a time of famine a poor widow woman who had her family sick, and travelling along the shore one day, in the depth of affliction, was weeping, because she had not a drop of milk to wet the hearts of her poor children, as my author said, but looking to the rock she saw a fine moiled cow standing tied to it with a large udder dropping the milk; on which she procured vessels and milked her all full, the cow coming every day to the rock, and filling all the vessels that she could find. At length, said my author, with innate anger, some blaggard had the policy to bring a bottomless vessel to her, at the appearance of which she leapt into the sea with a roar, and disappeared for ever.

or the nose, far I don't see that he has the coley marks on him ? but dwowl a heel or nose we have to hunt, jewel.

The arrival of Finn M'Quillan at the fortification created universal joy ; every individual, from the lowest in rank to the highest loved him, and under no other banner would they wish to encounter a dangerous enemy sooner than his ; he was cool in the midst of danger and merciful to his most inveterate foes, as was unanimously shewn that night.

In battle his eye was that of an eagle in choosing the most advantageous ground for his men ; but he was not possessed of all that bodily strength of which his younger brother was, although few swordsmen could meet him with any safety in the field. Daniel the second son had been from a boy employed in studying the dead languages, and together with an intelligent scholar, was an able commander ; indeed it was evident that these young men retained something of their great ancestors, but were not without their common share of alloy and human failings more than their fellowbrethern of mankind,

Finn M'Quillan was asked by his father, on what business he had been that detained him so long out ? Indeed, said he, I consider it was in the highest degree impolitic, while we are in the neighbourhood of our enemy that you should hazard your life, and not only your own but still more, the lives of your contrymen, by going out unattended in the night ; for when we had such difficulty to stand our ground to-day with all our commanders, what must have been the consequence. had one of them been taken off ? When his sword was examined which he brought in with him, some sparks of blood were seen on it near the handle ; but this on recollection was from his own hand, and plainly told where he had been, and also that he had had a rencounter with one of the above family. His sword had nothing more particular, save that it was remarkably rusty, as if it had been brought from some temple dedicated to the double-faced God, that was unopened for five centuries. In throwing off his cloak he observed that the gold clasp was gone, on which the arms of his own family were engraved, and also the likeness of his grandfather in miniature, for whom he was called, and whom he resembled in a most

striking manner. Have I lost it in the struggle, said he to himself, or has Baldearg wrenched it off? He has not had hold of me and therefore it was impossible. It occurred to him now where possibly it might be, and if so, said he to himself, it is only where I could always wish to be.

Having given strict orders to the sentinels that they should have a sharp look out for the enemy toward morning, as he expected they would endeavour to come upon the camp by surprise, he walked out again, but directed his course rather toward the mountain, all the while ruminating on the disastrous events that must happen the ensuing day. The sharp and vigilant voice of the wolf-dog, as he kept guard over his helpless charge, was audible to him, and also the howling of wolves that, disappointed of their prey, were forced to keep the depth of the wood, and express their rage by yells, adding horror to the darkness of nature. Well, said he to himself, I find that every being, whether rational or irrational, has its enemies; some indeed through necessity, and some only from wantonness and cruelty; but they who have been the unprovoked cause of our late distresses, are certainly culpable in the eyes of all just men, and I would suppose are unfitting to enter the field of battle, either now or any other time.

"But Nathos was on Erin's shore surrounded by night; he heard the voice of the foe amidst the roar of tumbling waves—silent he heard their voice and rested on his spear. Morning rose with its beams, the sons of Erin appear like grey rocks with all their trees, they spread along the coast, Cairbar stood in the midst; he grimly smiled when he saw the foe."—Oss.

Hesperus, the evening star, was now verging above the western horizon, and from its twinkling beams seemed sinking to rest; but soon it dipped from his sight and left the sleeping world sunk in silent night. The whistling sound of the goshawk's wing, roused from its eyrie by some surprise, and swooping over his head, was one of his nocturnal companions; but although these scenes were agreeable to his mind at any other time, yet in the disposition in which he was, they passed by unobserved. As he had by this time got a considerable distance across the country, leaving the distinct hum of the camp, he turned to look back toward the place where his enemies were, and saw the light of torches passing backward and forward as

if in the act of some hasty preparation. He immediately conjectured what all this bustle meant, being partly apprised of it, where he lay concealed in the grave-yard. He had no other alternative than hurry back and get the garrison in a position of defence as soon as possible, which was not easily nor speedily accomplished; for one half of them being appointed to stand in readiness while the other rested, so that they might not be taken by surprise, even should the foe wish to steal a march on them, had just retired to sleep; he did not wish to throw them into a panic by shouting or running furiously into the entrenchment; but slackening his pace as he entered it, walked coolly up to his two brothers and whispered to them to get out the men and have them under arms as soon as they could, for he feared that O'Donnell had an intention of taking them by surprise. Accordingly all being made sensible of what they supposed was the intention of the enemy, they were ordered to line the brakes and ditches, for more than a furlong in advance of the station which they occupied.

Old Daniel M'Quillan was left in the camp with some of the troops, his son Daniel commanded the advance guard and each of the others, Finn and Garry took a right and left, extending their detachments in advance of the central ambuscade. They were not long posted in this direction, waiting in profound silence when they heard the trampling of horses and men making directly for the entrenchment, which they had so lately evacuated, and in which there was kindled a large fire of timber that cast a reflection to the adjacent hills; this caused O'Donnell to believe that they were only keeping watch within the fosse, and by no means expecting him at such an early hour, altho' the morning was advancing with hasty strides. Before he left the the old church, he had sent his daughter Laura O'Donnell with a small detachment to occupy the post below the place which she had done the day before, this was the last of the three crosses, past which, had they been able to bring the property of their enemies, the feudal laws then prevailing in Ireland confirmed them in the possession of it; and in order to encourage them in this last effort, he proposed her to him who should first bring to that station the head of any of the M'Quil-

lans. At this place was erected a large cross with a bough of holly bound to the top, and beside it under a branch of the same, with her two maids, was seated pale and wan, young Laura O'Donnell, more like a corpse than the bridal prize of a conqueror. Perhaps many females would have been proud of this distinction, being considered as even exciting the troops to victory, but it was much otherwise with her, for she knew that to whatsoever side the victory went, it must wring her heart, being bought by those lives which she esteemed more precious than her own. But how could she endure the sight, should the victor come to demand her as his reward, yes the exulting victor, having his hands stained in the blood of him who wrapped her in his cloak the preceding night, and purposed even at the risk of his life to convey her to the door of the chapel. No said she, before I survive the sight, before I be insulted by the murderer of you, brave M'Quillan, may I lie low and forgotten as the remains of the poor soldier whose interment both you and I witnessed last night !

But a mournful cry from the mountain came,  
And echoed through the glen,  
It told a tale to Laura's ear,  
Yes, told it again and again :

'Twas the hollow moan of the death Banshee,  
That arose on every blast,  
It lamented the fate of many a youth,  
Whose final die was cast.

This day with the rosy dawn of morn,  
You gallantly stride along,  
But ere the sun will kiss the west  
I shall howl your funeral song.

The maiden sits in Tyrconnell's hall,  
With a spark of hope in her breast,  
But this night I shall shriek at her lattice pane,  
Your lover is sunk to rest.

No tender bosom received his head,  
When the crimson current flowed,  
But the gravelly sod whereon he trod,  
Was his last and bloody abode :

The patient mother at dark Dunluce  
Sits sighing for her son ;

But a dismal yell to her ear shall tell  
His final race is run.

Now gentle spouse ah ! hush your babes,  
And commend them to him on high,  
For your William is laid in his gory bed,  
I have heard his latest sigh.

Daniel M'Quillan being posted in the way directly through which O'Donnell intended to pass, and aided by the dark of the night, fell furiously upon him sword in hand ; their eyes being dazzled by the light before them, he drove all into confusion, forcing their front back upon their rear ; but as they saw now that he had but a few men, they sallied with double vigour, charging him hotly both front and flank, which shock he sustained with great intrepidity, until he saw by the light that preceded the rising sun, his two brothers hemming them closely in behind ; a dreadful carnage here ensued, just as the glorious lamp of day surmounted the peaks of those mountains lying easterly from the country of O'Cahan, with all the serenity and beauty of a winter morning, returning to cheer the drooping earth and renew the promise made to fallen man, by the world's great architect, that promise of the return of day and night. As the watchful sentinel darts upon the nightly robber, or on him engaged in unlawful acts, so darted upon them the harbinger of day, about to report at even to his mighty author these scenes of bloodshed, slaughter, and rapine. Each leader strode over the bodies of his fallen friends and enemies lying indiscriminately together, urging forward his men and manifesting an example in his deeds, that the most laboured oratory could not pourtray to those around him.

The war-cry of Baldearg was reverberated from hill to hill—stand to the colours—support the flag—maintain your ground to an inch—remember the honour of great Tyrconnell, and Owen Roe O'Donnell. On the other side, stand to the eagle of De Borgo ; she spreads her wings to defend you, remember the battle of Hastings and the invincible sword of William the Norman. Vengeance ! vengeance ! shouted old Daniel M'Quillan, vengeance and the redress of our wrongs ! as he rushed forward brandishing a weighty Baille na sluadh around his head, and waving his arm aloft, called aloud to his gallo-

gloghis: Come on, come on, my brave fellows, and witness the deeds of an old man. All the forces of M'Quillan were now engaged to a man, hand to hand with the enemy, and as the immortal Homer says—

“So helm to helm, so crest to crest they throng.  
Shield urged on shield, and man drove man along.”

The actions of this veteran inspired all who saw him, dealing death on every side with the terrific weapon, until he met with a stout opponent in Owen Roe, who with a spring seized on the instrument of death, and grappling each other by the gorge, both fell to the ground, when O'Donnell, who was rather the younger and more vigorous of the two, rolled uppermost, and drawing a skeon-fadd\* which hung in a scabbard at his side, was about to end the contest, but three fingers off his sword hand that instant were carried away by the blow of a sabre; and hearing a cry—the flag of Baldearg is down, he sprung to his feet, and defended himself bravely in his retreat; but his helmet, by the stroke of a sword aimed at his head, was divided in two where it lay on the ground.

The conflict near to the colours of O'Donnell had been doubtful for a long time, and was bravely supported on both sides until Roderick O'Donnell fell covered with wounds: this having dispirited his followers, and the flag being lowered, the entire line that had obstinately and sullenly maintained their ground inch by inch, now gave way, and a general route ensued from right to left, the M'Quillan's pursuing, and hacking, and slaughtering, until the flying and scattered wings of Baldearg's men formed themselves into a solid body near the old chapel, where the cattle were defended by a strong guard; these they called forth, and also the detachment at the last cross, which was but a few veterans, and now they stood all together prepared for the last engagement, and determinedly awaiting the approach of their enemies. The success of the last conflict was greatly owing to the manner in which Finn M'Quillan organized his men, taking the assailants in their own net; although no soldiers could maintain their ground more heroically in the

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\* The skeon-fadd, or long knife, was a weapon in form of a carving knife, but two-edged like a lance, and was used by the Irish when in short holds.

moment of doubt than what they did. However, the troops having breathed a few minutes, and Finn M'Quillan having mounted a little eminence that rose in the centre, called aloud: My brave countrymen you have not deceived me to-day, I was personally a witness to the deeds of each individual; we have taken vengeance in part for the ills which undeservedly we have suffered, and I doubt not but our formidable enemy would at this moment be happy that he had neither crossed the Bann nor the Foyle. Before you, on the bloody turf, lies a noble young soldier, Roderick O'Donnell; he fought like a lion against us, and when he fell he fell in the bed of glory, being covered by the standard-bearer and flag: we will, in honor of himself inter him as a soldier of his rank ought to be interred; for, my brave fellows, the struggle not being finished, we know not who may return the humane act to us in the evening. As there remains part of the work yet to be done, and perhaps as difficult a part as that which we have achieved, I call upon you all in the name of your country, your parents, your wives and tender infants, to strike the blow, and not have it told by future generations, that Baldearg victoriously carried off our spoils or that the walls of this old bloody cemetery witnessed the eagle of De Borgo crouching to the bloody flag of Owen Roe Baldearg.

By the cave of Dunkerry, said M'Ilvannan, I see the ould Capul Baan, and some ugly hangman rascal riding upon her: bad luck to the shambling cullion. Och Mister Maqueelen, will you let me go down and knock the brains out of the imperant scavenger, and I'll be back before yes would bliss yourself three times in Irish, jewel. We shall all accompany you, said M'Quillan, smiling and waving his sword around his head, called, now for the cattle and M'Ilvannan's Capul Baan. From right to left and from van to rear, the war cry farah! farah! farah! was uttered, and that assisted by the brazen-lunged trumpets and ancient cornua, rattled like a peal of thunder through the old building; then entering the tall oaks of Dreenagh, travelled up the streams of the Curly\*

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\* The Curly, is a little stream having its source in the back part of that hill now called the Kady: on the northern bank was a large fort called Dunmore, erected by the Danes; it gets its name I believe from the roughness of its current, occasioned by the beds of gravel, basalt, and sandstone over which it passes; it then, after some windings, pays its tribute to the Roe by mingling its waters with his.

to its source. Little Dunn, (I mean the dog that almost unaccountably had attached itself to him the former night,) kept as closely by him through the day; and notwithstanding all the difficulties with which he was surrounded, remained unhurt even when many a brave man fell both on right and left. The O'Donnells, with their allies, commanded by Cahir Roe O'Dougherty, awaited them with all the coolness and determination of an enemy, resolved either to conquer or fall in the field.

The two lines closed from one extremity to the other, barricading the front of each with heaps of slain; there was no manœuvring or taking the advantage on either side, but what the arm of flesh or the all-attempting spirit of man could do was not wanting. The cattle were now left undefended, or even looked after, for all were engaged in the mortal conflict. They crowded together, and from their lowings testified their innocent dread of the deadly carnage that reigned around. Owen Roe mounted an old bended thorn, that grew in the front of the church,\* and called aloud to his forces, the day is our own, I have dyed my sword in the blood of M'Quillan your enemy; on, on, I say, and bear forward the red glory of Baldearg, that never returned unless victorious from the field of battle. He had wounded Daniel M'Quillan slightly, which in part authenticated his sayings, but it only served as a stimulus to him in the sequel. It was now the three brothers against O'Dougherty and the two brothers, and old Daniel against Owen Roe; sword to sword, foot to foot, and shield to shield. The contest had wrought down the hill, the Baldeargs driven by the others, though sullenly urged, and what was still more wonderful, even unknown to themselves. Poor Laura O'Donnell was

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\* The last engagement between the rival clans of O'Donnell and M'Quillan, was fought in the field of Gortmore, lying north of the church, and approaching even to the wall of the graveyard; the O'Cahans were said honourably to have stood by with their fierce Gallogloghs, and witness the well contested strife; although they could have turned the scale to whatsoever side they pleased. In the storm of battle, it is told by an old man that the chiming or ringing of the swords against each other, gave a horrible grandeur to the scene.

left alone with only her maids, and could easily, from her station beyond the little brook, see the battle which, from reasons perfectly known to the reader, was to her of all other sights the most appalling. Alas! she had not known of the fall of her brave brother, whose blood lay frozen and clotted on the spot where he fell: no, these doleful tidings were not known to her, and perhaps at that crisis it was much better; the only sight that engaged her attention, was the white plume of Finn M'Quillan, waving over all their heads, and forming a signal which the troops followed with as much avidity as they did the Norman eagle; I will not say had either her brothers or father been as conspicuous as he, but perhaps her attention might have been as much attracted toward them, and may be more; however, there was something of pity to be retained in a people's cause who were contending for their own rights, and those of their country. In regard of the white plume, it was one wrought by her and her fair friend Aveline for him, during the holidays at Dunluce: they had formed it partly from the feathers of domestic fowl, and partly from those sea-fowl that deposit their eggs in the cliffs over-hanging the ocean near to the castle Finn M'Quillan at that time, though young, was much elder than either his sister or Laura O'Donnell, and was about entering as a volunteer the army of great O'Neill of Clanbuoy. The plume was white as becoming a young soldier, and being beautiful to the eye, was as well known by its gentle fabricator; but at the time of its construction she little thought it would nome forth nodding slaughter and devastation against her father, her brothers, and her country; but it came only in defence of its rights, as I said before, and she from her heart was fully disposed to give all justice in that case; and if there was any other cause why Laura kept her eye so steadfastly fixed on—it—I leave it to my readers who are much better arbiters in such matters than I can pretend to be, to judge what that cause was. The plume of Daniel was green, and that of Garry a mixture of the two—white and green; each wore a weighty target on the left arm, and a brass corslet having a red cross depicted on the right breast; which cross all the descendants of the De Borgos wore, as representing their alliance to Robert Duke of Normandy, son to William the Conqueror, Owen Roe Baldearg, and his three sons, wore

red plumes as being characteristic to their name ; each of them also was harnessed with weighty helmets and targets, as was also O'Dougherty. It was customary then to wear a sword with a basket hilt, that covered them a considerable length up the arm, and these weapons were so highly tempered, that when the bearer would draw a circle around him on any kind of a pavement, the point of the sword was followed by a train of fire like that proceeding from gunpowder, and with such armour the two rival families were equipped.

It appeared now on both sides, that this conflict\* must end the mortal fray, and the god of war in dreadful serenity held the bloody scale poised in equilibrium over their heads nearly to noon. Cahir Roe O'Dougherty brought up a column of fierce mountaineers, and by a vigorous effort penetrated the enemy's lines, which to that moment remained immoveable : this bold enterprise was achieved at the expense of many brave men on both sides ; the business being carried chiefly by their battle axes. As Finn M'Quillan in the commencement of the engagement occupied the right wing, he, together with the detachment which he commanded, was cut off from the main line and warmly plied until he was driven down nearly to the bank† of the river ; so that Laura could no longer behold his snowy crest tossed about his head in graceful sublimity. Whether

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\* We often hear of many and hard fought battles in the present day, as certainly there are, but in times so far back as those in which I am speaking when chivalry was in all its glory, and a warrior ever after branded as a coward, should he yield the victory to any force, there is not the least shadow of doubt, but the slaughter must have been greater as well as the contention more arduous or rather deadly. Gunpowder and the use of fire-arms were received at this time, but had not become so common that these ferocious chieftains either knew how to use, or had an opportunity of using them. Arrows served them in place of guns, but almost all difficulties were carried by the sword, or war axe.

† At the commencement of the battle, it is said that an officer finding that he could not do so much execution mounted, alit and leading his horse to the bottom of Dreenagh glen, in order that he might there be safe and ready for him after the fight, tied him to a tree that grew beside a deep slough, but he never returned to untie him, and the horse was afterwards found engulfed in the swamp and bound in the manner in which he had been left.

Cahir\* had an eye on this brave man's head, by producing which to Owen Roe he was to obtain the hand of his daughter, I cannot venture to say, but by a single man of ordinary strength, the task would have been dangerous ; and again by no other means could he come so unnaturally to her affections as that proposed.

The Gallogloghs of Dalriadagh stood firm to their leader, playing well their weighty axes, and though falling† fast, seldom came to the ground before they returned a mortal wound to their enemy, but any disinterested spectator might well see that they

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\* Cahir Roe O'Dougherty was a man of more than ordinary stature and a good soldier ; he was not the celebrated Cahir, whose ponderous sword is reserved in the court house of Londonderry, and together with the city mace borne before the judge at every assizes, but being the identical name even to the appellation of Roe, I must suppose he was nearly allied to him.

† The reader may judge of the carnage of this battle, when I tell him that the bones collected off the tilled land in after ages when piled against the wall of the church, reached near to the eave : before ever I saw Drumachose I have heard of these bones, and the person who informed me supposing they were the common bones of the yard, imagined as a reason of their being heaped up here, that the earth was of a nature not to decay them soon enough ; they were however buried afterward, and last season being something curious regarding so many stories that I had heard told concerning them, I took with me another person with a pick and spade, and being directed by the Sexton, we in the space of two yards square, raised fourteen or fifteen skulls, and a vast number of thigh arm, and leg bones of a very large size ; some of the skulls were dinged inward as if by stones, others were split right across, and in others I could visibly discern the cuts of a blunt instrument which I suppose to be the Tuatha Cathan or axe of war, an instrument used in those times chiefly by strong men, as some of the foregoing notes shew. One of the skulls, on account of its size, I brought home and kept in my bed-chamber a few nights, but by the continual solicitation of a female in the house, was obliged to return it to its companions. I broke it before I sent it away, and at the back part of the head where it was thickest, found that it measured nearly half an inch in depth. At the opening of the skulls, and where they were serrated on each side, I found there was no ossification, but one part separated from the other with ease ; a surgeon has since informed me that this was a proof that the men were young, as in old men they become completely ossified and solid : that one which I brought home with me, however, had no appearance of serrature, but was hard as iron. If I am wrong in this remark, or if my terms are inapplicable, I hope those who are connoisseurs will pardon me, as I confess that I am out of my depth when discussing any length on this subject. In the making up of a ditch about sixty years past through the field of Gortmore, the labourers came upon a pit of bones some perched in length, which undoubtedly were the bones of men who fell in the same battle.

were oppressed and contending against a superior force. O'Dougherty and his forces followed them hard up, shouting the war-cry of Baldearg, and hemming them into a large precipice that formed the bank of the river; here M'Quillan mounted a little green hillock, seeing that his life was sought by almost every axe or sword that could aim a blow at his head, and being engaged by two pike men whom he laid beneath him, he was rushed upon by O'Dougherty, the troops being engaged defending every man himself: they were permitted to finish the contest between them, the result of which was, that Finn M'Quillan's white plume, together with himself and a bloody sword, broken in two shares, lay prostrate beneath the victory! The crest which had nodded so sublimely over his shoulders since the morning, now lay bedaggled in gore, and little Dunn, that sat on an adjoining eminence during the conflict, now came forward whining, and putting its nose to his mouth, howled most piteously. He in the agonies of death broadly opened his eyes on his faithful animal, then turning his head closed them forever.

The contest had at that time become very sharp near to the body, the conquerors wishing to carry it off, and the others protecting it; and poor M'Ilvannan who had stood by him since the twilight, on seeing his valiant commander fall, roared out his sorrows, and howled the caoine over him, accompanying it with all his praises, his feats of heroism in the field, his generous and beneficent deeds to the distressed; and last of all, a shower of bad-lucks, marafasties, and murrains, to take off the bad breed of the Baldeargs, and their ill-begotten slieught; then snatching up a battle axe, rushed into the tumult, and layed round him like a madman.

Dunn now made his way to the church, and not finding his mistress there, he crossed the little brook to the place where she sat with her maids, who on seeing him come forward drooping and crouching down at her feet, knew all was not well, for she heard a short time before the war cry echoing through the glen, and knew it was at some important crisis.

She did not, however, remain long in this awful suspense, for hearing a second shout of victory from her countrymen, she

saw them approaching her with Cahir Roe O'Dougherty at their head, and bearing the dead body of a soldier to this place, being the goal of victory—'twas the body of Finn M'Quillan, his head was hanging down, his eyes closed, and the white plume which her own hands had wrought, dragged in the mud. She rose up to meet him with a wild and unsettled look in her eyes, saying, my dream is fully verified now; then hanging over him for some minutes, as if more closely examining his features, during which time not a word, not even a single tear escaped her; but with her white hands clenched together, bearing in her countenance despair, pity, and inconsolable woe; she raised her head, and uttering a shriek as soon as her eyes met those of O'Dougherty, frowning from under his steel casque; with her head averted, she waved her hand that he and his myrmidons might retire, and did not leave off waving so long as they were in view. Then gently stretching herself by his side, with her cheek to his, and drawing her veil\* over their faces, she seemed to sink into a profound rest, out of which her attendants did not wish to awake her for a considerable time; but when they ventured silently to withdraw it, alas! the spirit of Laura was fled to meet that of her friend, in a brighter region and more serene atmosphere, where there is unsullied joy for evermore.

At the time of this fatal catastrophe, Garry M'Quillan, with his brother Daniel, had fairly turned the right wing of Baldearg's army; and so hardly were they pressed, that Owen Roe, with the detachment that he commanded, was obliged to seek shelter in the church, and narrowly missed having his head severed from his body as he entered the door, by the back stroke of a broadsword, which coming in contact with a solid oak frame, was shivered to pieces, leaving a deep dash in the timber. As Garry and his brother were returning from this charge, they heard the war-cry shouted by O'Dougherty's forces near to the Curly, and which ominously informed them that some important point had been gained against their brother, who alone, and insulated from any succours, was contending against numbers since the morning.

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\* The veil was worn only by married ladies, but she choose on this melancholy occasion to assume it.

Garry M'Quillan knew his brother's high-character as a General, and also his excellence in the use of the broadsword; but, at the same time, he feared his coming in contact with the powerful arm of Cahir O'Dougherty, who like a second Achilles, seemed to court him to an engagement from the commencement. As often as he saw him press upon his brother, he was heard groaning, and seen often to revert the eye so long as they were in his sight, apparently wishing to exchange places with him, but all in vain. He was a man who in point of agility or personal strength feared no man; and often, as is frequently the case with young men, longed to have a bout with the foe, in order to know what he himself could do. In the midst of their doubts and anxiety for their brother, and certainly doubt in such a case, to a feeling mind, is worse than reality: I say in the midst of their fears on that momentous occasion, a man appeared to them at a distance, running in disordered dress, and without armour—Finn is gone said Daniel, for besides the portentous news approaching in the mouth of this messenger, I see the troops scattered along the side of the wood, and the standard to be seen no where. The news can be no worse, said the other with a sigh, than what I have expected since the morning; I saw his death intended in the manoeuvre of O'Dougherty's troops at the beginning of the battle, but it was not in my power to relieve him.

By this time, the herald was at hand with them, when they called aloud to him, is your commander fallen? Matters are as bad as you can expect, said he. Where does he lie, said the younger, in a louder tone, lashing his helmet on the ground, and after it his outer garment. We stood around his body said he, until most of our men were cut to pieces; but the enemy at length like an overwhelming flood, burst through us, and bore him away: they have taken his body I believe to the last cross, but I see O'Dougherty returned, and at the head of a column prepared for a new attack.

The forces under old Daniel M'Quillan were at the present moment warmly engaged by the two sons of Owen Roe, but the appearance of his son Daniel soon roused their courage, and the enemy began to yield in their turn. As the messenger

pronounced the last words, Garry M'Quillan ordered him to lead the way, and waving to his men to follow, took the path running. As he went down the hill, he was met by the remains of his brother's army, who rallying under his standard, turned their faces to the enemy a second time. Cahir saw them coming on at a gallop, with fury and determination in their looks, but the massive blade of one particular sword, where it was grasped firmly in the brawny hand, he eyed closely.

M'Quillan without looking how they engaged the enemy, ran upon O'Dougherty like a lion, and at the same time shouting, the blood of my brother! An awful pause now reigned through all the lines, to witness the conflict between these two champions. Cahir defended himself with desperation, and made some deadly cuts at his adversary, the fire gleaming at each contact of the two swords, and the blades whistling as they encircled their hands in gleaming steel, until M'Quillan's sword meeting with the helmet of his adversary, flew out of his hand across the river; then like lightning seizing him by the throat he dashed him to the ground, and wrenched the weapon from his hand; when the troops interposing, O'Dougherty was on his feet in a leap, and the sword in his hand which his enemy lost; this was a fair exchange of armour—but the battle was soon over, Cahir Roe O'Dougherty lay extended on the earth, not far from the spot, where a short time before he had laid Finn M'Quillan.

But the demon of war sat in grim exultation,  
A mist-rolling cloud was his dark habitation;  
And fiercely he smiled from a countenance surly,  
While crimson with gore ran the streams of the Curly.

Baldearg's forces marched toward the old church, but on reaching this place, they found that the two sons of Owen Roe, I mean the two remaining sons, were fallen among the slain; one of them having guarded the door of the church, until he fell dead over the heaps of slain that had fallen by his sword. O'Donnell's remaining forces were crammed into the cemetery which they endeavoured to defend, until a parley was granted for burying the dead, which was agreed upon soon after. On these conditions being settled, they repaired to the scene of

action in order to bury the dead. The first care of Daniel M'Quillan and his sons was to go in search of the body of Finn, which they found exactly in the place where it was first laid, with Laura O'Donnell at his side pale and lifeless. This new scene, of which they had not the most distant idea, awakened their sorrows afresh,\* tears showered from the eyes of all as they stood around, even the fierce veterans of the enemy could not withhold them on this occasion; but all seemed now to forget their late animosities, and mourned the two lovers as they lay together, in terms of tender sympathy.

The commanders and soldiers being all collected around the affecting scene, and what was more distressing, the two parents seeming to interrogate each other by their looks, in saying, have you known any thing of this? Two separate biers being formed of green branches, and decorated with boughs of ivy, they began to prepare the bodies for interment when the females on opening the bosom of Laura O'Donnell, found the golden clasp of Finn M'Quillan's military cloak lying next her heart: this was another elucidation on a subject unknown to all save themselves, and which sunk the surrounding spectators into profound silence.

Having laid them on the biers, they decorated the head of each with a garland formed from the scarlet berries and green leaves of the ivy wrought together, then raising them from the ground they marched forward slowly, the pipes performing a plaintive air, the three M'Quillans and Owen Roe walking before and Laura's maids behind weeping as they followed: 'twas a wonderful procession.—They who had some hours before been engaged in the work of death, saw thronging around them their

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\* Beside Drumachose church, when they were cutting down the hill to make it passable for the mailcoach that runs between Newtownlimavady and Coleraine, they came on another pit of these bones, the earth around which, when raised up, was dark in the colour like a fresh opened grave, and when spread upon the road before the door of a little cabin, whose inhabitants were my authors, annoyed them very much with a disagreeable stench for several days.

hostile foes ; saw the wounds which they gave, and also them who had inflicted wounds on themselves : there was no appearance of animosity in this motley group, but all as one man mourned the fate of these faithful but unfortunate lovers : they carried them down to the spot on the banks of the Curley, where was a little green, surrounded with alders, and there having dug a grave, laid them together, and raised over them a little mound, covering it with stones from the brook and afterward green turf, which place including the entire field is called to this day Cairn a Finn, or the tomb of Finn M'Quillan.

When the wind from the north through the alders is groaning,  
 A voice oft is heard deeply sighing and moaning ;  
 'Tis the spirit of the mountain at even returning,  
 Who fills the long glen with a sighing and mourning ;  
 While the moon from the zenith does silver them over,  
 And green grows the bed of this maid and her lover :  
 The lambkins in spring may be seen feeding nigh them,  
 On primrosy banks where the stream murmurs by them,  
 And the pipe of the redbreast proclaims in deep sorrow,  
 That here rests M'Quillan long side of his Laura.

The three brave sons of Owen Roe O'Donnell were interred opposite their sister's tomb, under a little mound similar to the other and close by the banks of the same stream, while the father, childless, must return home to spend the remainder of his days in solitude and woe.

Cahir\* Roe O'Dougherty was borne by his soldiers to the church, and in a corner of the yard near to the grave of the wounded soldier was assigned a place of rest : the others were indiscriminately buried in pits made for convenience, wherever the heaps of ruin lay ; and the cattle that evening turned their heads homeward, pursuing the same path which they came, and lowing for the heathclad hills and florin vales of Dalriadagh.

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\* I have heard old men say, that for many years there was an enormous skull lay in this graveyard, and when a funeral would have come here, the first question was, where is the large skull, around which they would assemble and comment on the strength of him who bore this huge capital ? whether this belonged to Cahir O'Dougherty I know not.

The village where Laura O'Donnell sat as the reluctant prize of the victor, was called ever after Cross n-hean a ghoneil, or the cross of the daughter of O'Donnell, afterwards corrupted into Cross-na Donnell.

The congregated bards of these two noble clans tuned their instruments over the tomb by the brook, and being assisted by Laura's maids and other females of the neighbourhood who came to witness the spectacle, raised the Irish Caoine, repeating over them all that the human heart could devise of goodness, greatness, and virtue, making the hills and glens echo with claps and howlings. 'Twas as the mourning of the Israelites in the threshing floor of Atad, a grievous mourning: Knogher O'Brady was present, and knew his venerable guests whom he at one time supposed to be beings of another world. To him was given the care and preservation of the tombs, and as a compensation, two of the best milk cows and a couple of good ewes; he was to fence them around and plant them with ozier, and in the ensuing spring two messengers, one from Dunluce and one from Tyrconnell, were appointed to return and visit them. Owen Roe O'Donnell lamented the warmth of temper that drove him forward to undertake this unfortunate enterprise which had ended in the destruction of his three valiant sons and amiable daughter: all, said he, who were unwilling to come out as enemies to the house of De Borgo. How often have they solicited me even with tears in their eyes to leave aside this design? but alas! my dear child, whose gentle disposition and amiable manners were much unfit to witness such scenes, why have I urged you hither unconscious of the delicate bond which united you to the family of Dunluce, but more, to the brave young man, who there lies your partner in death, and who, as well as my three valliant sons, have fallen through me. The lamentation of Daniel M'Quillan and his sons was severe and afflictive, but even in this, they were easy in comparison with the latter, being clear of any thing like self-accusition, the sharpest monitor we have. My son indeed is fallen, said the father; but if he is, said he, he fell in the bed of glory, and has been amply avenged; but why should I vaunt? No, enough has been said, enough has been done; farewell, my brave, my valiant son, farewell.

Saying these words, he turned away with the whole train of his followers, sighing; but turning when he was at a small distance to look back, he saw M'Ilvennan leaning over the grave alone, and wringing his hands as if he had his family lying here; M'Quillan gave orders that he should be brought away, and the same evening they commenced their march for the northern plains of Antrim and grey towers of Dunluce, leaving many a gallant young man behind them, lying low in the lands of O'Cahan.

The clans of Tyrconnel also marched off the same evening, old Owen Roe childless, and the fierce but warlike clan of the O'Dougherties without their commander: leaving many of their friends on the bloody field of Gortmore, the oaks of Dreenagh wood, and the old church of Drummachose witnesses to a hard contested struggle. The news of this engagement spread terror through the surrounding villages, but was talked of no where with more zeal and interest, than in the castle of Cooey Na Gall; 'twas here that the merit of each soldier was discussed in its true character, and just honour given to the man to whom it was lawfully due. As the Antrim forces crossed the mountain, M'Ilvennon, mounted on the Capul bawn, assisted in driving up the cattle, and the next morning as the sun rose over the mountains of Albany, it beheld them safely across the Bann and the Bush, within the extensive demense of M'Quillan, and meeting as they passed along either a friend or an acquaintance anxiously enquiring after their connections. The brothers and sisters of Finn M'Quillan mourned long for him, but chiefly Aveline, who knew something of the attachment existing between him and her young friend Laura O'Donnell; the latter never had made an open declaration of her mind to her, but from his character being the general topic of conversation between them, and almost always introduced by Laura, she guessed how her feelings were, and thinking so, it only rivited their friendship more closely. Many were the nights and days that she sighed for her brother and her school-fellow; but the tender mind loses an impression sooner than we can imagine, notwithstanding such affliction. She saw them continually together during the holidays at Dunluce, but now she knew they reposed tranquilly at each other's side in

the land of forgetfulness, unconscious of what was here said, thought, or done regarding them.

At this period in Ireland, if a brave soldier fell in battle he was not so much mourned as we might think, for they considered it sufficient glory if he died in the field of honour and chiefly if his death had been amply avenged, and so the family of M'Quillan left off grieving on that occasion. The friendly intercourse always continued between the noble family of Clan-buoy and M'Quillan, who prized the alliance so highly, that neither the threats nor promises of the most powerful enemy could shake him in his adherence. The only adversary whom they had to oppose at present, was O'Cahan of Lemavady, which family, as I said before, was long ere this on the decline. The latter clan had many enemies, and the great and leading reason was, they were open-hearted and unsuspecting, and therefore every vagabond and runagate who had disputed with or abused a higher power, by patching up a plausible story, could easily induce them to espouse his cause, and hence the ruin of that ancient Milesian\* sept, who were prouder of their family† than many sons of kings.

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\* Edward Second in prosecuting the war which his father left unfinished against the Scots, before the memorable battle of Bannockburn, wrote over to Ireland for the clans of the O'Cabans, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Connors, the O'Dougherties, the O'Sullivans, M'Carthies and Kavanaghs. Which of them obeyed the royal mandate I know not, but am certain that the O'Cabans and some others were found on the side of Bruce.

† In the town of Dungiven, founded by their ancestor, I have seen them engaged in one of those family quarrels which so often disgraced our country, when they were overpowered and driven from the main street by superior numbers: a mighty change, thought I, from the days of Turlough More, who could have strangled one of these men at arms-length with ease; or Cooley Na Gall, whose massive sword they could no more wield than a child. They are now scattered, degenerated, and the family line of genealogy altogether lost.

I have just found that the lineal descendant and only male heir to Cooley Na Gall O'Cahan, now holds an honourable military office in the British army; after the imprisonment of O'Cahan, we understand that the Government took his son in charge, and sent him to College; the history of the family hitherto could be traced no farther; it is now known that the son of Daniel O'Cahan patronized by government, went a voluntary exile with Charles Second to the Continent, and returned at the Restoration,

The castle of Dunluce being one night brilliantly illuminated in consequence of an entertainment given to the numerous friends and alliances of the house of De Borgo, and among the foremost at this festival was the family of Clanbuoy, with all other families of distinction in Antrim, besides many others from the neighbouring counties: the barrack on the farther side of the drawbridge was also illuminated, and here the sturdy gallogloghs, each quaffing to the health of his chieftain, mingled his voice in the general uproar. The castle to a spectator on sea, had the appearance of a fire balloon suspended among the clouds; I mean to a person immediately under it, and the light issuing from the barrack windows, together with the opposite line of dwelling-houses, seemed like a long fiery tail adhering to the balloon, and could only be seen in this romantic view by those approaching from the north-east or north-west.

A large globe well enlightened was usually suspended every night during the dark of the moon from the top of that part of the castle directly fronting the North Atlantic, which served not a little to finish the appearance of this grand spectacle. In a storm blowing from the north or north-west, when the wind rolled into the base of the rock, those waves unimpeded through that broad ocean, the effect upon the impending beholder was awful. The light of the windows, with the suspended globe, cast a flame far into the deep, which seemed, when agitated by the turbulent element, red as claret. The globe was not hung here merely for the use of mariners, as traders were few at that time, and seldom seen on these coasts, although it might sometimes have a good effect in such cases, as fortunately happened that night; it was only for the grandeur and beauty of the scene, which in my opinion few, if any could equal.

Of all nights in the year this was happy to the inmates of

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knighted under the title of Sir Daniel Gahan. His descendants hold a very large estate of some thousand acres in county Tipperary. In the physiognomy of this military gentleman, the strongly marked Milesian features shew themselves even to a slight observer—dark complexion, high oval forehead, dark penetrating eye, dignity of gait, and determination of step.

Dunluce, being the anniversary, or birth-night of Aveline M'Quillan, who in an apartment of her own was seated with her young friends and acquaintance around her, having on her right hand beautiful Rose O'Neill, of Clanbuoy, her sister in all the feminine accomplishments and graces that adorn the sex.

From the openings of the buildings, might be heard the festive sound of wassail, mirth and revelry, while in another apartment, Aveline with her friends were discoursing of their schools, their dresses, books and birds; after which leaving them, she ran and brought her cabinet of curiosities, and explaining every one as she produced it, in this manner proceeded to the bottom of the coffer. She had a philosophical mind, much given to research, and scarcely ever saw any thing that was in the least degree curious, where she would not enquire after the causes, reasons and every thing pertaining to it. The wandering minstrels who stopped at her father's place, she would often interrogate regarding the old Irish families among which they had been; what was their heraldry, were they hospitable to strangers, and did they support the ancient customs of their forefathers? Such was the only daughter of Daniel M'Quillan, but with a heart altogether susceptible of the cares of others; having shewn the contents of this coffer, she immediately produced a smaller one of very fine workmanship, and from it drawing a diamond necklace, told them that it was worn by Matilda Queen of England, and wife to William the Conqueror; it had been preserved in the family of William Be Borgo the red earl of Ulster, and from them lineally came to her; but, said she, I never have put it on yet, nor indeed do I believe I ever will, for how could an humble Irish girl\* such as I am, presume to wear that which was an ornament to no less a personage than the Queen of England? I beg you will not despise yourself, or yet your humble situation, said Rose O'Neill smiling, you know not but some Duke of the blood may fancy

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\* In early times the young ladies of Ireland wore their hair loose and flowing over their shoulders, with the breast and arms bare, which primitive custom our fair countrywomen seem greatly to have revived.

you, and as you have somewhat of royalty in your veins, we hope by the assistance of an indulgent parliament, that the difficulty of your being a subject will be easily got over, and then, my dear Aveline, you may publicly wear the neck-lace of Royal Matilda.

If, said Aveline, my dear Rose, you loved me, you would not be so severe on me to night, your poor friend whom you ought to exhort toward humility. I am living here alone and without the guidance or company of my kind mother, who was my only monitor, and who never failed to implant the purest ideas of rectitude in the minds of all her children as well as in mine.

You are such a grave moralist, beautiful Aveline, that I dare not enter the arena of argument with you, even for one moment, but will you leave aside that philosophical look which you have assumed, will you descend from your iambicks and contend with me in my own ground? Do you not see the neck-lace which I wear? it, excepting some few ornaments, is composed of our national diamond, and I also can assure you was worn by a Queen, and one of those who reigned in Tara: yet you see that Rose O'Neill is not intimidated to put it on, notwithstanding its former royal possessor, great Hymial of Teamra; and I your own pretty Rose of Clanbuoy—the conclusion of this sentence created a general laugh; but indeed, said she, I had the honour to be in company lately, when there was given as a toast, and that even by an Irish prince, a certain beauty living some where or other in a rocky tower on the northern shores of Inis Bannua, not could I have guessed who this enviable beauty was, for you may be sure I was bursting with jealousy, but having her likeness suspended in the apartment facing my own, I saw him turn his eyes toward her as he gave the toast, and make as I thought a half bow; and all these compliments passed in the presence of her whom you call pretty Rose, whose person and likeness were both neglected. Now is it any wonder that I should not like you? I fear I will be necessitated as the picture is so convenient to me, to deface some of those charms which have so far eclipsed my own, only that I know the original being so near, would flash conviction

on me at our first assembly in Shane's Castle. Aveline M'Quillan by this time had laid aside her monastic face, and entered into the spirit of the wit and diversion which her friend was dealing around with much cleverness. I think, said she, you were talking of a prince in the beginning of this dissertation, who I believe is always unhappy unless he is in Shane's Castle; this romantic building, I know, to him is the centre of attraction; and I am very much given to believe contains a magnet within its walls, to which all his thoughts gravitate; and what you are pleased to say regarding the beauty in the rocky tower—at this she could not help laughing, and said it was only a compliment paid to the nymph of Shane's Castle, and you have shoved the burthen over on poor Aveline. All the ladies in company were well entertained with the conversation so equally supported on both sides, but one of them averred that what was said respecting the toast was real, and no way metamorphosed, for she had the honour to be present at the time.

Allowing all this, said Aveline, admitting that his nobility deigned to mention the beauty in the sea-beaten tower, will any of you tell me what he said of the diamond of Lough Neagh? Now be candid, for I know 'twas on this subject, and this alone he wished to speak.

Will you sincerely believe me, said Rose, if I tell you? Why, he said there was a diamond in Shane's Castle, he thought, but in his opinion it would require a world of polishing; I think he called it a diamond, or pearl, or some such thing; for you know Lough Neagh, on the banks of which my father's castle stands, has long been esteemed for its pearl fishery, and very possible this is one of those Irish gems which have immortalized the rivers, lakes, and cloud-capt hills of the Green Island to all the world.

But, said Aveline, as this pearl-fisher knows perfectly where the treasure lies of which he is in pursuit, I am greatly astonished that he has not taken it long ere this; and as we have paid so many compliments to each other to-night, undoubtedly because no other person would, let us change the subject.

With all my heart my dear Aveline ; but I have one request to ask of you, and it being a moderate one, I cannot be refused, so you must promise me.

If your request be so moderate, said Aveline, I promise I will not refuse you, my sister ; but I must know what it is before I make an unqualified avowal.

Well then said she, my wish is, that you put on the royal neck-lace of Matilda Queen of England : this is your birth night ; and I must confess, though perhaps against my will, that you look unusually pretty to-night ; moreover you know not but some young knight or prince travelling in disguise, or perhaps wandering in a strange land, might rap at the gate in order to solicit the shelter of your father's hospitable roof ; then I say would you not like to appear as gay as possible before such a personage ; for I have not the least doubt of your making a complete conquest.

But I would not like to destroy his happiness altogether, said Aveline ; for you know if he has other troubles afflicting him, and those too which have driven him from his native country to seek shelter in this island, it would be cruel for two beauties armed, I may say, cap-a-pie, with the most fascinating graces, to launch forth all the artillery of the eyes, smiles and charms, on the poor stranger, before he would be well dried from the rain : will these reasons suffice for a sufficient apology to you ?

No reasons said Rose, nor no apology will suffice ; but on it must go, I shall be absolute in my orders.

Well then, said she, I yield ; but remember if this knight, or prince, or chevalier, or whatever I may call him, shall arrive at the castle to-night, I will rival you if I can.

Do your best, said the other, for I think I will warm one side of his heart, unless he has lost both his eyes and his ears : so saying she took up the neck-lace and placed it on her friend, who, seated in the centre of the apartment, before a large mirror,

blushed when she saw the royal appendage fall over her shoulders of snow, from which her neck shot up like a column of ivory.

Aveline M'Quillan was possessed of native modesty, together with other perfections, which to avoid the common hackneyed path of description I omit mentioning : but what seemed the most captivating trait in her mien, was a solemnity of countenance which she possessed, and indeed it was only an index to her mind, for her heart was sincere.

Rose O'Neill was sprightly, witty, and as the saying is, had a heart as light as a feather ; she was usually known by the appellation of pretty Rose of Clanbuoy.

They were busily engaged in sallies of this kind upon each other, not sparing the young ladies who composed part of their company whenever it came their turn, for Aveline when she would leave her solemnity aside, was as gay as the gayest : but one of them said she thought at that moment it was blowing a hurricane, as from the light suspended on the castle wall, she saw the sea tossed in unusual fury against the base of the rock, and heard the wind roaring like thunder over the castle ; having called them to one of the windows which overlooked the turbid element, they were awed into a dead silence, and stood for some time contemplating this indescribable scene when they were nearly struck blind by a flash of lightning, and that closely succeeded by a peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the castle ; at the last shock they flew back to the fire, gathering as close around it as possible.

They all now began to talk on serious subjects, and tell how the providence of God had preserved so many when in imminent danger ; these relations went alternately around them, and indeed, to a disinterested spectator, the scene would have been most amusing ; for as every blast roared louder and louder over the roof of this turreted mansion, as the blue flash entered the room, for at this time they had extinguished the candles, the countenance of Aveline was become as grave and serious as that of the most venerable sage lecturing from the pulpit.

At length, said she, fetching a deep sigh, I hope no poor wretch is so unfortunate as to be tossed at the mercy of these tempestuous billows to-night, but I know that the power of our Almighty Parent is as great on that impassioned element as on land.

Why, said Rose O'Neill, would you not wish this knight of the lance whom we are expecting to be on sea at such a time? perhaps he is at this moment guided by the light, and approaching these happy shores; but did he know of the two beauties who at present are contained within this lofty fortress, the lightning would fly harmless past him, and the thunder would roll over his head as innoxious as the western breeze.

Ah! said Aveline, my dear Rose, will you leave off this talk at such a time, I cannot divest myself of an overpowering dread, when I see the elements convulsed, and all nature seemingly angry with man; however were it not for the thunder and lightning I could enjoy the agitation and tumult of ocean even with ecstasy.

There is no commotion in the elements or any part of nature, said Rose, but what I sincerely believe the Deity has sent for a good purpose, and whether these sweeping storms come to scour away the foetid exhalations which the warmth of summer may have collected, or whether for a punishment to man, it is our duty, you know, to submit with patience, and not sink down under that kind of slavish fear which seems to have seized you just now.

Indeed, my dear friend, said the other, I am not arraigning Providence for the visitations of his anger; I know we are deserving punishment much more severe than these, however I must suppose, that the same benign Being in place of being angry with any of his creatures for dreading his displeasure, might rather approve of our conduct on such occasions.

As they were unknowingly drawn into this serious conversation, the time passed imperceptibly with them, and they began to experience a kind of comfort from it, which supported them

under their present fears, till the door opening, Sir Henry John O'Neill presented himself to them, and bowing, requested the honour of their company in the great hall, where they were assembled, he said, in order to dance, and that I may have the advantage of any other, said he, fair Aveline, shall I flatter myself of having you as a partner in the dance ?

I have no objection sir, said she, after my fear subsides, but at present cannot, and beg you will defer it for some time, or otherwise perhaps you will find among these ladies one more competent than I.

Whatever time is convenient for you, sweet Aveline, said he, is both convenient and pleasing to your humble servant, nor could I think of asking another, until I shall get an utter refusal from yourself.

They were glad to find an occasion of leaving the apartment in which some short time before they had found themselves so happy ; for females although when mingled with the other sex, are the very soul and essence of company, yet alone and exposed to fear, even knowing that they are free from danger, are in themselves weak and impotent.

As they entered the ball room, which was splendidly illumined the gentlemen rose on each side to receive them, and two harpers, with as many set of pipes, struck up the old Kead miel a faultie, you're coming once more.

The dance was supported with much animation for a considerable time, even until pretty Rose of Clanbuoy, who was as sprightly as a butterfly, was perfectly fatigued, and on finishing the last set, said she would not dance any more that night with those present, until, said she, in a low voice to Aveline, you tell me where your valentine is, and I will perhaps honour him on your account, but you must not be jealous. I have none, said she.

Young Sir Henry John O'Neil, now asked out his fair partner, and on her apparance on the floor, all eyes were turned

toward her, for the blaze of the diamonds that surrounding her neck fell down upon her breast, was no greater than the blaze of her countenance, knowing that all were observing her, and, as she thought, chiefly on account of the royal bequest.

Said her father to some elderly gentlemen who sat around him, I see Aveline has put on an ornament to-night, which we never could induce her to assume at any other assembly. Indeed I cannot help smiling when I look at her: for I see she is in a kind of confusion. I assure you when she visited at O'Connor's Castle, or the seat of Sir Turlough O'Moore, I could not prevail with her even by my most sincere entreaties, that she would wear it. She told me at length with tears, in her eyes, that she would comply if I urged her, but how, said she, can I presume to put on that which was accounted an ornament to Royalty?

Daniel M'Quillan was remarkably fond of his daughter, and indeed to any person acquainted with her, it appeared no way wonderful. The dance which was single, served only to display her fine figure, and almost inconceivable pliability of limb: but as soon as she in decency could, she was off the floor, and seated beside her friend, who complimented her by saying, she began now to fear that she must surrender the field to her; for truly, said she, I am half in love with you myself.

If you are, said Aveline, I can give you good hopes, by telling you that you are without a rival; and if this bauble were taken from around my shoulders, all the fascination will immediately disappear; so as it was you invested me with this shadow of majesty against my will, and much after the manner of unfortunate lady Jane Grey, I beg of you leave off teasing me.

As one of the gentlemen had gone to the outer gate at the draw-bridge, he returned and informed them that the storm at that moment was truly awful, when all with one consent resigning the pleasures of the ball-room for a few minutes, went to that apartment which fronts the North Atlantic, that they might enjoy the grandeur of the scene passing below, which

from the light was perfectly visible; but the continued roar and braying of the billows, one thronging on the back of another and breaking against the rock, prevented all conversation: they could only turn their eyes on the chaotic scene, and then in silence on each other, as the wind thundered round the turreted battlements.

While they stood here in consternation, Sir Henry O'Neill said he thought he heard like the distant report of artillery, a sound which was not very common to any of them; however the use of fire-arms was making rapid advances in Ireland at this time, as well as in England and Scotland. A short time after the first, they all heard a second, but were bewildered to think what it meant; whether, said they, can it be an engagement by sea, or rather some vessel in distress; for the English, said Daniel M'Quillan, are becoming remarkably expert in the use of fire-arms?

I am persuaded, said Sir Henry O'Neill, it is no engagement, for mankind in place of destroying each other by sea during this hurricane, could not in my opinion ride those mountainous billows in safety one hour: however, as the reports are increasing in the same space of time, I am beginning now to suppose that it is not the sound of Corry Vreckon,\* the noise of which in spring tides resembles thunder, and I am sure far exceeds the report of cannon; so I think we may conclude it is some vessel in distress; but she will not be long so, I can tell you, and the poor fellows who no doubt are manfully bearing up against the turbulence of the elements that seem now at war, very possibly have still a remaining spark of hope in their bosoms, some perhaps thinking of their parents, some of their wives and children, and others, of the gentle form which in their tarry arms they last encircled; poor fellows, said he a second time, in pity to yourselves I could wish these ideas obliterated from your

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\*Corry Vreckon, a whirlpool lying between Dura and Scarva, the sound of which is heard at twenty or thirty miles distant; it is most violent when the tide is in, and would the largest ship in the British Navy encounter it, she would be whirled round and absorbed in an instant; it is as dangerous as the Maelstrom.

minds, and that you were perfectly sensible that a watery grave at this dreadful crisis is inevitable. Sir Henry John O'Neill, being of a feeling mind, could not be disinterested in such a time.

Garry M'Quillan now called aloud, as any person who spoke was necessitated to exert his voice even to the utmost stretch, that he positively saw a light approaching in the direction in which they had heard the report of guns, and immediately on his speaking another was heard, the light at this time being so manifest, that they could plainly discover a vessel running under the naked poles, and driven by the wind in upon a lee shore : she had not up one tack and a few men were seen thronging about the helm.

From the moment that she first saw the light from the castle, imagining that it was a beacon of safety hoisted in some secure harbour, she made directly for it, and making for it was only hastening on destruction ; she had a lantern hung at her main-mast-head, besides others at different other parts.

She flew past them like a meteor, and coming upon a shoal about half a league below the castle, was staved between two hidden rocks, at which instant the masts went by the board, and the light disappeared ; they are gone for ever, cried all ; but let us hasten and endeavour, if we can, to save some lives ; for should any of them have cast themselves into the water, endeavouring to swim, it is possible they may be driven ashore, and through the assistance of providence we will attempt to save them.

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\* Most of the Hy-Nialls, says an author, wore the diadem with a majesty becoming a free state, and a conscious dignity becoming the merit that purchased it. 'Twas about the accession of James I. that the O'Neills were deprived of royalty, and Donnal O'Neill was the sixteenth and last monarch of the Tyrone line, and forty-fifth of the Hy Niall race ; he was a valiant unfortunate man. To the above family belonged Brian Borohoine, monarch of Ireland, who at the shades of Clontarf, on Good Friday, in the eighty-eight year of his age fell bravely fighting for his country against the Danes, when the victory was nearly complete.

They now descended from the castle to the beach, all running for some distance down the strand, then clapping close to the earth, they after a little saw the hulk where she lay immovably wedged between two rocks, and not the appearance of a standing stick. They had not been long here when another small light was raised on deck, and by which latter signal, they understood that the crew was safe; then uniting all their voices together they raised a shout, but received no answer from the ship, as it was impossible they could be heard, for the noise of wind and water.

A large fire was in the course of a little time kindled below a high promontory, and quite opposite the vessel, so that they might see some kind hearts were interested for their fate. A small rope was then tied round a dog's neck, and he sent into the water, and after much fighting, struggling and ineffectual endeavours, he made out the ship. A small cable was soon bound to the rope and pulled ashore, by the help of which they all landed safely, without the loss of a single man.

Scarcely was there an apartment in the castle in which a fire was not kindled, and the entire crew, that consisted of some hundred Highland soldiers, brought in and supplied with warmth, and afterwards each a glass of strong liquor, than which nothing could be better for these hardy mountaineers.

M'Quillan's hospitable mansion, his table, the exertions or services of himself and family, were always ready to succour the distressed, when an opportunity of this kind offered; and glad were they all at the escape of these poor Highlanders, whom a moment before they thought consigned to oblivion. On no night in the circle of the three hundred and sixty-five, could they have in distress came to the shores of Dunluce more likely to find succour and nourishment of whatsoever kind the distressed stood in need, than the present, notwithstanding that abundance was always at the table of this Irish chieftain, and an open door as an index showing the way to it.

Having a hearty repast, they were taken to the barrack, and all the arms concealed, both of theirs and M'Quillan's gallog-

laghs ; after this they were left to carouse together and drink the kead miel a faultie to morning.

The reason of concealing the arms was to prevent danger in case they should quarrel, for in the various multitude of these hot-brained northerns, when their spirits were raised with strong liquors, nothing was more likely, the broadsword being as ready to the Highlander as the knife and fork, and no readier to him than the Irishman, nor a better wish to use it ; but these weapons being laid aside, they might maul and bruise each other to morning in perfect safety.

Their commander, a stately young Highlander of a good deportment, was Sir Coll M'Donnel from the Scottish isles ; a plaid of fine texture was gracefully cast over his left shoulder, and a national bonnet of a fabrication still as fine sat perched on his brow, and covering only a few of his dark raven locks curled into the skin, and cropped closely : on his face the first dawn of manhood was beginning to mark his sex, and promised to be no fairer than that which dignified his capitol : he was also arrayed in a philibeg, with tartan hose reaching just to the swell of a well turned limb, and exposing a knee white and firm as a rock. His finger had received a slight bruise from being on deck at the time the mast fell, and now was bleeding profusely, staining his burnished sword that hung as a finishing piece on his left side. They were all however busied in procuring washes, salves and bandages for him, and the gentlemen on binding it up, complimented him on the whiteness of his hands

The reason of that, said he, is because they have done so little ; my hands are only those of a female, and perhaps when they have sustained the cause of my country, or that of my friends, seven or eight years, they will not be so bright in the colour.

And yet my young friend, said M'Quillan, you have got a pretty sharp initiation on your commencement. May I ask where you intended to sleep to-night about two hours back ? Did you not expect strange lodgings ?

Undoubtedly said M'Donnell, we expected no less than to

sleep with his saltwater majesty your next neighbour ; but still we did not wish to give him the trouble of accommodating so many, unless we could do no better, and yet we have thrust ourselves upon you.

Well, my friend, said M'Quillan, it is only that you preferred our place of entertainment to the other, and in doing so we are in duty bound to support your good opinion of us.

I had always a spark of hope in my breast, said M'Donnell that not all the water in the Atlantic could extinguish, for I knew that he who rules both wind and waves, had only to say peace be still, and all commotion was at an end.

As you thought so it happened to you, said they, but let me unbuckle your plaid, said young Daniel M'Quillan, it seems to be wet.

As he opened a massive gold buckle, with a rich embossment, he saw the heraldry of the royal M'Donnell's raised in large characters across it, that is, a ship, a naked man, a fish, with a hawk, as the crest, holding in the talons of one foot a stalk at top branching into three croselets, with this motto in French,—*"Tout jour pret."*—Always ready.

From seeing your coat of arms, young man, said old M'Quillan, I scarcely need ask your family, your forefathers were sovereigns over the Scottish Isle.

My name is M'Donnell, said he, and I have the honour to be descended from the same, but we must leave sovereign thoughts aside, and think of that only which is becoming a subject.

Your remark is just, said the other, but I must confess there is nothing gives me more exalted or happy ideas, than to look back on the line of my great ancestry.

Our family, said Sir Coll, both from thinking and acting as kings, have drawn upon themselves many and powerful enemies, whose principal wish I believe was not to conquer, but exterminate. However we are still able to hold a part of Scotland, notwithstanding the number of our opponents, and also to give our friends some little assistance besides.

And may I ask, said M'Quillan to him, without offence to which of the M'Donnell's are you son, as I have the honour to be acquainted with many chieftains of that name, in the Isles.

I am sir, said he, son to Sir Alexander M'Donnell,\* and I believe also a kinsman to Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn; but at the same time that I take the liberty of informing you thus, I humbly beg you not to understand me as boasting of my pedigree—it is only that you may better know my line of extraction: for were I fond of tracing myself up to heroism alone, although Robert Bruce was both a patriot and here, there are M'Donnells whose deeds could vie with the most renowned ever performed in the cause of Scotland; but I fear I have gone too far; however, in the presence of gentlemen who tell me their ideas are raised when speaking of their forefathers, I hope to receive pardon for this digression, and these things being known to them, that they will not suppose me boasting in what I have said; and since I have received both my life I may say, and the life of my men at your hands to-night, besides many other marks of kindness, may I ask to whom I have the honour to be indebted for such hospitality.

You are now sir in the castle of Dunluce, said the old man, and I, Daniel M'Quillan, am the person to whom it belongs, who on account of this night being the anniversary of my daughter's birth, am still more happy by reason of your fortunate escape, and that I had it in my power to lend assistance to any person in distress, but more to the son of a M'Donnell. You see before you, Sir Henry John O'Neill of Shane's Castle, or Clanbuoy, as it is commonly called, and concerning the families from which either he or I am descended, it is unnecessary to trouble you further, for I am certain fame has told both

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\* On a promontory of Morven or Mainland, side of Mull, a name given to that arm of the sea which divides the Isle of Mull from the mainland, stands the ruin of the castle of Artornish, once a stronghold of the Lord of the Isles. Islay was their chief place of residence, and in it was a large stone, having a hole in which they stood to be crowned. The king of Scotland in the absence of M'Donnell went to the Isles, and placed a governor in one of his castles; but he returned in time, and hung up the governor in the king's sight who made the best of his way out of the road, lest he should be successor to his deputy.

to you. From my childhood, said he, I have been accustomed to hear from my family, recitals of the De Borgos, and also of the Hy Nials, of Tara, with which latter the M'Donnells have long been in alliance; so you see I can shanagh,\* as the Irish saying is, with you both.

The dance was now resumed again, the storm being much abated, and cheerfulness mingled with friendship seemed to have enlivened almost every countenance in the ball-room. With Sir Coll M'Donnell came some officers of rank, who were all present, and whom he introduced to their common host with the same ceremony as himself. I, said he, ought rather to receive my orders from some of these gentlemen, who have measured swords with the enemy in many a well tried field, but for me, as the saying is, I am only a greenhorn, never having been farther engaged than in a few skirmishes.

As you say you are but a beginner in the art of war, said Sir Henry O'Neill, I dare say you are not so in the exercise of the ball-room—the ladies have almost danced us down to-night, and I shall consider it a favour if you assist me in supporting our cause.

What I can do, said he, shall be gladly contributed, and I should be unwilling to assist in any cause wherein the sex are to be opposed, only that on such opposition much of our happiness depends. And now, when I do purpose to enlist under your banner, can you assure me that one of your well refined young ladies will venture to take as a partner a wild Highland beldie from among the heather, who has been after a partner to gour cocks and moor hens, than to sick fine ladies; and I can

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\*The word shanagh comes from senachie, which signified the family historian or bard of an Irish Chieftain. The senachies, the fíleas, the minstrels, the bards or poets. The dances called them Scalds. At Drimceat Aodh or Hugh, king of Ireland, convened a parliament in order to extirpate this class of men, as by their numbers they had become rather burdensome to the people; however, by the intercession of St. Columba Kille they were spared, but discouraged from multiplying.—St. Columba said, by banishing these men the history of our nation would be lost, in being altogether in their hands, and therefore a few were retained.

tell you that I can leap burns and climb braes meikle better than dance, but what I can is at your service.

M'Donnell spoke what we call broken Scotch, and such a dialect to any person accustomed to it is by no means unpleasant. Will you have the goodness, said he, to O'Neill, to choose me a partner.

I would be extremely sorry, said the latter, to take that privilege out of your own hand—recollect you are in Ireland, the country of hospitality and freedom, if I don't say too much, and we, as Irishmen, give you leave to choose for yourself, and at the same time, pledge ourselves that whatsoever your choice is, no one present shall be offended. I must also inform you, that we on going to the Scottish shore, shall claim the same prerogative.

You are very kind, said M'Donnell, and I find no more courtesy when present in your country than what I have often been informed.

But, said O'Neill, I am hardly doing you justice—there are two other young ladies whom you have not seen yet, and in order that you have them all before your eyes, previous to your making a choice, I shall ask them in.

It was not long after this, when Sir Henry John O'Neill entered, leading in his left hand his sister Rose, and in his right Aveline M'Quillan. Behold, said he, presenting Aveline, the heiress of Dnnluce,—then bringing forward his sister, and also the heiress of Shanes-castle.

Sir Coll saluted them in the manner in which a young knight ought, and one too who was going abroad in search of adventure; but although he received them with politeness, yet he almost forgot himself in their presence, and bowing with some confusion, asked one of them to dance, scarcely knowing which: but from whatever he articulated, and his bow inclining toward Rose O'Neill, she accepted the invitation by returning him the same act of complaisance in a courtesy.

At the time Sir Coll M'Donnell and his men were brought into the castle, the two young ladies of whom I have been speaking, had a full view of him from the door of the apartment which they occupied, although he might not have noticed them. They pitied him from his years, being exposed to such a tempest, and also lightning and thunder, which was sufficient to shock the stoutest mariner; little I knew, said Rose O'Neill, when I was talking of a foreign prince or knight of the lance, that the curly head of this poor youth was abiding the pitiless pelting of the storm, and this, perhaps, too his first voyage to a strange country: it was a happy circumstance that so many gentlemen were present to assist them in landing, otherwise had they remained there until morning, I should think they would have been dead even with cold; but the all-ruling arm of Providence assuaged the billows, and directed them into a harbour, which, although we thought otherwise, was to them a place of safety.

Said Aveline, heaving a sigh and putting on her serious face as she looked straight into the fire, not seeming to notice that her friend was present; I wonder are his parents living, or has he no elder brothers who might have been sent on this hazardous expedition.

Since he is now with his men saved from the danger of the seas, said Rose, in answer to what she had almost involuntarily asked, since he is perfectly secure, will you candidly tell me whether you could wish any of his brothers in his place; but rouse yourself, and shake your plumes, leave aside that grave face that you have put on more fitting an old woman, for I expect we shall be sent for to the ball-room immediately, and you know there is to be a contest between you and me to-night, I am not at all disposed to contend with you, said she, in this cause, therefore you have the matter to yourself. When Aveline was in a way to pity any individual, she became as grave as an abbess,—and it was evident from the cast of her countenance that, in this propensity of mind, she felt much inward happiness.

As they were thus engaged in conversation, Sir Henry

O'Neill entered, and requested their company in the ball-room; and it was on their first appearance to Sir Coll M'Donnell that he took the liberty of asking, as a partner, pretty Rose of Clan-buoy, who, with all spirit and vivacity, executed the dance with natural grace and elegance, smiling to her friend as she was handed round the corners, and seeming to say, I knew I would engage him.

M'Donnell fired by one of those merry dills peculiar to his country, and assisted by a pair of good bagpipes, performed the highland reel in its national character, and always appeared more elevated as the pipes screwed it a peg higher. until, in respect of his fair partner, he bowed a conclusion.

During the dance, Aveline sat with her eyes fixed on them both, and whilst she saw her friend become more animated, she became more serious, though sometimes she was forced to smile through all her gravity of face, and when she did so, showed such a countenance as never failed to captivate.

After the dance, Sir Coll handed his fair partner to a seat beside her friend, and then joined the gentlemen; but frequently turning his eyes, appeared as if stealing a look of the heiress of Dunluce; then rising from his present place, as if no situation in the house could make him easy, he crossed to them again, and asking if they would allow him the honour of their company, on being accepted, took a seat with them.

As I am a stranger, ladies, said he, and perhaps in this cheerful assembly thinking of friends that I have left behind, I have presumed to ask the privilege which I am now in possession of, and of which no doubt I am envied by many gentlemen present, but for the liberties which I have taken as a wandering Highland laddie, I hope to receive your indulgence, together with the pardon of those who deserve this seat better than I.

I don't imagine, said his partner in the dance, that you need be in the least degree uneasy in regard of your dangerous situation, and if it were only in respect of us, you will be as secure as in the city of Edinburgh.

I beg to be excused, said he, I have intimated that my situation was happy, but not dangerous, unless so far as to encounter the glances of four bright eyes, as unmainmring to me as the most formidable enemy.

It appears from that, said Aveline, you are in little dread of your enemies.

I see, said he, you will either make me a hero or a being insensible: and as my assertions on either of these points can by no means prove my argument, I shall resign the field.

May I ask, have you ever been in Scotland? I, said Aveline, have been in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and in the castle of Dumbarton.

You have then, said he, rejoicing that he had drew her into conversation, seen the sword of the immortal Sir William Wallace.

I had the honour, said she, to raise it in my hand, but had I not known of his existance beyond a doubt, could not have believed it possible for any man to wield it.

Have you, said he, been in Holyrood-house?

I have, said she, and also on our return, my father took me to some of the islands, in one of which, called Staffa, we spent a few days, and were hospitably received and entertained by a party of London gentry, who came there, it being the summer season, to see the beauties and natural curiosities of the islands; here were basaltic pillars resembling those of the Giant's Causeway, and which some think a continuation of the same mole in this island is the celebrated cave of Fingal, one hundred and seventeen feet high at the mouth, and into which the tide flows to the depth of nine feet.

I could scarcely, said he, have imagined that one of our most learned philosophers could have gone about the discription more accurately.

We also, said she, during our stay in Edinburgh, had a number of musicians, with whom I was highly pleased; I think the Scottish airs remarkably sweet, and when well executed nothing is more fascinating. There is one in particular that was performed with much justness, and indeed for a fortnight afterward, I betimes would have thought I heard the soft strains of it vibrating in my ear; now according to my share of taste and judgment I considered it executed with correctness and euphony.

Pray, said he, may I ask the name of it?

I think, said she, they call it "Through the wood laddie."

I know it, ma'am, said he, perfectly, and could give it to you on the violin, or, as our countrymen call it, the fiddle—have you got such an instrument in the castle?

We have, sir, said she,—my brothers perform a little on it: but that instrument which is most practised in our family is the Irish harp, and one perhaps you would esteem but lightly.

Upon my honour ma'am, said he, it is quite otherwise; I am extremely fond of the harp, and have not the least doubt but you can touch it with a masterly hand, if you'll allow me to apply that epithet to a lady's hand.

They had now commenced what might be called a musical conversation, the most delightful to both of any other, but I am much inclined to suppose that any ordinary subject on which Sir Coll could have succeeded to engage her was interesting to him in an important degree. She asked many questions of him regarding the natural beauties of Scotland—its mountains, lakes, woods and rivers; besides others respecting its historical and political character; but not a word was there from either even tending toward that subject so much hackneyed by every pretender; although I might venture to say, one of their hearts was probably as sincere as those who at every interview of such a kind make manifold more professions.

While they were thus employed, and the time seeming to

pass imperceptibly with them, a messenger came from the other end of the room and requested his company with the gentlemen, that they were all getting favourite pieces of music performed, and that he was called upon to make a choice as well as others.

I have, said Sir Coll M'Donnell, found my present company so pleasing and also so improving, that it is with sincere regret I part them, notwithstanding that music is so dear to me: however, ladies, keeping in mind your first indulgence, shall I expect the honour of your company as heretofore on my return after discharging those duties, required of me by the gentlemen in the other side of the room.

On being answered in the affirmative, he politely took his leave of them, and passing to the other party, we, said they, are each of us about to get his favourite piece of music played by the minstrels, and we thought it would be an act of injustice not to give you lawful notice, so you are at liberty to call upon whatsoever air you wish, whether national, fanciful or otherwise. Indeed, said he, there are many airs, both Scottish and Irish, which I could call upon; but perhaps they might discover more want of taste than were I to sit silent, but when I hear your choice melodies severally performed, gentlemen, I shall do myself the honour you are kind enough to propose, whether my selection be tasteful or not.

The minstrels now stood ready for commencing, and beginning at the host, each in turn made a request until it went round them all save M'Donnell, who, speaking as he had done before, said, the tune he wish played was only simple, but as it was the one performed on leaving sight of the mountains in Scotland there were possibly gentlemen present who wished to hear it as well as he: therefore, he said, he would call upon that one called, "Through the hazel glens of Spey," where, said he, I fondly hope to return, at one time or other, however delusive my fond expectations might be, finishing the last part of the sentence with a long sigh.

Aveline and her friend sat listening to the conversation,

chiefly that part of it where he said, with a sigh, he hoped to return to the hazel glens of Spey.

He seems, poor young lad, said Rose O'Neill, to have a sincere wish to return to his country, but what the ties are, which engender those weighty sighs that he heaves, I cannot take upon me to say; but assuredly the air that he called for is one of the sweetest ever composed in that musical country. Have you the words? said she.

Yes, I have, said Aveline, smiling, and am begining to fear there is love under the hazel glens of Spey; that word sounds so heavily on his heart strings, that, even unknown to him, as I imagine, it has brought forth a sigh, and whether it may be love of kindred, love of country, or love of another kind, I cannot tell.

Upon my word, said pretty Rose, your definition of love, and the sensations to be understood under the word "hazel glen" are perfectly originals, in their kind; and indeed Miss Aveline, with your solemn face and serious looks, who would have thought that you knew what the meaning of that dangerous term was? not thinking that you could give such a finished explanation of it, but you are so much given to meditation and thought, and who can tell what those thoughts are?

As the minstrels performed the tune, they went over the words of the song to themselves, repeating

Tho' foaming Spey should quit the glen,  
I'll meet my Jessy there again.

Undoubtedly, there is some witchery on his mind, concerning the rural glens and bonny lasses of Scotland:

"And a' the maids frae Clyde to Dee,  
Young Jessy Cam'ron pleases me."

Yes, said Rose O'Neill, that's the origin of those long fetched sighs, and likewise that ardent and anxious hope of returning to his country.

And, poor lad, said Aveline, in such a tempest surely these silly ideas did not occur to him to-night; but certainly, in a tempestuous hour like to that in which he landed, even that he had been possessed of some of your imaginary sensations, he could not be occupied so foolishly.

In what a fantastical silly light, said the other, you represent those matters which you would wish to be so. I am certain; but the last sigh he gave, and the air he called for, tell me no less than he is in love, and also longs to return; it is very possible that your resemblance to the friend he left behind, has been the principal reason for his insisting, or rather soliciting, to be admitted as our companion here.

Aveline said nothing in answer to this dissertation, but sighed, and unknowingly relapsed into her pretty grave face and philosophical physiognomy so becoming her.

Take care, said Rose, taking her a flap on the cheek, take care said she, or you'll sigh yourself into love, and I wish it is not half begun with you; if you would quit thinking, and leave aside your deep reveries, you might do better; but I almost see that you are gone and bewildered in thought.

I hope, said Aveline, you are not imputing a weakness to me, of which I am altogether innocent; if ever you had known me immersed in vain ideas or fanciful notions, you might well accuse me; but as it is, I think you have no reason. I indeed must confess, said she, that I pitied him, but any farther I cannot by any means, submit to an unjust accusation; and therefore my dear friend, I beg you will not tease me any farther on this matter.

I do not wish, said the other, you should understand me as teasing you; I am only representing as a friend to you, the manner in which I see you are affected, and which I think you are not aware of: you say you only pity him, but I beseech you guard against that term, for it has unthinkingly led thousands like an Ignis Fatuus into the most inextricable, and I may say even fatal associations. For what is pity? It is, undoubt-

edly love unfledged, and though callow at present, and lying as it were, in embryo, it will positively assume strength at one time or another, and mounting on wing, you know not where its flight may terminate.

Your wholesome counsel, said Aveline, is both salutary and pleasing to me, and if I may be allowed anything to say in justice of my own inclinations, must always suppose that the pity which I felt toward him, was nothing more than what the ties of humanity obligate one rational being to feel for another ; and in compliment to you pretty Rose, for your moral lecture and refined dissertation on the foregoing subject, I am called upon to say you have even excelled the gravest of the fathers, whom when in the habit of receiving monastic admonitions I was accustomed to hear ; but I hope with me you will conclude that the air is sweet, and also that the young Islander feels its most affecting pathos, which I presume is nothing more than what any young man would, when in a strange country he should hear one of his national airs well executed.

Well, said her friend, let us conclude so, for he is coming to join us I see.

Ladies, said he, on returning, I feel much happiness in re-joining you again, after hearing so many of our sweetest national airs performed—a pleasure in which I am certain you both participate as deeply as the poor stranger ; but certainly lady Aveline, if she will allow me to call her by that name, for I think I will not be mistaken in saying that she is a musical enthusiast.

But pray, said Aveline, which of these pieces did you consider the sweetest ? for that old Irish melody called “Hoo-lagandagh oh,” in my opinion is beyond comparison, and like many others of our country, it is well adapted to the harp ; it was on that instrument it was composed.

Assuredly, said he, it is fascinating to an extreme and is one of those melodies I presume which to all the world has celebrated your country, for the soft cadence and melancholy of her music ; but may I ask how you liked the Glens of Spey ?

Extremely well, said they, have you been accustomed to hear it sung?

O yes, said he, often.

Was it by gentlemen or ladies?

I have heard it sung by both, said he, but think that a soft voice suits it best; and lady Aveline, I would venture to assert, that if you have the words and please to essay, you can do it equal justice.

I am indeed, said she, fond of the air, and have the stanzas or words, I should say, but cannot please myself in singing, and perhaps might please others less.

You have heard it done so well, said Rose O'Neill, that she is intimidated, notwithstanding her being possessed of a sweet voice and science in proportion.

But, said Sir Coll, will you inform me, is Sir Phelim Roe O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, related to the family of Shane's Castle; I mean, Sir Henry, to your family?

He is, said O'Neill, our kinsman and our firm ally long and often tried; our common ancestor, reigned in Tara, besides many others of the royal Hy-Neill race.

I feel, said Sir Coll M'Donnell, sincerely unhappy in your last relation, so much so that I could almost wish I never had touched on the shores of your hospitable island; had I met you in the field of battle as an open enemy, or had I never known either the goodness or the engaging manners of an O'Neill or a M'Quillan, I might not now regret my coming; but as it is, I am almost unfortunate in being rescued from the fury of the wind and waves.

And pray, Sir, said Daniel M'Quillan, may I ask what is the cause of this strange emotion in your mind?

The cause, said M'Donnell is this, Owen Roe O'Donnell of

Tyrconnell sent to my father supplicating assistance against the Earl of Tyrone, in consequence of which embassy I am sent with these troops to succour your late enemy.

It is more than probable, said O'Neill, that you may meet us there under the banners of our friend; but if you should, my dear sir, I beg of you not to let it disturb our present happiness; for you know that acts of generosity and hospitality may be performed in the field of battle, as well as in the drawing-room or cabinet.

Owen Roe Baldearg, whom you are about to succour, is a brave man, and I am certain you will be as much attached to him after a little intercourse as you have been or are to your present host and his friends.

These things are possible, are truly possible, said M'Donnell; but still they cannot set my mind at rest; however, as I find it is inevitable, I shall take it in as good part as I can, hoping that you will all think as favourably of me as my mission will allow.

While they were handling this disagreeable subject from right to left, Aveline and her friend were listening attentively, and no doubt bore a part in the depression of mind into which the stranger was lately cast. He turned his eyes frequently toward her, and seemed from the time he was informed of their alliance to Tyrone, totally lost in thought.

A bell at length announced the hour of supper, and they retired obedient to the call, some with hearts as light and as cheerful as the lark that soars aloft, and carols up to heaven her morning hymn, but others affected in a different manner; however, the night passed over agreeably, and the following day was set apart for some little sport and pastime, in order to banish any unfavourable thoughts from their minds that might arise from the late acquaintance between their guest and them.

I should be glad, said old Daniel M'Quillan, that we could have a race to-day, it is now long since I have seen a match on

the sod, and if we could find a good pair, I think the beauty of this fine morning would add much to our diversion, and the course is in such condition that the cattle themselves would take delight in the exercise.

I have an old blood, said O'Neill, which has reigned victorious for many years, and though now cast, has still spunk enough, and is as keen for the lead as when he started a three-year-old, and to this day I'll bet he'll outwind the best of your country gallopers.

Do you mean, said Garry M'Quillan, old Tarah?

The same, said he. I fear, replied the other, we have nothing in this country could either catch him or match him: however if we had any one that could start with him, it would still raise a dittle pastime.

Could M'Ilyennan's colt do nothing? said Daniel M'Quillan; I see his son putting him frequently over the course, and I can assure you he runs hard and long.

Is he full-bred? said M'Donnell.

He is blood by the sire, said Garry M'Quillan; but his dam came from one of our own watery islands, and I think that the Brimmagh Dhu, that is the name which his master gives him, I say I must think that the Brimmagh Dhu has as much fire from her as from his high-born sire, and I can tell you he will do much more than any person is aware of; but I know he has a custom of bolting, and unless we could secure him from this practice, we would have little sport, and again there is no possibility of pulling him: however I think if he keeps to old Tarah twice round the course or three times, he will be more easily managed; the best plan, in my opinion, or rather the best remedy against bolting is, to run him with winkers, and if it is necessary, we shall put a curb on him, and I think between that and a pair of good spurs, we shall manage him.

The winkers, said Daniel M'Quillan, may be useful to him,

but I do not approve of the curb; he has always been accustomed running in a snaffle, and I would not like to try him with any other.

But I know not whom we can get to ride him, for my father's jockey is gone to ride near Dublin.

No man, said Garry, shall ride him but young M'Ilvannan, nor do I think he would do as much for any other, as scarcely any person besides this lad ever has been on his back.

Well, said old Daniel M'Quillan, will you send and apprise M'Ilvannan that he may know, and also that we may hear what he says, for I am persuaded he has a high opinion of the Brimmagh Dhu, but Sir Henry, I would fondly know if you have got a jockey?

I have the jockey who always rode Tarah, said he, and I believe he is something akin to the Brimmagh in his disposition, for he is unwilling to allow any other to cross him.

But, said M'Quillan, since your jockey is a professional horseman, it will be necessary to give charges to him that he act fairly with young M'Ilvannan, as we can say he is but a child and never rode a match before.

I shall charge him strictly, said O'Neill, for there is all reason that the Brimmagh and his rider should get fair play.

Well then, said the other, what would you think if you and I should step over and ask him for the colt?

This being settled upon they set out, and topping the hill began to come in sight of the cabin, but were met by the master before they came forward, carrying a weighty bludgeon of black thorn under his arm, and his hat in his hand.

Musha good marrow marning to you, says he, and you're a thousand times welcome.

M'Ilvannan, said M'Quillan, we are about to have a race, if you allow us.

Arrah long life to yourselves many a good race, my blessing light on the times I have seen about Dunluce a hiskey. But why do you ask if I will let yes? Sure you know I have been sick this saison almost from hallontine, and bad luck to the morsel of any thing gave it to me, but just as you observe for want of a good race.

Why, said M'Quillan, the business is, Sir Henry John O'Neill has challenged all the North of Antrim, from the Bann to the Bush, and from the Bush to Croaghmore, boasting that old Tarah could run away from them all. Arrah by the frost although I wouldn't like to pick a quarrel with Mister O'Neill bekase as I may safely say he's an ould cronie of yours, master, but if he was Tarah over again, by Sheemiss a Murphy I'll find a horse will run with him, and that not very far off either, mind I'm telling yes, at the same time drawing himself up on his centre and assuming more confidence.

And pray, said M'Quillan, where is that horse, for I can think of none swift enough?

If yes don't know then I tell you without putting a tooth in it, and bad luck to the other horse I mane than the Brim-magh Dhu, striking the palm of his hand sharply with the cudgel, and looking with determination in O'Neill's face.

From this saying, said his master, am I to understand that you will let him run to save the honour of your country? Arrah by the nine Whillans\* if he could run with the wind you'll get him with a faultie. I find therefore that you are willing and since this day is so far spent I wish that you have him in readiness pretty early to-morrow, and bring him to the ground with your son who I intend shall ride for the honour of the family of M'Quillan and the Castle of Dunluce. M'lvvennan went away as much loaded with honour as if he had been chosen in the combat of the Horatii against the Curatii. A messenger was immediately despatched to Clanbuoy to pre-

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\* The Whillans are nine rocks in the sea near to Glenarm, lying pretty low, and called by some The Maidens.

pare old Tarah and have him on the ground before ten the next morning, with his jockey O'Kelly and all his furniture.

M'Ilvennan turned into his cabin after the gentlemen took leave of him, and raising himself up like an orator with the hat on his brows, and still retaining the cudgel fast grasped by the middle, musha by my faith, said he, stopping in the middle of the sentence and calling cheo to Driver, who interrupted him by fawning on him, Choo agady I say with your bad manners, arah will some of yes take hould of that dog till I be done spaiking.

The dog was now laid hold on by two of the children, who with much difficulty held him down, but still the faithful animal kept his eye fixed on his master, a personage dearer to him than the emperor of all the east.

I say, said he, d'ye see me now? I am chosen to prap up the honour of Mister M'Quillan, by running the Brimmagh Dhu against ould Tarah of Clanbuoy, as I was saying, honey, what's that I smell burning in the fire over bye there? Arrah, why dont ye's look out to the sheep, ye lazy blaggard spalpeens you, as I may say. Well then hang me.—where did you leave the cow's pat? But to make a long story short—who' that gwine whiskin along the ditch and a brown dog after him?

As he pronounced the last word Driver espying the dog, bolted through between his legs overturning both the children, and nearly taking the feet from the orator, who struck wickedly at him as he passed with a marrafastie to the bad breed of yes; but as soon as he saw him and the other engage, throwing away his cudgel, he ran after him with a thousand whillilieus and hirrus, now agaddy, now shake him ahalliagh.

The purport of this unfinished oration was to tell his family that he stood pledged for the honour of M'Quillan, and also that he intended to go to Banagher\* for a littel of the sacred

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\* Banagher Church, in the county Derry, stands south-west of Dungiven, and was erected in the fifth century: here are also the walls of an old abbey, in tolerable re-

and, to cast over the Brimmagh to save him from witchcraft, at the blink of an ill eye, said he:

It was not that he doubted the speed of the Brimmagh against any thing that ever went on four feet, but suspecting that witchcraft, necromancy, and all kinds of conjury were a foot at such a time, and on the other hand, knowing that the virtue of Banagher sand was a complete repellant and counter-tractor of all secret machinations, he mounted his capul bawn, accoutred in straw saddle, or what the Irish call a sugan, with stirrups of gads or withs and a pair of branks, brandishing over her head his shilelah, and holding his elbows as high as his ears calling aloud to his Andromache to fling the besom after him.

Just as he had commenced his prosperous career, attended by all the omens of fortune and good luck, and humming to

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pair. The titular saint of Banagher was Murrugh\* O'Heany in whose name the sand is lifted, and also by one of the same family. There is a small stream passes this church, called Owen Reagh, near to the source of which in the mountains, is a deep pool, called Lag-na-paistie, where an enormous serpent, says tradition, lies coiled up, that was formerly accustomed to come out, and lie round a little green hill with his tail in his mouth. He had committed many ravages on the neighbouring herds, until St. Murrugh prayed to be enabled to put three bands of rushes on him, which was granted to him; he then prayed that these three bands might become bands of iron, which was also granted: the serpent then requested, they say, to have his tail turned to O'Kane's country, which the pious saint was good enough to allow. I remember as often as I passed this place to have a serious dread on me for O'Heaney's prisoner. In times past when wheel vehicles were not so common as they are now, and chiefly in mountainous regions, it happened on a day that a number of carriers returning from the glen woods, with trusses of timber suspended on each side of their horses to the pins of their straddles, were coming to Owen Reagh; but it was so swollen with the summer rains, that they were obliged to lay down their loads, and wait until the water subsided. There was a poor man residing convenient to the stream above mentioned, who, being tortured with the rheumatic pains, begged to be carried out to see the grandeur of the torrent falling into Lag-na-paistie. He was, according to his wishes, placed on an eminence above, and his attendants went further up, leaving him alone, when the pins of one of the straddles that had fallen into the stream appearing to him above the surface of the water, as the horns of the paistie rising to devour him, he sprang to his feet and made the best of his way home, never feeling pain nor ache more.

\*In English, Mordani.

himself "Patrick's Day in the morning" he espied at some distance approaching him, a red-haired female, barefoot, and being perfectly aware that this was immediate disaster and misfortune, he was entranced with apprehensions regarding the sequel of his journey, and reining up the capul bawn, he waved the cudgel, shouting aloud to her to take to the one side, accompanying his peremptory orders with all the opprobrium his vernacular tongue would allow; showering down on her head bad lucks, murrains, and marafasties in abundance.

From M'Ilvennan's waving, hillooing, and other violent agitations, the woman imagined that he was in some kind of distress, and required her immediate assistance. therefore she with all haste made directly toward him, which so far disconcerted him, that clapping spurs to the capul bawn, he wheeled to the right and made out of the way at full speed; but there being a large trench before him, and the woman taking a near road, he lost all patience. To turn back was to him nearly as bad as to meet his evil star, and being hemmed in on every side, he scarcely knew what to do, until leaping from his oaten saddle, he took up an armful of stones and let fly at her, who perceiving his meaning and not till then betook herself to flight, being followed across the field by a brisk cannonade, the bullets rolling on right and left as thick as hail.

When he had properly repelled this fatal omen, that was just on the hinge of undoing all his most brilliant hopes, he mounted a second time, and had not ridden far until he found a horse-shoe which happily undid all the baneful consequences of the former events, and ensured him prosperity for the remaining part of his journey, let him meet whatsoever he would. The sum of the matter was that he arrived safe at the place, entered the hallowed ground, put up a short prayer to the saint, and what was remarkable, met one Murrough O'Heaney, a lenial descendant of the guardian angel of that district, and called after him name and surname. His directions were to cast three handfuls of the sand which O'Heaney lifted to him in the name of the saint over the horse as he left the stable door in the morning, and as many over the rider, and that he might sleep on either ear in respect of witchcraft for that day.

He arrived at home a little before day, and had just taken a short sleep and given some refreshment to the companion of his journey, hanging up his oaten saddle and timber bridle on the balk of the couple over the capul bawn, where she stood tramping her fodder with her sleek hide as white as a daisy ; say just as he had given her a little provender, the cry struck his ear, that there was old Tarah surrounded by some hundreds from Clanbuoy and heading fairly for Dunluce.

McIlvennon that instant threw all from him and running to the door took a sharp look of him, muttering into himself, *dhira-lhora* he's a vourneen, but I'm afraid sand and all it will stand hard with the poor Brimmagh Dhu. Och on, och on my poor fellow, choo agaddy I'm not speaking to you, you're always bothering me when you see me in trouble ; my poor fellow, I say over again what will you do ? For as I'm a sinner that horse is as long as the barn and the byre.

The place where the Brimmagh stood was with wattels and plaster made as close as a magpie's nest, then lined within with straw mats to save him from the walls, and appearing as dark as a vault.

A messenger now came from Dunluce for the colt, and bringing a good cover with him, so that he might appear as respectable as possible. When he was brought out, his master did not forget to cast the sand over both him and his son, together with a hearty blessing, receiving on their backs a shower of besoms, brogues and broomsticks from the children ; but he could not move from the door unless frisking and playing, until they had to bring forth his dam after her long journey and lead her along side of him.

All the peasantry, even to the little boys, now gathered, out and marched along with the young hero, who was about to make his first experiment on the sod. The ground on which the match was to be run, was a little green eminence having a stone fence of a circular form round its extremity, nearly a mile in length ; the field was altogether flat, save this little pro-

tubulance, which was a good stand for the spectators, and which including all the ditches and hills in the neighbourhood, was well covered.

After they had waited long in anxious expectation, holding their hands above their eyes and as every horse topped the hill hearing the cry there they came, old Tarah at length appeared covered and led by a groom; when he was stripped he showed like an old veteran, who, often victorious, and thinking of his services in the field were done, was yet obliged to come forth against a new opponent. As he passed along with a light step his fiery eye rolled red and restless, viewing the ground and grinding the well burnished bit, all laved in foam. His colour was a dark chesnut, with a few scattered hairs on his tail, his back speckled with snowdrops, and the scars on his flank represented the laurels of many a hard earned victory.

The Brimmagh when stripped was what we would call a pretty animal, having a small white ratch, as some jockies term it, turning over the far nostril; in colour he was as black as jet, and his glossy skin shone like oilcloth. He was hard and round, and for a horse of his height few could be found occupying such a space of ground. His mane flowed in waves over his neck, one of his forefeet turning a little out, and to crown all, his sweeping black tail fell down to his heels; however, it being switched, and his mane lightened, he had a much smarter appearance. As he approached the course, he filled the air with shrieks and neighings, snuffing and gazing around him for his venerable dam, and frequently throwing up his heels and gamboling like a foal.

Sir Henry John O'Neill rode forward, having Sir Coll M'Donnell on his right hand, and young Daniel M'Quillan on his left; and as they were riding up to the cattle, said I will double the bets if you add another mile to the heat, making it four times round the course, or four miles.

I fear, said M'Quillan, the only chance we stand is in the short heat; for you know the animal is young, and I might almost

ay untried. He is active however, and light a foot said O'Neill, and it is more than probable will take the first heat from Tarah,—that is, if he keep the course, otherwise it will spoil the sport.

He was at length prevailed upon to allow the colt to run the four-mile heat, and O'Neill giving orders for mounting, O'Kelly sprung him off, and put him half round the course, preparing him for the start; at which the other attempted to run off after him, and when he was overpowered by his rider, reared and shook his head, bolting forward, and endeavouring to disengage himself of the rein.

Arrah, gramachree, said his master, running forward, and clapping him and chafing his neck, be aisy, be aisy for a little, and we'll soon give you freedom.

M'Ilvennan at this time became quite restless, running from one side of the course to another, muttering, and not thinking himself right in any ground.

As old Tarah came up to the start a second time, he appeared quite another animal, his veins swollen and sinews at full tension, his ears laid forward like those of a hare, and cutting all the capers he was wont to do at a more juvenile age.

The jockey was dressed in buckskin and scarlet, with a white sash round his middle; young M'Ilvennan in buckskin and green, with a scarlet sash, and white caps both.

If old Tarah had a noble appearance, the Brimnagh of his kind was no less so; proudly looking through his winkers like a young soldier something vain in his first habiliments of war.

The Dunluce men stood arranged on one side, with hope, fire, and anxiety painted in their features, and mostly armed with cudgels, watching only for an excuse to sally forth on the

Clanbuoy boys, who stood opposite them as well prepared and as warm for the strife in favour of their hero.

There was a stand erected in the centre, with a canopy, but admitting a view of the course in all directions, and on the structure stood old Daniel M'Quillan with the ladies. 'Twas astonishing to behold how the different parties had taken different sides of the course, and also to see what phrensy was bursting from their eyes, how firmly the Shilelah was grasped, and the one foot set before the other in an attitude that defied opposition; so that a single push now, or tramp on the toes would have been sufficient to commence a universal quarrel; not that there was the least animosity or hate on either side, but from the fervour into which they were roused, each party for the performance of their own champion; and such is the disposition and natural warmth of the brave Irish, who cannot coolly stand by disinterested spectators to witness a hard struggle, whether between the rational or irrational species.

"What a pity that evil designing demagogues should take an opportunity of this national calor to disseminate the elements of anarchy and discord in our once happy but now distracted country;" and now would have been the time to lead these enthusiastic Irishmen against a foreign enemy, but the movement of the crowd, and a universal murmur that spread from right to left, announced the moment of start, and that being followed by a huzza from both parties, caused the spectators, who were advanced on the course, to look back, when the first object that saluted their eyes was the white face of the Brimnagh Dhu, bearing for head, and his rider leaning back with both arms separate and at full tension. Old Tarah was running hard upon his rear, on whose back O'Kelly seemed to be exerting his utmost efforts in pulling, at one time leaning forward as if to collect strength, and again rising in the saddle and casting himself backward until his head nearly came in contact with the spine.

Three cheers for Clanbuoy and old Tarah, that never came in hindmost yet, shouted those on the left.

As many for Dunluce, shouted those on the right, and the black colt that never was tried before.

Keep him back, said Garry M'Quillan, to young M'Ilvennan, as he was passing.

I am not able, said he.

As they came up to O'Neill in another part of the course; give the boy fair play, said he, and not press him so much to the wall.

They had encircled the ground once and no great difference, each running nearly in the birth in which he started, and receiving the plaudits of their phrenzied countrymen as they bore along; and now old Tarah forever—now you're doing it in style, old veteran.

'Twas coming round the third time that those on the centre of the area thought the Brimmagh was coming alone; so equal were they, head for head, man for man; and it was still evident to the spectators, that there was a strong rein on them yet, but that they were coming to matters in a kindly manner, as a jockey would say.

The Brimmagh's rider had now shaken off much of the dread which he had at first, and it must be confessed rode well: all called out it was as good a match as ever was run.

As they began to encompass it the fourth time, both were doing what they could, and receiving admonition alternately, from heel and hand, as the poet says.

Can you do no more? said M'Quillan to his man; at which applying sharply both whip and spur, he gained the length of his neck, and kept it until they reached the goal, from which they were not more than two hundred yards.

The air was now rent with cries from the Dunluce men,

and the master of the Brimmagh being no longer able to wear either coat or hat, came bounding forward rather like a man out of his ordinary senses, whillilieuing, the Brimmagh Dhu Gobragh a halliagh, and I knew he could do the business.

Every wisp now that could touch their bodies was busily employed in drying them, Old Tarah appearing as small at the kidney as a foal, and the colt's glossy skin shining like jet, and copiously dripping the perspiration.

Young M'Ilvennan had his arms nearly shaken off by his neighbours, and happy was he who could get a hold of him.

Old Tarah was well caressed also, and hailed with almost as much joy as if he had come in foremost.

After they were drenched with cordials, and properly cool, they were mounted a second time, and a horseman sent off to clear the course before them.

As O'Kelly passed along, walking until the time of starting, O'Neill called him to him, and addressing him rather sharply; O'Kelly, said he, I do not wish that you should make child's play any longer, I know the horse is both durable and well winded; therefore I charge you, let him run off from the start, bearing him well, but by no means pushing, until you are within the last circle.

O'Kelly, at the conclusion of these orders, put his hand to his cap, as much as to say, your mandates shall be obeyed.

His opponent hearing the harangue, knew that if he pushed from the start he, thorough necessity, must do the same, and so prepared himself accordingly.

Both being reined about, and getting the word, went off like a clap of thunder, Tarah taking the lead. After the first round the Brimmagh passed him, and got into his old birth with a cheer from his friends, at which O'Neill called to him

an, if he can do it let him not come in hindmost. They were now running remarkably hard, the wind whistling from them as they came round; in the last or fourth circuit Tarah fully cleared himself, a space of which he did not lose an inch during the heat; and now the uproar was around the victor, the air ringing with acclamations and darkened by the throwing up of hats from all quarters, the Brimmagh being as much pressed as if he had been victorious, his master walking before him triumphantly and brandishing his cudgel round his head as a token of defiance. The cattle were well rubbed and walked till they were cool, and every cordial procured for them which was considered to be a restorative.

M'Quillan's jockey was pale as ashes, and rather weak; but was taken into the castle with his adversary, and there regaled with a glass of wine and other liquids of a strengthening nature. There was around all the course at this time a double spirit of anxiety and deep interest, each of the cattle having taken a heat, and each party equally sanguine in favour of their champion.

They were ordered at length to mount, and M'Quillan taking his jockey aside, said, let Tarah lead you by nothing more than the neck, for the two first rings; then, if it appears to you that you can hold to him with any kind of ability for so far, I wish you to pass him if possible, but be assured if you let him away from you any distance, you'll never catch him again.

They were to start this time at the firing of a pistol, which they did, going off nearly as quick as if impelled by gunpowder, the Brimmagh notwithstanding all M'Quillan's injunctions, taking the lead, and making as if he would run away with his rider; but he was hardly pressed by his veteran adversary, running him up to the girth, to the fourth round, when whips and spurs were all plied with vigour, old Tarah driven hard for the heat, and the Brimmagh pressed sorely to keep his ground; when to the astonishment of all present, they came to the goal even heads, the winkers of the colt barely distinguished

by the judges past old Tarah's forehead, but no other difference, therefore it was made a dead heat; and all coming forward, declared it would be criminal to carry the contention farther. This being the opinion of the two undertakers, it was agreed that they should resign as they began, asserting that, such a pair and such a match never had been witnessed on that course before.

They now procured a couple of bagpipes from Sir Coll M'Donnell's Scottish regiment, and causing them to play before them round the circus, leading those two beautiful animals after, with the capul bawn along side of her colt, as he never appeared to be perfectly tranquil when she was not convenient to him one place or another; old M'Ilvennan came forward caressing his horse and talking to him as was his usual custom, making moan for him, and praising him all in the same breath.

Arrah, my Bochiell Dhu, you have performed wonders this day, and by the frast, my son, you're kilt, far as I am fresh and fasting, save two or three glasses of brandy that I drank, I saw your purty black tail coming round the carner like the tail of a swallow by the cruiskin lawn, ma vourneen dhelis.

The gentry now withdrew to the castle to spend the night in hilarity, and talk over the pleasures of the day, which did not fail to afford abundance of entertainment, as scarcely a leap was taken on which there was not some remark made, and every time the subject was talked over, a new side of it was turned up, that had not appeared before, O'Neill himself confessing that although he was perfectly sensible of old Tarah's excellence on the sod, yet the wind and durability of the Brim-magh Dhu surpassed any thing he had ever seen.

The village on the south side of the castle, together with the barrack, was filled with those who had come to witness the sport, and they were treated to plentiful libations of their native stingo; two or three men being appointed both from the Scottish and Irish battalions, and these invested with a power some-

thing resembling a police, in order to preserve regularity and peace; for it was not to be doubted but their interference would be required before morning: and while they were enjoying themselves thus at Dunluce, it is not to be supposed that the cattle were left unattended. However, about an hour after, the porter announced the arrival of a stranger at the outer gate, whose business personally was with Sir Henry John O'Neill, and that he refused to deliver a sealed packet which he bore, unless to himself; I am at a loss to know, said Sir Henry, who this person is, or from whence; but you had better inform him, that I await him at the drawbridge.

He is on horseback, said the porter.

Well, said Sir Henry, have his horse put up, and deliver the same message!

The porter having done as he was ordered, and the stranger coming to the place appointed, was immediately recognised by his friend to be Sir Hugh M'Phelim O'Neill, of Tyrone, son of old Sir Phelim O'Neill, of same place.

After the ordinary ceremonies of salutation were over, the latter delivered the packet to his friend with his father's sincere wishes for the family's welfare.

Having retired into an open apartment and unsealed the parcel, it contained thanks to him for his proffered services, but also informed him that a friendship was now cemented between him and the ancient and illustrious house of Tyrconnel, that he was happy it had ended agreeably to his mind, for otherwise it must have been productive of many of those lamentable evils usually attending on war. He also wished him in his name to thank the noble house of De Borgo for the like proffered services, as he had been always conscious of their attachment to his family, and that if in time they required a proof of his friendship, they had only to write to him when the first opportunity served, and in three days' time they would see the broad flag with the arms of the ancient Hy-Neills, floating over the moun-

tains of Daire Calgac to join the eagle of the Norman de Borgos.

I am extremely gratified at this news, said Sir Henry O'Neill, first on account of our own family and connexion, I mean when I say so, the O'Neills and their friends, and secondly on another account which I think you will know before you leave the castle.

Sir Hugh O'Neill was only a boy at this time, but he, notwithstanding his tender years, was of an exalted demeanour, being handsome in his person, and tastefully arrayed in the uniform of an officer of Irish dragoons; he was remarkably proud of his family, and scarcely thought any other in Ireland worthy to be compared to his own. He was informed by his friend concerning Sir Coll M'Donnell's arrival, and likewise the expedition on which he came, but also of his severe contrition for the part he had undertaken, hoping, said he, that an accommodation would be effected before he would leave the friends whom Providence had raised and collected together on that tempestuous night, yes, even to the spot of our shipwreck, to save us from the merciless seas.

Before says he, I could become an enemy to those who saved me and my men from a watery grave, and who have cherished me in their bosom ever since, I would cheerfully fight the tempestuous billows over again, leaving my safety to fate.

These are his words, said O'Neill and the words of a young man who to the finest feelings and character of a gentleman, adds that of a patriot and soldier. I shall have the happiness presently of introducing you to him, who, like yourself is a young knight, and I intreat, my dear friend, whatever topic of conversation the company chance to discuss, that you will avoid any thing pointed regarding the expedition on which Sir Coll M'Donnell has come to Ireland. I shall also be happy in introducing you to my good friend and his family, I mean M'-Quillan, and charge you to guard your heart, for there is a young lady of this same family, of a philosophical countenance,

that in a short time, I don't fear, will disarm you and render you careless of all the beauties of Tyrone.

You are introducing me then to danger, said Sir Hugh, a warm-brained soldier on the one hand, and a pretty fascinating girl on the other, so take care, I counsel you, how you bring me out.

Having prepared him for the company, and led him in, he performed his promise, the entire family being overjoyed to hear of the tidings of peace between the Tyrone power and the Tyrconnel; but if the tidings of peace brought joy to them, it brought much more to Sir Coll M'Donnell, who thought the day on which he must leave Dunluce as fatal to him as if it had been his last. He had experienced their friendship and their hospitality in the most distinguished manner; he knew they were attached to him sincerely, but there was another tie detaining him, which every day that he stayed longer at the castle was taking a firmer hold of him.

His stay there was indeed short as yet; but during that minimum of time he had talked himself into love with that sweet interesting girl, an original of her kind. On the other hand, the honour of his father's house was pledged for the fulfilment of this intended expedition to Tyrconnel, and, therefore, if tearing himself from Dunluce should be done at the forfeiture of half his life, he was resolved to do it, but never could think of drawing his sword against them, no, not even in defence of himself: so the news that Sir Hugh O'Neill brought to the castle that night could not fail to exhilarate the hearts of its inmates, but of none so much as of that of the young Highlander.

Aveline and her friend had been well attended to during the day by their young knight, who, dismounting and giving his horse to a servant, squired them around the circus, and then when they wished, retired with them to the stand. They had been in an apartment of their own, when young O'Neil arrived, and before they entered the great hall were informed of the event.

As there was to be a ball this night in the castle, as well as the night of Aveline's birth-day, they had the hall hung round with ivy and holly, the berries of both being wrought into festoons, had a romantic appearance when stricken by the light issuing from massive chandeliers suspended on all sides of the room and often reminded them of the primitive state of our forefathers, who were accustomed to hold many of their rural fetes under the greenwood tree, illumining the scarlet berries and green leaves by the glance of the flame of the oak, as the simple song and rustic tale went gaily round.

Aveline M'Quillan and pretty Rose O'Neill appeared in a dress altogether different from what they had worn on her birth-night, although it was as genuinely national. They had made a kind of bargain or contract that they should both appear in the same garb, excepting the necklaces. Each wore a robe of vestal whiteness during the day, and this robe was gracefully fastened by the Dealg-fallain, or rich circular brooch, rarely to be found unless in the family of an Irish nobleman: from the shoulder fell a mantle of scarlet silk, fastened at the neck with a gold bodkin; and the veil,\* which was called the Fillag, had a binding that encircled the head, ornamented with precious stones.

The veil, brooch, mantle, and bodkin, were now laid aside, and the snow-white robe alone retained, with the arms and bosom bare, and the hair flowing over the neck, as was customary for the young ladies of Ireland.

When they came in, Sir Henry did to his friend the same honours which he on a former occasion had done to Sir Coll M'Donnel; as for pretty Rose she had seen him before. Seating himself beside the ladies, he was much entertained with their conversation, wherein they described to him as well as they possibly could, the diversion of the day.

I should have been glad, said he, to have added one to your party, that is admitting you and your guardians would have been complaisant enough to receive me.

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\* The veil, as I said before, was not customary to unmarried ladies.

O certainly, said pretty Rose, your company would have been quite agreeable to us, but our protection did not consist of the plular number, we had only one.

So then, said Sir Hugh, fair cousin, I probably might have been delegated as a second in commission.

Yes, said his friend, if our commander-in-chief had approved of your services.

And was it necessary, said he, that I should have the approbation of your superior officer before I would be admitted even to serve you?

By all means, said Aveline, looking across the room at Sir Coll M'Donnell, you know it was not in our power either to receive or reject you.

If, said Sir Hugh, my preferment must come to me in such a way, I fear it would arrive mingled with bitters.

Oh but then you are sensible, said Rose, that our presence would compensate for any little grievance you necessarily might feel, and so you had only to show proper obedience, as I said before, to your superior.

Upon my honour, fair Rosamond, said he, I perceive you are fully aware of the value of your company; however I must confess that I esteem it highly, and to be frequently with you would undergo more perhaps than you imagine; in charity therefore, to the poor stranger, you will please leave out two words, that is, obedience and superior, words, I fear, not well understood by a descendant of the Hy Nials.

I hope, said she, you are not about to intimidate us by the high-sounding name and family of your ancestors.

He was at length obliged to laugh right out at her, thinking of the manner in which she exposed him and all he said. I see I must surrender to you, said he, but will you be kind enough to inform me who this Adonis is, I mean the gentleman

who personated your tutelar Deity since the morning, and whose approbation I must obtain before I can share the company of the demi-goddesses.

At the time M'Donnell was sitting alone, young Daniel M'Quillan came forward, asking him why he looked so melancholy; you are certainly M'Donnell, said he, mourning for some pretty Scottish girl whom you have left behind, and if so in sincerity I beg of you do it in private, otherwise you will offend our Irish girls, who are as tenacious of attention as any others; come let us go over to them, lest they should hereafter say they were neglected.

Oh, said M'Donnell, it is quite otherwise, they are by no means neglected, since they have got Sir Hugh O'Neill to be their knight, it is possible they are not further anxious.

M'Quillan, smiling, pulled him up, and both going over to the other side of the house, were graciously received by their friends, M'Donnell seating himself beside pretty Rose, and the other beside Sir Hugh O'Neill.

Why have you not come to your charge sooner? said she, we have been quite solitary since you left us.

I hoped otherwise, said he, and in honour to your friend, I think you must revoke the last declaration.

I am always absolute, said she, and when an ordinance is once delivered, never wish to recal it, and again you know my friend is only one individual, and there are a plurality of us.

Had I known, said he, that I could in the smallest degree have contributed to your happiness by my most sedulous attention, be assured it would not have been wanting, for I must candidly confess that such a charge was to me altogether pleasing.

M'Quillan's fair daughter all this time being engaged in con-

versation by the gentleman on her right hand, but not so closely that she didn't overhear them, thought from such appearance as she saw that there was something like attachment existing between her friend and the young Highlander, but it was not so on either part, 'twas for herself alone he sighed, although she might truly be placed among the last who would think so.

Are you fond, Sir Coll, of an excursion on sea in this fine weather? said M'Quillan.

Yes, I canna say but I am, howanever, I wadna like meikle to get sicna night as the one in which I cam to these shores.

Perhaps, said O'Neill, the gods were enraged with you, I mean the deities of the watery elements, seeing you were embarked in an improper cause.

The wrath of these divinities, said Sir Coll, together with that of the zealots who believe in them, never costs a M'Donnell the second thought; we love our friends, and have no fear for our enemies, turning himself rather about on his chair.

And yet, said the other, you ought to love your enemies if you intend meriting the promised reward.

I beg your pardon, said M'Donnell, smiling, if your intention is to examine our moral conduct, why do you not include others as well as me?

If my friend Sir Hugh be come upon a mission among us, said Daniel, I fear he may have more trouble in making proselytes to his cause than he is aware of.

That depends greatly, said M'Donnell, upon the nature of his cause; for, if it be consonant with justice, we maunna doubt it; but should it be an improper one, as he imputed to me to-night, I am persuaded his converts, if we may call them by that name, will be few.

Money, said O'Neill, has powerful charms ; has frequently induced some renowned heroes to come over to a cause even if it were not to be found among the best. When Philip of Macedon enquired at the oracle of Delphi, he was ordered to fight with silver spears, and Demosthenes himself was bribed by a very small cup, and it is sincerely my opinion that we still can find men like the Swiss, pliant enough to fight for gold in any cause.

The ladies were thrown into terror by the turn which this conversation had taken, as they saw in the countenance of both something prophetic of strife, and having interrupted them by several interrogations, yet all was to no purpose.

As your discourse, sir, said M'Donnell, seems altogether directed toward me, I must in justice to my family, laying his hand on his breast, say, that such mean ideas as you mention were eternally unknown to them ; but in regard of your allusion, clapping his hand on his thigh, where his sword usually hung—I have something in particular to say to you both, said M'Quillan.

Let him finish his sentence, said O'Neill, a few harmless words from a Highlandman can do us little harm, and I am aware he means nothing further.

You may boast securely, said the other, since your present company and the hospitable roof of our friend screen you now from chastisement, and must tell you that there breathes not a Hy Nial in the lands of Inisfalia, against whom I fear to maintain the cause of my family.

Now, said Daniel M'Quillan, will you both allow me to speak a few words on the subject in question, as I am positive each of you mistakes the other, and hence has arisen all the warmth of argument. When, you, Sir Hugh O'Neill, spoke of obtaining allies through the means of gold, and deducting authority from classical history, for which I must compliment you ; I say, did you individually and personally allude to the

family of Sir Coll M'Donnell? and I also ask you, had you cause for that allusion?

I shan't explain; I have told my opinion, and let every one read it as it suits him.

This, said M'Quillan, corroborates my statement; you pointed it at no particular people, only when my friend, looking toward M'Donnell, made a wrong construction, you would not withdraw your hypothesis, a term which I think I may lawfully call it.

Now, said he, turning to M'Donnell, before this misconception, may I as a friend ask, was there any other spark of resentment in your breast against Sir Hugh? I am certain none, answering himself, and still having hold of each by the hand, and you see it has all arisen from nothing.

At the time he put the interrogation to M'Donnell regarding a cause of resentment, he, looking over to Aveline and totally unknown to himself, said, I would be acting a base part if I could conceive such without sufficient grounds; but the man who would falsely brand my family points more than to myself.

If it had been so, said the other, but you hear he has half confessed otherwise, and I am certain it is not the character of M'Donnell to bear animosity in his breast without a cause.

I should hope so, said M'Donnell, smiling; and you, Sir Hugh, in regard of an O'Neill, I should think must confess the same. We are all fond enough, said he, of attributing magnanimity to our family and connexions, be they deserving or not; and I must certainly partake of human nature as well as my fellow brethren. Come, said he, joining their hands, I'll not allow you to disobey my orders longer; cast away this childishness, we don't know but we may be attacked to-morrow by our enemy, Cooley na Gall O'Cahan, from beyond the Bann.

I was determined, said M'Donnell, the first fair wind, that

we should take the opportunity of it in returning to Scotland; but if you are in apprehension of a visit from this chieftain and his clans, I shall willingly accompany you, that I may see how the temper of the Highland and Irish swords agree, for I have been told they are equally red-hot.

You will find the O'Cahans, said O'Neill, good men, take them individually: I don't know, however, whether their clans be numerous; but there was a day, I am well convinced, when they were more powerful than at present. It had been only a few days back that old Daniel M'Quillan received a letter, sealed with the imperial arms of the house of Austria, proposing to his two sons high commissions in the Emperor's service, besides other marks of distinction as an inducement.

Charles the Great, who then filled the Imperial chair, I mean Charles the Fifth of Germany, who was the wonder and terror of Europe for thirty years; now carried on wars with the neighbouring potentates and being often informed of the adventurous prowess of Irishmen, was anxious to procure commanders for some newly raised levies; and, therefore, through his friendship with the English court, addressed himself to the descendants of De Borgo.

No people living were possessed of a more independent mind than the same family, nor had a greater aversion to hold a situation under a higher power, no matter to what degree of supremacy that power was raised; such was the unbending mind of an Irish chieftain in the sixteenth century, that he considered no man existing superior to himself, a good instance of which we find in history:—

“The native Irish chiefs even then continued to consider themselves as being so independent that they made express treaties of peace with the king and his lieutenant: treaties of alliance were more than once made with them, for making war on turbulent lords of the English\* race.

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\* When Richard the Second visited Ireland he entertained no less than seventy-five independent princes at once, but at his own table dressed in robes of state were seated

"One of the chieftains, named M'Gillpatrick, and chief of Ossory in the neighbourhood of Wexford, conceiving himself on a certain occasion to have been aggrieved by the Earl of Ormond, then Lord-deputy of Ireland, sent a declaration of war to Henry the Eighth, if he did not punish him : which declaration the ambassador whom the Irish chieftain had made choice of, delivered in good Latin to the king as he was returning from the chapel."

I have been induced to make this digression in order to shew the importance in which this prince held his good or evil intentions, not fearing to declare war against such a mighty king, although perhaps his own dominions did not exceed the bounds of a county. However, in regard of the two M'Quillans, as they were fond of adventure, and longed to improve in military tactics, it being the arena on which their chivalric genius could best shine, their father, although reluctantly, was persuaded to gratify them in this particular wish, and, therefore, a day was set apart for their taking leave of Dunluce and their grieving friends, and not only Dunluce, but the green island with all her fascinating beauties.

I hope, said Daniel M'Quillan, Sir Coll, you will not set out for the Isles until the time that my brother and I are about to depart, and then let us all go together, so that the trouble at our departure may happen all at one time ; and when we do separate, my dear friends, I might almost say, that we shall never meet again in the same place, for such are the vicissitudes of life, that the fortunes even of two brothers are often cast in different lands, and although we set out in the morning of our days with hearts buoyed up with hopes of returning at a fixed time, yet, alas ! seldom have I seen these hopes realised. Around my heart, said he, I must confess the shamrock of our

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O'Neill, O'Connor, O'Bryan, and M'Murchad. At this time the colonial laws allowed the native Irish no remedy in case of aggrievance, and they being eternally outlawed, says Sir James Ware, no person was punished for slaying an Irishman.

Island\* is entwined, but I must, with a determined hand, pull it away.

\* Far westward lies an Isle of ancient fame,  
By nature blest, Hibernia † is her name,  
An Island rich—exhaustless in her store  
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.  
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,  
With gems her waters, and her air with health;  
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow.  
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow:  
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,  
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn,  
No savage bear with lawless fury roves;  
No ravening lion thro' her sacred groves;  
No poison there infects, no scaly snake  
Creeps thro' the grass, nor frog annoys the lake,  
An Island worthy of its pious race,  
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.

M'Donnell having offered his services to his host against the O'Carahans, the expedition was undertaken, and after hard fighting and a good deal of skirmishing for two or three days, they returned to the castle, bringing some cattle with them, but their forces fewer in number.

Since it is settled past a doubt, said old Daniel M'Quillan, that my sons are about to depart for Germany, and as I am uncertain when they may return, perhaps, indeed, I will look in vain for that pleasure: you and your men are welcome to the accommodation of the castle and the surrounding villages as long as you please to accept it, or as you find it convenient to stop on the Irish shore.

Sir Coll returned him thanks for his offer, and told him he would make himself happy in benefiting by his kind proposal, at least until the coming of Spring, but first he must send and acquaint his father in the isles.

\* These lines are by St. Donatus, Bishop of Etruria, who died in 340.

† The former name of Ireland.

No invitation could be more pleasing to him than that given by his deliverer; but could he know how Aveline's heart beat in regard of her father's beneficence, it would have added much to his felicity. He began to think that she wished rather the stay of Sir Hugh O'Neill; and indeed it must be confessed, the idea originated only in his own breast; nor was he either of a jealous cast; but from the distance which she seemed to keep, and her more than ordinary sincerity, add to this, that he was, as the saying is, over head and ears in love, so that it is not to be wondered that the chalky cliffs and green hills of Hibernia afforded new charms to him every day.

On the day that Garry and Daniel McQuillan intended to set out, Sir Hugh Roe McPhelimy O'Neill proposed also to return to Tyrone, and it was evident that these events would break up the company at Dunluce, so old McQuillan was more anxious for detaining his guest, and, therefore, M'Donnell and Aveline were likely to have the mansion to themselves.

The departure of the brothers, however, was deeply lamented by all for many days: 'twas now only the father and the daughter around the hearth, chatting the night away with the young Highlander, who exerted himself to an extreme in furnishing amusement for the winter evenings, which, when they were fine, began now to have an appearance of spring. Some days he spent in fishing, some in boating, some in riding through the country, and others in riding round the demesne with his host, bringing the news of the day to his friend Aveline.

When the old man was engaged in arranging matters with his tenantry, fortune frequently brought them together in a small ante-chamber, where her harp stood, and where M'Donnell often retired to practice on the violin, an instrument of which he was remarkably fond, and in which he excelled. Two instruments usually hung in this apartment, and on these her brothers were accustomed to perform, while she to heighten the concert often lightly touched over the wires of the harp, and this trio, when the performers were in an humour for music, was unusually fascinating.

Reaching up his hand one day when they were alone, and taking down the violin next to him, he toned it, and began to perform a melody that he and her brothers were wont to play together. As he turned round toward the window where she was, he found her hanging her head, and bathed in tears; then leaving the violin up, he reflected severely on himself for having so unthoughtfully given cause to awaken her grief.

I am unfortunate, said he to her, in this rude act which I, so unthinkingly, have committed;—might not I have known that it would agitate you; but why do I talk—it is out of my power to atone for such misconduct otherwise than by taking an obligation that I shall not receive that instrument in my hand before I tread the shores of Caledonia.

I do not wish, said she, that you should take upon you a promise, or even be unhappily affected for all that has occurred,—to shed a few tears as a small tribute to the recollection of my dear brothers, is certainly as little as I can do, and in place of creating pain to me, I feel a pleasure in the sensation. One of my brothers, and he who was doatingly fond of me, lies buried with my dear Laura in the land of O'Cahan, and these two, who were the only remaining protection of our family, are now gone, and I may say dead to us. I have often enquired at my father respecting the spot of ground where my brother Finn lies, and he says it is pleasantly situated by the side of a little brook, rising in the mountains south-west of the Bann, and a few miles from its source, murmuring past the green habitation of my brother and my friend.

How ungrateful have I been, that during the tedious space since he died, never went to see his grave: my father also tells me that it is planted round with shrubs, and he has engaged a peasant to fence it about, and take every care of it. As I understand that the tomb is beside, or rather in the bosom of a wood, I am often thinking and you will no doubt say it is a childish thought, whether the thrush and blackbird, when carolling forth their wild notes, do sometimes perch on the boughs overhanging the two hapless lovers. I often paint the situation

to myself when in a way of meditation : in the spring when the lambs are frisking along the banks of this stream, I think I see the modest primrose, with its neighbour, the violet, rising on the sunny side of the tomb, and exhaling sweet fragrance to the early passenger ; I hear the morning bee as he flits from the cup of one wild flower to another, mingle his drumbling song with the ever varying cadence of the brook murmuring below.

I have formed a plan with myself ; but whether ever I shall get it realised is uncertain ; however, although ideal, it has greatly quieted my mind, and is the subject of meditation for many a lonely hour. The plan is simply this : if we are fortunate enough to obtain a peace with the O'Cahans, I intend requesting my father to accompany me to the place, that I may visit the residence of my dear friends, and see whether it resembles what I have in my imagination : I shall also take a servant to bear my harp,\* and having sketched the wood, the tomb and the brook, with the old building that I am informed stands near to it, not omitting a single shrub nor flower that decorates their grassy bed, I shall play over them before my departure a piece of which I knew they were both fond.

As she concluded the last sentence, she shed tears in abundance, and never before appeared to him possessed of half the charms. I have always thought, and I am almost positive many will agree with me, that a pretty face never shines so bewitchingly, as through a veil of silent tears : it brings to my mind the picture of an April morn, wherein the brilliant rays of the sun are thinly skirted over by a moist cloud only rendering its second appearance more agreeable.

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In early times the ladies of Ireland were taught the harp ; witness Bridget O'Cahan who instructed Hampson, the celebrated minstrel of Magilligan, who lost his eye-sight at three years, and lived to between one hundred and eight and twelve. In his time he was the first harper in Ireland, and I may well say the last. He died in 1808, and I have seen his harp patched with pieces of tin. When I saw it, it was in the castle of Sir Hervey Bruce of Downhill. Lady Morgan mentions it. In the bathing season, when a boy, in 1807, I was at the sea shore where the harper lived, but lamentable to say, knew nothing of him—and it would give me more happiness to-day that I had got an interview with him, than were I possessed of the district in which he lived.

From the undesigning manner in which she unbosomed herself to him, explaining to him her innocent intentions, I say, the sum of these matters, together with her graceful tout ensemble, failed not to make an impression on his mind that all his philosophy was not able to shake off. He told her what ever time she and her father intended to go upon their proposed visit to O'Cahan's country, that he would account it a marked obligation, would they allow him to go along with them. Whether, indeed, said she, I can prevail with my father I know not, or whether a peace between him and his enemies can properly be obtained; but terminate as it may, you will probably hear of it.

Sometime in the succeeding summer a peace happened between these families, for Daniel M'Quillan was not now as formerly when surrounded by his three brave sons, whose glory alone was in martial clangor and the blast of the trumpet, and the valour of whom was well known to all their enemies; moreover he was now sinking into the vale of years, and sincerely wished, if he could obtain it, to end the remainder of his days in peace with all mankind; he now willingly acquiesced in the request of his daughter, and appointed the next Monday morning, as the day of their departure for the woods of Dreenagh, in O'Kane's country, a place where the two younger never had been, and one of them in particular longed more for that day than she had ever done when at school for the approach of the summer or Christmas recess.

About six o'clock on a fine morning in June, the three found themselves well mounted, and on their way to Culrathain with a servant following up behind, and having Aveline's harp slung across his shoulders, with a basket laid behind him on his horse, containing provisions for them, as they could not expect, at the place of their destination, to meet with any good house of entertainment.

The sun had gilded over the tops of the highest mountains that raise their brown multifarious heads along the shores of Tyrconnel, and a few old ruined castles standing on the margin

of the Foyle and stricken by his rays, cast their shadows deep in the liquid flood.

Each advance which they made discovering something new to Aveline's romantic mind, served as a field of interrogation until the appearance of another object banished the first impression.

The morning was calm, and on nature's carpet lay a weighty dew, which gave an additional beauty to the green blades of corn hanging all over the furrows pendent with the pearly load, and on which as her morning beverage light-heeled puss was to be seen feeding in every field.

How pretty she appears, said Aveline, when she stands erect, surveying the country all around, and chiefly I suppose, watching the approach of her enemies! how straight she lays her long ears, and with what ease and agility she can bound over the country! what a pity it is that mankind, who should be engaged on nobler designs, would practice the cruel amusement of persecuting this harmless animal! Providence undoubtedly allowed man the superiority over the irrational creation, and I also believe that he is authorised to use them when necessity requires, but that he should torture this innocent inhabitant of the desert, or make her pain his pastime, I cannot but think is disagreeable to the God of Nature.

With such reflections was she busied as they passed along, and being delighted with the notes of the thrush from every brake, did not fail in returning the compliment of well merited eulogium to that sweet minstrel of the grove. When they came to the gap of the mountains opening a most interesting prospect over the fertile vale of the Roe, clothed in luxuriant verdure, they could discern the plains covered with flocks of sheep, herds of horses, and spotted kine, all the property of Soey\* na Gall O'Cahan, lord of the soil.

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\* Soey is the appellation which we have now under Quentin; however, there are still Soeys in the O'Kane family; but Gall he received from his wars with strangers, although some say with the Scots, yet as far as my knowledge can direct me, Gall signifies a stranger: Finn Gall the white stranger, and Dabh Gall the black stranger; and the M'Dougals, or sons of the black stranger.

The low lands, particularly those washed by the above stream, were plentifully loaded with rich crops of oats; but in the neighbourhood of Drumachose, which had lately been the seat of war, there was no appearance of cultivation, but all was overgrown with deep soil, except where the cattle were feeding, and these seemed altogether at liberty to range where they pleased, there not being any place in view the appearance of a herdsman's residence, save Knogher O'Brady's, that remained exactly as it was when the two minstrels passed that way on the embassy to Dunluce.

As they turned the base of the mountain, coming in sight of the bosom of Dreenagh wood, and the very spot so long wished for by them: they saw a flock of sheep winding up the ascent to their left hand, with their lambs following them, and when they got to the top, all turned round, looking back with great earnestness, and stamping the foot in a menacing manner, as if to intimidate an approaching enemy.

Some time after this they heard the yelping of a dog, and saw a little black one ascend the hill, exactly in the same path which the sheep took, and whose master stood half way up, looking straight after the dog, and clapping his hands with a thousand whillilieus and hirroos, now agaddy, now a hullian, scour them up, my ould stoorie, and that's the way a-halliagh, but all his hopes were damped at once, for a huge ram the champion of the flock, whose head was wrapped round with an enormous pair of horns, struck him such a bang that he came tumbling down to his master, making the glen of the Curly ring with his cries, and whining and lamenting most piteously: his friend comforted him by uttering a shower of curses and opprobrium on the victorious enemy; but now, hearing the sound of horses' feet, he turned quickly round, and clapping his hand before his eyes, says to himself with emphasis, arrah, do you know who's yon down bye there? then hastening to them, and whipping off his hat, Musha, good marrow marning to yes, said he, have you travelled far, may I ax, jewel? I was just hunting a few sheeps up bye there, curse upon them they have eaten all my braird before it is well through the ground,

"I may say, and a tory thief of a ram there has nearly melted my poor dog, marafastie light on the ugly breed of him money."

This man was no other than Knogher O'Brady, who recognised M'Quillan in a moment, and bowing his head a degree lower, changed his voice from the wrathful tone which he had been using a few minutes back, to a plaintiff strain, heaving betimes a deep sigh and looking steadfastly toward the spot where all their thoughts at present were centred; and beginning a long prelude with another sigh, and looking to the same place, Musha, och, och, says he, how is all at home with yes this marning, or are they all in health, gramachree? far, to themselves be't tould, there's a poor man aver bye there had a cow died two days ago, and St. Patrick preserve us from an ill end, he's underboard himself this good Monday marning, and has left a small family behind him dhiralhora; arrah phat's that man carrying on his back there? Have yes heard of the woman that was taken away with the fairies the other day?

"They told him no such news had reached them, and with seeming concern begged to know the particulars."

"Well, then, I'll tell yes, said he, far I'm just going your road, and as I was saying—by my conscience that's a dacent curty girl, arrah who is she? and by the frast he's a strapping fine fillow agrah. Do you know can he handle the Shilelah\* money?"

"But as I was saying just now there asthore, Darby M'Ginley, an honest dacent neighbour, was coming home from the market, and being alone as it might be, he sees the fields covered

\* The shilelah was the sapling root-grown oak, being weighty, tough, and pliable, was preferred by Irishmen in all uses, but chiefly in cudgeling, to any other kind of timber: the black thorn was next.

before him with a burial, and every man, save us from an ill hour, had a hump on his back ; arrah, says Darby says she, what's that you're carrying ? and with that he throws his knife among them ; in the turning of a straw the coffin was hurled down at his feet all in staves.

Arrah, gossip dear, says the creature that was in it, throw your coat aver me, for I'm still in danger af the gentry, and I'm just after being taken away this night.

Murragh kead mied a faultie, says he, is it yourself that I left dying in child-bed before I went to the market, and with that he gets her on his back, and came trudging to his own door. Are yes within, Bridget, says he, harkee my callien, will yes faschal a dhorris gragal machree ?

Arrah, who are you, says she ?

Musha don't you know your own Darby ? said he.

Murra, how would I know you, says she, when I neither see nor feel yes ? and with that pulling the wisp out of the wall, as I was saying just now there, oh maily murder says she, who's that on your back ?

Is it the poor woman that's a just dying over bye there ?

Arrah hould your tongue, says Darby, and bring me in a battle of straw and spread it down in the corner there ; so in she brings the straw, and down she spreads it, and plump he hurls her on the tap of the straw, and haps her up curcud-doughly.

Now, says he, I'll go aver and see this woman that you say is so ill, and take good care of my gossip to I come back.

So aver he goes, and as he went to the door he heard the cries of the siek woman, and going in, he meets the good man wringing his hands with an och and alas, phat shall I do ?

Is she no better, says Darby, cousin?

Och, dwoul a better nor better, says he, only she has been delivered of two bouncing boys, barring that one of them is dead and the other is skirling and squalling in the cradle there.

Why have you not a better fire on, says Darby, I think it somehow or other a little could to-night.

Och bad luck to the fire nor fire herself will let me put on, jewel.

Hould bye, says he, taking the burden creel and the very creel that I made myself; I cut the rads down bye there, and as I'm a sinner I think it would hould a bushel.

Howsomever, what would yes have of it, he brings in the full of it of turf, and to make a long story short, he puts on a rattling fire, beaming up to the crook by Granie Muil. Well, then, as I was saying just now there, he goes aver to the out-shot bed, and in troth a brave out-shot it was achree. Arrah poor woman, says he, or gossip I should say, are yes no better, jewel.

Och no, then, says she, is that you gossip? but phat made yes put on such a fire?

With that he lays hould of her by the two shanks, and dragging her to the fire, swore by the castle of Dunluce if she would not give back the childer, he would roast her like a Connaught wedher.

Arrah haven't yes the woman already, says she, and isn't there the childer at the door? Well, in you go, said he, and heaving her into the greeshagh\* she gave a crack like a handful of gunpowder, and lit on the randle-tree, and the squalling

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\* The red glowing embers.

thief that was in the cradle like a blast of wind whisked through the key-hole.

Marafastie, said she, all I rue is, that I didn't squeeze the ould rascal to death when I had my arms about his neck; so out of the chimley she goes like a wild goose, saving your presence, and so I'm done; but maybe ye's didn't get brack-fast jantlemen, bekase if yes come aver the river, we can roast half a dozen of aggs for every one of you, and give yes some bread, far I'm sure and sartin you're starving, dhira lhora.

They returned O'Brady a world of thanks, sending the horses and servant with him, and desiring his attendance as soon as possible, they walked down to the banks of the Curly with anxious and beating hearts, affected something in the manner in which they would be when about to visit a friend long unheard of.

Let any one take the matter to a serious consideration, particularly any one who has ever grieved for the decease of a beloved relative, and he will better conceive these emotions than I can describe them.

Sir Coll M'Donnell offered his services to bear the harp, while Aveline was supported between him and her father.

The tomb was planted round with osiers and many other shrubs, all which were in an advanced state of vegetation, and it was covered over with a carpet of nature's velvet, not seeming to have been opened for years. At the head were growing a cluster of wild daisies, and in a thorn which had long grown over this place, and whose green canopy shaded the greater part of the tomb, a thrush had built her nest, and was now busily engaged ransacking every thicket for food for her craving family.

As an attempt at describing the feelings of a tender father and affectionate sister, when hanging over the untimely grave of a loving brother and son, would be impossible for a more

capable pen than mine, I shall leave the reader to judge of it as he thinks best suiting the melancholy occasion, and proceed to say that when Knogher O'Brady came over, he found the father and M'Donnell both occupied in restoring Aveline, and she leaning on the former's breast, pale as the lily that hangs its drooping head over the passing stream.

The father was chafing her temples, and M'Donnell was bringing water in his hands from the brook to sprinkle her face, but all seemed to have little effect until O'Brady, who had now come up to witness the sad catastrophe, raised a howl like a she wolf, and clapping his hands, she opened her eyes and looking round about her, appeared like one awakening out of a long sleep.

Och och and anee, poor callienoag, is she dead too? my beannacht light on her purty white face, its lying there as hivinly as the face of Saint Bridget by the frast, and her purty arms see how they're lying hushla machree.

Old Daniel M'Quillan whatever he felt, had refrained from saying anything in the presence of his daughter, lest it should bear too weighty on her sympathizing mind, and therefore by concealing his grief, it pressed the weightier on his own heart, but when his only remaining child fainted away and no appearance of her returning, together with other ideas crowding on his mind at the same time, he was nearly overcome.

This sight was sufficient to draw another string of lamentations from honest Knogher, who, clapping his hands a second time, and raising the Caoine with a whillilieu, and are they all going to die from us? Arrah, I am now beginning to be afraid that this is a gentle place, and when I look at the ould skeagh, may I not be sure av it, so the sooner we're out of this the better far us: so saying, he seized old M'Quillan in his arms and nearly carried him away; but turning short about with an angry face to M'Donnell, Murrah, why are you hanging aver the lady, you bocon you, as if you were afraid to touch her? take her up in your arms, she's but flesh and

blood more than yourself, and, may-be, with the blessing of Saint Patrick, the heat of your breast will revive her a little; but, dhír machúncens, I'm fear'd there's little heat in your breast: masha bad sap to these frasty livered animals, but, hate them; far when I myself was like you, a brave ranting clane fellow, by the gap of Barnesmore, I could have lain a night among frast and snow with a purty wanch like that in my arms.

After such a severe reprimand, Knogher, supporting Daniel M'Quillan, made the best of his way across the fields to his cottage, leaving M'Donnell and his fair charge to do as they could. He was several times forced to smile at the orders he had received, and chiefly at the reflections on his coldness of heart; however, laying down his plaid, he wrapt it round her, and supported her on the one arm, while the other was gently laid over her. She had returned from her swoon, but was still so weak that she could make no use of her limbs, nor even of her tongue, but otherwise was perfectly aware of her delicate situation. ⑤

Her friend remained here as happy as if he had been possessed of the golden fleece, and felt no further anxiety only in regard of her recovery, which happily soon began to show itself by the crimson fluid returning again to her face, and refilling those translucent channels which, from debility, it had lately forsaken.

Her first enquiry when she could speak, was regarding her father, and where he was; she hoped, she said, he would not conceal it, if her father was seriously ill.

In order to tranquillize her mind, M'Donnell assured her that he had a few minutes back walked over to the cottage with O'Brady, and wished that as soon as she would be able they should follow him, and that he only awaited her resuscitation, which he was rejoiced to see returning.

I feel extremely unhappy, Sir Coll, said she, that the weight of our family afflictions should be so grievously and at the

time so unintentionally cast upon you : we have of late been exposed to many severe troubles indeed, but that a stranger should be pressed down with them before he has well got footing in our country, must be disagreeable to my father as well as to me. When you came to Dunluce it was not so, our family was numerous and our friends the same, but now although our friends are still undiminished, yet I feel altogether solitary when I look to my father and myself, being the only inmates of the castle, he an old man sinking under years and infirmities, and I a lonely female unable to protect myself, much less to succour him ; and he that lies here.

She was now relapsing into a second fit of melancholy dependence, when he entreated her to accompany him to the cottage and they would talk over this matter again, for, said he to her, sweet Aveline you are not aware of your present weakness, nor how near death I have seen you so lately ; the strength of your mind is much too powerful for your delicate frame, and therefore since you are a little recovered, allow me to conduct you across the fields to the cottage.

So saying, he gave her his arm, and they walked in silence from the river side, she always retaining his plaid wrapped about her shoulders, for it was now near even, and the air was impregnated with a more than ordinary coolness. Often did she turn back and wish to gain another look of the place where she so often longed to see, and now that she had got her most sanguine hopes gratified in visiting the lonely retreat of her brother and her friend, how unsatisfactory, how unavailable ! She thought she could have gratified herself more, even by taking her harp and performing at their silent bed some particular airs of which they were both fond, but such an attempt, now, when she had obtained the summit of her wishes, was far beyond her ability.

Am I going to leave them, said she, so soon and so carelessly ? Is not this the very season of the year, is not this approaching the summer recess in which my kind brother used to come for me ? How often have I longed to see him at such

a time? and indeed I never longed in vain; but I ungrateful one am flying their lone habitation before I have well seen it, and scarcely dropping a few tears over them, a tribute which any stranger knowing their fatal end, and also their sincere hearts, could not avoid paying.

Thus she reasoned with herself until the top of the old thorn overshadowing the tomb disappeared from her view.

Had I known, said her friend, that those scenes would have had such a dangerous effect upon you, be assured I would have used my most strenuous endeavours to dissuade you; if such sensations were in the smallest degree useful either to you, Aveline, said he, or the deceased, I might advise you to cherish them, but as they are not, but rather the contrary, I hope your own good sense will join me in saying it were better to hush them in oblivion.

I well know, said she, you are speaking on the side of reason, but notwithstanding, I feel a secret happiness in yielding to the ties of nature, which are so inextricably wrought around my heart.

Your zeal, said he, is unshaken, of which I must approve, but allow me to ask you one question, were it not almost a pity of the person whose zeal was as sincere, Aveline, as yours, and yet as hopeless.

I must say, said she, I have always a pity for any one whom I know to be immersed in trouble; for be the situation what it may, there is such a kindred sympathy of hearts.

And when we know, said he, interrupting her, that we are pitied, I should think it ought to be an effectual means of alleviating our woe.

I agree there likewise with you, said she, chiefly if the person is in any degree interesting to us otherwise.

I find, said he, Aveline, that your thoughts correspond with mine on the point of sensibility, but I fear in other respects they might differ as widely.

I have only expressed myself, said she, so that I would pity any one whom I knew to be in real trouble, and should be glad to know the person whom you mean.

'Tis to you alone, said M'Donnell, I fear to tell his name.

Where would you lead me Sir Coll? there is a time to grieve, and a time to be otherwise; but I hope the present is unfitting to introduce another subject; I think you know enough to make you easy on this head, and therefore we shall talk no more upon it at present; is this the cottage to which my father went?

It is indeed, ma'am, but, said he, taking hold of her hand, may I hope that by this declaration I have not forfeited your good will, which to me was precious even beyond existence.

There is no cause for further explanation said she, you are our common protector, and when you are invested in that power, I should think there ought to be no room for interrogation on either part.

She had been reasoned out of her trouble unknown to herself, but certainly to discuss that point, which chance threw in their way, was unintended by either; however, such the eclairsissement was, as brought to him the sweetest sounds that ever entered his ear.

They had now attained the dwelling of Knogher O'Brady, and found her father perfectly recruited, and waiting their arrival, that they might partake of a dressed hare and some grouse, which had been taken that morning, and which the family flattered themselves they were happy in having for their honourable guests.

The father told her that immoderate grief for the dead he verily believed was offensive in the eyes of the deity, that he did not expect to feel so much before he came forward, and that the major part of that was on her account, as he well knew that mourning could never restore his brave son again.

She said to her father, she hoped he never had found her grieving to excess, and if the sight of that place had drawn her into any unusual sensation, she hoped his goodness would forgive her.

A servant was now sent for her harp, whilst they sat down to dinner, drawing from their own store whatsoever they thought necessary, and pressing the honest-hearted family to partake with them.

As the day was near a close, they had a warm invitation to stop to the next day, which request the three thought proper in their present state to avail themselves of, there being abundance of good soil for the horses, and provisions, such as it was, for themselves. Knogher's cottage, although in the skirt of a wood and shaded on each side by a tolerably high range of mountains, yet, in other respects, was agreeable, and giving allowance for such a retired place, was well stored with all the necessaries both of bed and board. From the quantity of fowl that they used, both wild and domestic, they were not limited in beds, and, on the other hand, the hills being covered with sheep, which, in a great degree, were their own property, save what belonged to their chieftain and landlord, Cocey Na Gall, they were as well supplied in blanketting, and these, although of home manufacture, were not of the worst kind.

As there is commonly a reason for everything, whether approveable or not, there was also a reason for Knogher's cabin being so well laid in with beds. He was a man that was pretty much in the public, and so that he might answer the different markets where his wares were saleable, he was sometimes forced to stop a night at the house of a friend, and, in reality, I need not say forced, for such intercourse was of all others to him

the most agreeable. When, on the contrary, any of his acquaintance or companions in traffic came that road, should they pass without giving him a night, the offence was unpardonable.

From these excursions, and also from his nightly guests, the family were furnished with so many legends of broonies, fairies, ghosts and will o' the wisps, besides whatever other relation was of the marvellous kind, that in all probability the strangers, could they relish it, were about to be well entertained for one night. It was a customary thing in the neighbourhood, although the houses were thinly scattered, that when a way-faring man journeyed that way, the cottage was filled even to the door with open ears listening to the different recitals that passed around the cheerful fireside, among whom O'Brady was called upon respecting anything questionable, as his decision was considered fully equal to set a matter at rest on whatsoever part he was pleased to give it.

If it should so happen that a stranger would arrive unknown to his neighbours, honest Knogher never failed to despatch a courier, to apprise them of the event, and having his house piled up with billets of timber, he sat like an earl or lord heaping one armful on the fire after another, and surveying his cheerful guests from a countenance beaming with good nature, friendship, and Irish hospitality : but from the deference which he paid to the inhabitants of Dunluce, no individual seemed to intrude during their sojourn.

All the females of the cottage were now busied in arranging beds for the strangers, but particularly Aveline's was dressed off and decorated like that of a bride : over the front of the canopy which was formed of fresh straw matting was hung an abundance of flowering woodbine, together with branches of hawthorn covered with green, which, when sprinkled with dew sheds the sweetest perfume. Surrounded by the productions of nature, and laid in clean sheets, it is not to be wondered if this innocent girl had a sound night's repose.

After such a tranquil rest, they arose the next morning much

refreshed, and all confessed since the scenes of yesterday, that they felt easier in mind. The sun was the first messenger that entered Aveline's chamber, scattering his golden rays over her face, and kissing those lips which scarcely ever kissed another.

Having breakfasted, M'Donnell dropped his purse into O'Brady's hand, not wishing that any person should know it; but he was not to be silenced in an easy manner.

Arrah, by sheelah na guira, master, said he, I neither shall take it, nor am I at all in need of it: do you not see the house is full of everything that a poor man can stand in need of, jewel? and sure I have a good lump laid up in an ould stocking for the sore foot, and that darling of a jewel, the blessing of the clargy light upon her purty face, may be as I was saying just now there, she might take her ould sickness again, and then you know she is only recavering.

The doner assured him that he had money besides this, and if he would not receive it, he never would call with him again.

If that is the business, said Knogher, I must take hould of it, though, by the bye, I would rather not, honey.

The ceremony of parting with their host was no easy one, and when they did leave the cottage, he prepared to accompany them a small distance on their way, pointing out the proper direction for them to proceed on their journey, and carrying his hat in one hand, he wheeled suddenly round, calling to the family to reach him out his shilelah; but recollecting that after setting out, to turn back was accounted by all connoisseurs a sure omen of bad luck, he turned his face from the door, and received the shelelah over his shoulder, speaking in an angry voice to them lest they should give it over his left.

For Knogher to travel without his cudgel was the same as a ship to sail without her ballast, and besides assisting him in springing over the bogs or inequalities, it served him for all the purposes of an index, a truncheon and shield, &c., for with

he end of it he indicated every object within a mile, not forgetting to add a lengthened comment, in his own way of oratory at the conclusion,

They intended on their return to come by the shore of Magilligan, so that they might have a view of that lofty ledge of rocks that stands retired from the ocean, overlooking the old abbey of Duncrun, where lie the remains of Saint Eadan, and with him no doubt rests many a legendary tale, lamentably lost to us forever.

I am of opinion my countrymen will with me deplore the irreparable loss which Ireland has sustained in antiquities history biography, and even animated nature, by her being robbed of that which gold could not compensate—I mean her manuscripts. The harpies placed over our island saw that this was her talisman, her beacon star, and, therefore, by extinguishing such, they plunged her in eternal darkness. Some of those valuable papers have been taken to France, some to Germany and Italy, but most to London, and many to Iceland: could they by any means be recovered, I would willingly undertake a pilgrimage in the attempt.

Our gracious Sovereign, whose attachment to her subjects does not depend on low chicanery of such kind I have no doubt would lend her assistance, or even give permission to a wandering Hiberian, who loves his country above all others, that he might obtain a transcript.

In returning to the northern shores of Dalriadagh, they travelled along the beach of the great Atlantic for a few miles, having on their right hand a towering range of mountains, called Magilligan, but the high foreland of which is named Benevenney from causes already explained: a number of torrents were to be seen tumbling down the precipices, and breaking in whitened foam on masses of the basalt rock that filled their channels, being worn into troughs by the continual grinding of rubble and mountain pebbles driven over them in the time of floods.

Along the brown patches of heath that was purpled ove with wild thyme, numerous herds of goats were feeding, with their kids frisking around in playful gambols, and when they lifted the head having their mouths full of this delicious herb, the coming breeze saluted our travellers with the sweetest essence.

Above their heads were frequently seen the eagle and goshawk searching for their prey with scrutinizing eye, and to their left the majestic Foyle rolled his waters in silence to the sea. The beauty of this scenery served greatly to efface in Aveline's mind the impressions of yesterday's woe, for she by continual interrogations, kept them both pretty busy, and in this manner they arrived at the castle.

At Dunluce the time passed away smoothly with M'Donnell, being the sole protector now as might be said of the family, and having a multiplicity of business to transact in regard to the lands and tenantry, he devoted the remainder of his leisure hours to the company of Aveline, whether in walking, reading, or music, and indeed it was now evident that she could not spend a day without him, unless absorbed in melancholy.

As they were returning one evening after twilight from visiting a poor man in the neighbourhood that was taken ill, and who had formerly been an attendant of the family, M'Donnell thought he perceived the appearance of light proceeding from the base of a rocky wall that overhung the sea some hundred feet in height, the sea below appearing illuminated to a considerable distance, and this in the night had not an unpleasant appearance.

I have often been informed said Aveline, that along this coast there are diamonds which send forth a kind of partial light, but I cannot conceive how they could be the cause of such a flame as what we now behold.

Why, I'll tell yes then, said a peasant, that was coming behind them, its the Gentry I'm sartin, coming back again from

Scotland, and they have gone into this cavern to kindle a fire I think, that they may have some food prepared as we might suppose, for you know it would be almost impossible to kindle a fire in an egg shell, the vessel which they sail in, but dwowl a one ever I ate that I don't punch the battom out on't achree, so that you may be sure it would be of no use to them agraph.

To the place where this light appeared there was no possible access save by water, and this made the sight more wonderful ; every night as soon as darkness began to prevail over the face of the deep, the light was to be seen from above, and although no one knew of it but themselves and the countryman, yet the original cause remained to them a secret, and was often to Aveline the cause of uneasiness, lest it might be the haunt of banditti.

M'Donnell was walking one night along the beach where the shore was level and flat nearly as the water, and seating himself on a stone, he thought he perceived some object in motion near the shore, and waited whatever it was until it would come up to him ; of this there did not now seem the least appearance, as it always kept floating at the same distance from land. Rising from his seat he was proceeding to another point where he might have a better view of it, when he felt his feet entangled in a rope, then laying hold of it he found the rope attached to the object on the water, and pulling it to him with all his might, he found that it was one of these small boats called currahs, which I have before described.

As he was endeavouring to examine what the vessel was, he saw two men approach from the land, each with his hat slouched over his face, and apparently armed, they accosted him in rather a sharp manner, asking him what was his business here, or why he concerned himself with the boat ?

I should rather, said he, put the question to you, what is your business here, or for what purpose have you this boat ? You are an audacious young fellow, said one of them, drawing a huge claymore from its sheath, with such a jerk, that the steel

rung along the shore, and calling to him to defend himself, made a bang at him from a powerful right arm,

M'Donnell was as quick on the other hand in unsheathing a long sheep's head, which he usually wore, and defended himself with great bravery, parrying the blows of his adversary, making some desperate cuts at him, one of which taking him along the ear, brought him to the ground; at that moment he was set upon by the other, armed in the same manner, and as this attack was rather unexpected, he received a wound in the sword arm, which rendered him unfit to continue the combat.

They were both now bleeding profusely when the first assailant addressing him, my friend, said he, I confess that I was rather warm with you in the beginning, but if you will enter this boat and trust yourself to us, I promise you that in a short space of time we shall both get our wounds bound up: I know we are strangers to you, but from the manner in which you and I have introduced ourselves to each other, I think the acquaintance ought to be pretty durable.

M'Donnell stepped into the boat, and the two strangers seizing the oars pushed her off, and in half an hour's rowing they were in front of the cavern out of which the light proceeded, and over which stood threatening those below a tremendous hanging wall of rugged rock, the top of which as they lay on their oars they could not perceive, but altogether with the flame that proceeded from the cavern, had a most imposing effect on the beholders.

Having come close to the base of the promontory and pulled a little chord, they heard a bell ring, and shortly after a step ladder of ropes was lowered to the surface of the water, by the assistance of which all three ascended, the last having the boat's halser in his hand, bound it to an iron ring at the entrance of the cavern.

At the further end of this place was burning a large fire of timber, the smoke of which entering into a crevice, was emitted

at an outlet some perches from the place where they entered, but rather in a lower direction; here were tables, chairs, knives, and forks, with abundance of food and drink, all ready prepared, and six other stout fellows making way for them, welcomed the stranger, and asked their comrades was this a prisoner whom they brought.

He is no prisoner said they; he came of his own free will, but haste and bind up our wounds, for you see they are bleeding profusely.

A Styptic was immediately procured, and they being bound up and washed sat down to a good to repast, plentifully supplied with libations of the strongest liquor.

It may not be surprising to inform the reader that these were M'Donnell's own countrymen, and two of them personally known to him as men of good character; it appeared however that they had infringed upon the laws by hunting, and also killing the game-keeper, for which they were obliged to flee their country, and having an intention of stopping a few months in some of the islands, they were supplied with all necessaries both of food and household furniture: a storm however arising they were driven to the Irish shore, and hearing before they left home of a detachment of English stationed in the castle of Dunluce, and as there was a peace existing between the sovereigns of England and Scotland at that time, they thought it unsafe to trust themselves abroad in the daytime, and therefore having sought out this recess, they took up their abode in it till such time as their friends could get matters finally arranged for them at home.

So little intercourse was carried on between nations at the period of which I am speaking, they were not aware that the garrison had been reduced, and the castle taken many years previous to their coming to the Irish shore.

At the sight of Sir Coll M'Donnell, their countryman, and

also the son of their chieftain, they were all overjoyed, and testified their enthusiasm by blowing up their bagpipes in the air of M'Donnell's march, with a huzza for the laird of the isles. Sir Coll told them the English had been dispossessed of that castle many years back, and on that account they had nothing to fear.

He could not, however, leave them that night, and his absence at Dunluce created no little inquietude; for from what Aveline had seen on a former night, her dreams were haunted with robbers, banditti, &c., and she thought of nothing less than that her friend had either been carried off or murdered by them.

The next morning, however, relieved her fears by the appearance of Sir Coll in good spirits, who spent the greater part of that day in relating to her and her father the strange adventure that befel him the night before, and of his intentions to procure, if possible, the pardon of the inhabitants of the cave, which in honour to this generous young man it must be confessed he accomplished.

At this time Aveline's fair correspondents now began to imagine that she appeared more melancholy than ever, which change some were pleased to attribute to grief for the loss of her two brothers, others that she was deeply in love with the young Islander; whether any of these suppositions were true, I will not take upon me to affirm, but certain I am there was a more serious cause; the walks where she formerly had been accustomed to spend a part either of the morning or evening, now saw her no more, alone she remained within her apartment, and was not to be seen by any of the domestics save her maids.

Daniel M'Quillan, though much weakened in intellect and judgment, began to perceive that his daughter was sunk in spirits, and had lost all that cheerfulness of which she was formerly possessed, and also seeing that she now kept her chamber closely, entered into a serious conference with her, the re-

sult of which agitated him in such an extraordinary manner, that he, summoning up the energy of former years, sought out M'Donnell, and in a fury demanded satisfaction for the injury done his family.

If my brave sons were present, said he, with what confidence could you stand before them? no your guilty soul must shrink into nothing before—I say you whom I unsuspectingly took into my bosom have like the adder——

Before you say any more against me, said M'Donnell, since I am condemned, both in your eyes and in my own, allow me to speak a few words—if not in extenuation of my fault, at least in explanation.

Either good or evil fortune cast me upon your hospitable shore—a title which I think I may very well use.

At this M'Quillan turned away his head, as if unwilling to hear that part of it.

I saw, said he, your lovely daughter, and seeing her she caused me to forget my danger, my toils, my parents, kinsmen, and almost my country, if therefore a mistake has happened, and if the honour of my family, which I am certain you will admit, can make amends for it, I am at your will, and you have nought to do but command me; nor I say that is not even necessary, for I must confess that the attachment which has been formed with Aveline M'Quillan has rendered me more happy, than if I were seated in Hollyrood, having the royal diadem of Scotland placed on my brows; 'tis herself alone, and no other object I am fond of; but I entreat you in the name of my ancestors, say nothing severe against me, or any thing that would wound my feelings, for language of this kind I am not able to bear, and on the other hand to be angry with you is more than I ever can; so otherwise you may talk to me as you like.

Such an open avowal softened the heart of M'Quillan, and

he did not say any thing more, save some little to them for misconduct, and M'Donnell, with the consent of both, appointed the following week for repeating the ceremony of their nuptials.

On this important day the clans were all invited to the castle, and in front of the barrack were casks of liquor set forth for the use of the garrison and tenantry or any other that came to Dunluce during that week. The noble family of Clanbuoy were also invited, and all their friends as far as a messenger could ride in one day, so that such a bustle and throng scarcely ever was witnessed on the shores of Dalriadah before.

The Highlanders were not hindmost to dip deep in the strong Falernian, and after an immersion in this fluid, it seemed to have the power of the waters of Styx, rendering them invulnerable all over. The bagpipes both Irish and Scottish, were all blown up, and the dance on the green before the barrack door never ceased, sometimes two different sets performing at the same time; 'twas here that the peasantry with their sons and daughters from sincere hearts, showed their attachment to the family of De Borgo and every young Hibernian vied with another in leading out whether to the dance \* or rustic sport his callien dhas, decked in all the finery that either the season or the village shop could bestow; and it is not to be doubted but the fire of bright eyes that week subdued more hearts than Sir Coll M'Donnell's.

The marriage was celebrated in the great hall in presence of all the friends of the house of De Borgo, who acknowledged that Aveline on the occasion shone with more than ordinary beauty, being arrayed in nearly the same dress which she wore

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Dancing on the green was formerly customary in Ireland, but chiefly on May eve, when a branch was cut down, whether of the thorn or birch, the one that was more clothed in verdure they usually chose, and this being pretty tall was planted in the centre of the village green. A rural queen was then chosen, and always the prettiest girl in the assembly, having decked her out with such flowers as the season produced, they left it to her own option to choose a king, and this being done, the others taking hands around the May pole, danced about with the royal pair in the middle. In my opinion this was the only way of thanking providence for a return of the seasons.

the same night Sir Coll M'Donnell had the happiness of seeing her; and one part of it, that is, the royal necklace, she did not forget to assume on that day.

The venerable chaplain belonging to the family, with all that solemnity which was truly characteristic of his holy function, united them, and imploring a blessing on them and their posterity, with many injunctions regarding their future conduct, and chiefly in bringing up and educating their children, he departed, leaving them to all the hilarity usually attendant on like occasions.

As marriages whether of a high or low order are seldom celebrated without murmuring on one side or other, there was a family living at a small distance who were nearly allied to the house of De Borgo, and as they expected to become inheritors of the estates of Dunluce, should the brothers not return, which was doubtful, they shewed much envy and uneasiness at this alliance, not deigning to attend on the day of invitation with other friends and acquaintances who were asked.

Old Daniel M'Quillan shewed himself remarkably happy on the night of his daughter's nuptials, drank to former cronies and often renewed the stories of his boyish days, till at length a retrospective view brought the idea of his scattered children to his mind, and admitting this sensation he returned to himself with a sigh.

In Ireland, wherever a marriage was heard of, and in such a family as M'Quillan's the minstrels and wandering bards came from all quarters in search of it, as here an unbounded scope was given to revelling and Irish conviviality, and although there was an open door to every stranger, none was so acceptable to them as the minstrels: nor indeed had the affair of a marriage been even unpublished in the country was it possible that a traveller could pass Dunluce ignorant of the scenes that were going forward within; for a person was stationed at the outer gate to proclaim the event to every passenger, and also to bring all in, even to the poorest mendicant, so that it is no wonder

if in other countries the name of an Irish wedding has been proverbial : and to the present day I can well attest the extraordinary efforts made by the descendants of that hospitable people on the like occasion ; their best rag is clean and on, with the most respectable side out, the cabin is swept up from front to rear, and a large turf fire being kindled without regard to the heat of the weather, when from the farther end of the dwelling the master of the ceremonies walks forth armed with a bottle in the one hand and a glass in the other, and seating himself at the head of the company, if I may be allowed the expression, like the son of an Irish king, pours out first to himself a flowing bumper of this strong water of life, in the juice of which he quaffs a kead miel a faultie to them all round, filling out to them as they chance to sit next him, until all are pretty well : the exercise then commences in leaping, wrestling, throwing the stone, and frequently boxing, in all which it is indispensably necessary that the groom be foremost, otherwise he can never expect to be so dear to his enchanting fair one.

If straying from the leading subject in local descriptions be a fault, I have certainly often transgressed, but the matter which has induced me thus to err being so nearly connected with my tale, I have considered it only as a fuller explanation of the fact in question ; and besides this, it saves the interruption of inserting notes which are often nothing more than a continuation of the theme.

The marriage festivities being concluded, and the different friends having retired to their places of abode, M'Donnell now began to find himself among the happiest of mankind possessed as he was of the only treasure that ever gave him the least uneasiness—he had nothing to concern his thoughts farther than to make her happy ; and as to Aveline her heart had never received an impression before she saw Sir Coll M'Donnell.

Like most ladies of that age, she though she could entertain a tender affection for no other man breathing ; and in regard of a husband, we must suppose she was at the end of her wishes.

She now turned her thoughts wholly towards private economy, and with the assistance of her maids and some old women, followers of her father's house, was busy every day in laying plans for her approaching family; and nothing was so much longed for at that time as a visit to the islands where she might see her husband's connexions with their families, of whom she had heard so many wonderful tales.

The Highlanders that came over with Sir Coll M'Donnell were quartered through M'Quillan's tenantry, one in every house, in which were also quartered his own gallowglasses a measure which we are willing to say was well concerted, for in this situation the one was a kind of check or guard upon the other, and this manner of quartering troops upon the tenantry was formerly practised by the Irish kings, being called by them *cashery*; but in cases of necessity the king himself as well as his troops had to be entertained.

'Twas customary with M'Quillan, besides the regular pay of his troops, to give a methel of milk to each man, which was in the highest degree acceptable, chiefly to those who had families, saving them the trouble of purchase; but in place of one methel of milk, I believe there were two given to each man. To the Highlander, besides his pay, there was only one given, and whether this was from the beneficence of his own chieftain, or M'Quillan, I will not take upon me to determine.

In a peasant's cabin, not far from the castle where two of the aforesaid troops were billeted, a warm dispute arose one morning, the cause of which was this. When the distribution of milk was over, said the Highlander, what is the reason since I undergo the same fatigues, have the same duties to perform, and am exposed to the same dangers, that I don't receive an equal share of the milk? Why should you, a Scottish fugitive and glad to receive a subsistence of any kind in our country, said the other, expect an equality with the gallowglasses?

Notwithstanding the wholesome remonstrance of their host,

they commenced fighting—cutting at each other over his head. Well, sure enough, said he, I think you're not giving myself decent treatment for my good mate and drink to yes both, so as the saying is I'll let yes take a bit av your own bridle, my good fillows, and hang me but let the toughest skin hould longest out avournien. So saying he threw open the two doors of the cottage, and gave them free liberty to fight it out in the open field.

There was something of justice in opening the two doors to them at the same time, for had they both gone out at the one door, it is evident that the precedent must have had the advantage of the subsequent.

Finding themselves at liberty, these two hot-brained north-erns rushed upon each other like a pair of lions from the wilds of Numidia, cutting and defending with great power both of arm and body, the rolling eye following the manœuvres of the opponent, the well-braced arm and the body poised with an inclination forward, the right foot posted in advance of the body, shewed to the spectators the firm determination of either in the dreadful conflict.

M'I-Hargy was the name of the Highlander, a brawny muscular man, and in point of temper, as we would say, was fiery red-hot.

O'Grady was the Irishman's name, a good soldier but of smaller size and shorter in the arm: the contest however, was long doubtful, but at length the long arm of M'I-hargy overpowered his adversary, and after a struggle of nearly twenty minutes the Irishman fell covered with wounds.

Word was now conveyed to the castle, where the two chiefs sat, little expecting a tale of the kind, and having hastened out, they found the dreadful catastrophe no better than they were informed; the Highlander had been nearly surrounded by the partisans of the other, and when M'Donnell came forward, he was walking the ridge of an old fort that was near the

place of action, staring wildly around him with his naked sword in his hand, dyed with the blood of his opponent, and menacing all who attempted to oppose him on either hand.

After all the evil that had been done, the business might have been settled without further trouble, but the relations, of the family and those who would not attend on a former invitation, now glad of a rupture, strongly advised the proprietor of Dunluce to resort to the severest measures in regard of punishment.

They insinuated that M'Donnell came over as an adventurer, not as he pretended, to assist Tyrconnell of Donegall, but rather to hunt after fortune, and having seduced his child, they were certain looked only for his death, that he might sit down and take possession of his estates; however fair or unblemished the character of M'Donnell stood in the eyes of his benefactor, those circumstances seemed so natural that they did not fail to make an impression on his mind injurious to the young but undesigning stranger.

A council of war therefore, being, called they held a long deliberation on the conduct of M'Il-Hargy, frequently introducing that of his commander as likely to connive at the late unfortunate transaction, and if there remained in M'Quillan's breast even one spark of friendship for the stranger it was poisoned.

After the termination of this debate, the resolutions were published, which were these, that the soldier be taken to the highest promontory on the neighbouring coast, and there in his armour precipitated into the ocean.

M'Donnell opposed this as cruel, alleged that he had been provoked, and hoped they would not adopt measures that were harsh, or unbecoming a christian nation. He confessed that M'Il-Hargy had acted unadvisedly in going to extremes before he acquainted him as his commander, but as the affair had no

shade of murder in it, but was nearly the same as a challenge, he thought that any punishment not amounting to death might be sufficient chastisement for the delinquent, and as to the provocation given, he wished the master of the cabin called forward, who being present could best state who was the principal aggressor.

The host of the cabin being called, gave his testimony candidly as the affair happened, saying that the Irishman gave the severest language; but he could not say which was most eager for the combat; that, as long as he could he endeavoured to interpose, but in vain, and as I'm a sinner, said he, when I couldn't get them to be aisy, even for the sake of St. Patrick, I opened both the doors and let them take a rug together, so that's all I have to say, gentlemen.

Old M'Quillan thought there was no necessity for further severity, and above all did not wish to entertain a thought prejudicial to his friend, but such is the effect of evil counsellors that Sir Coll M'Donnell, in order to save the soldier's life, was obliged to call out his troops and put them under arms, standing at their head with his drawn sword in his hand.

The men called aloud to be led forward against the gallows-glasses of M'Quillan, who were thronging together with weapons of every description, the dead body all the while lying in the centre of the crowd, and as they gathered around it, an universal murmur spread through the augmented multitude: for every five minutes that they remained longer on the ground in like proportion their danger increased, and besides this there were incendiaries busy enough working on the minds of the infuriate mob, and affirming that vengeance in the present moment was by far the sweetest.

In the midst of the commotions the brother of the fallen soldier stepped in front of the Highlanders, bearing a long Andra Ferara, and having his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders,

shewed a lengthy well-braced arm, and from appearance a man in capacity to fight any man in the Scottish battalion.

The untimely death of my brother, said he, has unsheathed my sword, and it never shall be returned to its place before it drink deep in the villain's blood who did the deed ; or, if he in fear shuns me, I challenge the host of his countrymen, not excepting their leader.

You are a brave man, said M'Donnell, and I sincerely lament the accident, as I may call it, which has given cause to thy woe : but had it, been my own brother, what could I do ? No, I maun assure you naething could be done, and as for M'Il-Haragy I am persuaded he is willing to atone for the rash act by asking your pardon, or any humiliation of the kind which you would think fit. You have also challenged my men to fight you, not even excepting myself ; for me to accept the proposal is altogether out of the question, and although I am certain many of my soldiers could wish to answer you, yet the situation in which we are forbids it. I doubt not but your courage, your prowess, and dispositions are good enough, but for the reasons which I have stated none of my men can accept the challenge.

O'Grady still patrolled the front of the lines brandishing his Ferara, and in the most dissatisfied manner eyed the Heighlanders with a scowling look. At this moment M'Donnell seeing that a reconciliation could not easily be effected gave orders to the front ranks to march forward, keeping a strict look-out toward their rear, until they left sight both of the threatening multitude, and also of the topmost chimney of Dunluce.\*

With a sorrowful heart regarding his young and beautiful wife, whom he had left behind him, he might say in the midst of insinuating enemies he directed his course for the highest hill in his view, and there having cast up a trench, they rested on their arms during that night : four men were placed at

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\* Dunluce, the rock of fortification, or the castle within the fortification.

equal distances encircling the base of the hill, so that an enemy could steal upon them secretly in no direction. They refrained from kindling any fires lest it might apprize their foes of their retreat, and being but a few in comparison to the others, this precaution was the more necessary,

What a night of awful suspense was this to her who alone longed for the return of her young husband ; the father returned in the evening accompanied by some of those relations who, when invited on a former occasion, would not deign to visit them, and their coming at this juncture suggested to her that it could not be for good.

From what she had learned of the circumstance, and not seeing him whom the evening always brought back, and with him all her earthly happiness ; she dared not ask one question respecting him ; but retiring to her own apartment, and there alone and unattended by any of her maids, she resigned herself to darkness, sorrow, and the silence of the night, not being cheered by a single taper.

The only sounds that broke in upon her lonely retreat, were the breaking of the surges far beneath the windows of her apartment, and this mingled with the wild screaming of the sea-fowl flapping their wings around her casement, tended more powerfully to augment her pain of mind. One of her maids after some time sought her out, and endeavoured as much as possible to alleviate her distress by assuring her that there was no danger whatever of Sir Coll M'Donnell's life, that she was certain it would be the last measure to which her father ever would resort, and that even should those relations who had endeavoured so much to poison her father's good dispositions, make an attempt against him, he was pretty well aware of their intentions, and his men being brave, she was sure would defend him to the last.

But, said her lady, he and his men are under the open canopy of heaven to-night without money, food to take, a bed to recline on, and worse than all that, surrounded by a most dangerous and insidious enemy.

Her maid being descended from a respectable family had received a liberal education, and also from her attendance on her lady when sent for education to the convent, she had gleaned as much as raised her many degrees above the vulgar, and therefore possessing so many good qualifications and over and above these a heart of sensibility, she did not fail in turning those endowments both of nature and art to a good account in consoling her mistress.

The hardships, my lady, said she, of which you speak, fall weightily both upon the body and mind, that nursed up like a tender plant, and fondled in the lap of luxury, never have been taught through necessity to look danger in the face ; but on a soldier and a soldier of fortune, these shocks fall with impotence : he has accustomed himself to face difficulties, let them approach on whatsoever side they will ; at a distance he views them with a fearless eye, and when they assail him, they find he is fully prepared to receive them.

I know said her lady, he is not subject to fear, and I know he has surmounted many difficulties, but consider he and his men are without food, and alas ? what is he but a boy ? Many young men of his years would not be considered fitting to be trusted from under the guidance of their parents, and yet he has been sent from his country at the mercy of the elements, commanding a troop of fierce Highlanders, whose unsubdued ferocity has drawn all these evils over their commander.

He is but a youth, I am convinced, my lady, said the other, but his conduct is that of a veteran, otherwise he never could have obtained the fairest lady on the shores of the Green Island.

I request you to refrain from such illtimed flattery, said her lady. I cannot relish it at present; my mind is too much engaged on a more serious matter—alas ! how long this evening seems to me !

One thing I will remark, said the maid, which simply is this,

that whatever troubles surround Sir Coll M'Donnell to-night, and in all probability there are not few, the thoughts of his fair spouse press more upon his heart than all others.

And therefore, said Lady M'Donnell, I have the greater reason to grieve, being I may truly say the individual cause of all his present afflictions.

The maid here proposed, as the gentlemen were in deep debate, that she would procure two domestics and as many horses to convey provisions to them, and bring back information respecting their welfare and place of encampment. The project was no sooner suggested than they set about to execute it.

These domestics, being long found to be faithful, their attachment to their lady was as great as the emergency of the occasion called for: the horses were brought out and loaded with dried flesh, oaten and wheaten cakes in abundance, a dozen of good old port, stowed away in hampers, and such other things as she thought necessary for a hungry soldier, not forgetting to send with the adventurers a plaintive billet-doux which she knew would be no less acceptable to her lord in his present situation.

The men set out, each armed with a cutlass, and approaching the sentinel at the barrack, were stopped with a surly demand who they were or what they had in charge? Some other troops came out, and seizing the horses by the head led them to the barrack door, and began to scrutinize the contents of their load,

It was immediately conjectured for what purpose these provisions had been sent, and many of the men thought that the undertakers should be punished without further ceremony.

When they were busy condemning them without a trial, one of the carriers who had never lost perfect confidence to support his cause, drew out a purse richly embroidered in gold wire, the appearance of which created universal silence: from the purse he took a ring set with a precious topaz, and having on it

the impression of a coronet ; the same ring had been giving privately to him by his lady, and had often been used as a passport by the proprietor of the castle on any matter of the like nature.

The pledge was considered perfect security for a more important message than the one in question ; but in a moment there was an emissary at hand to insinuate that the ring was stolen.

And if it were, said the commander, who dare arraign the person that took it.

No, I say, that if there never had been a passport sent, I know not how we could turn away provisions from hungry men. These identical troops against whom so much evil has been wrought up to-day, and who have been forced in protecting themselves from our numbers to retire to the mountains, these same troops have saved our heads on the plains of O'Cahan, and I say that nothing short of the basest ingratitude could have treated them and their brave leader with such harshness as what I witnessed to-night : but let those incendiaries look sharply how they conduct themselves, for I who have bled so often in defence of the rights of De Borgo, and who bear the testimony of my regard to that family deeply engraven on my breast, stripping his breast and exhibiting some deep scars, I say that I shall allow no intruder to point out the path which I am to occupy, and chiefly those who turned their backs to us when a dangerous enemy dared us to our face.

These sayings were delivered in presence of some of the same individuals who effected the separation between M'Donnell and his magnanimous friend : however said he, as I am incapable of harbouring an idea that there is any secrecy in the matter, I shall send the ring back to the castle with my servant, more on account of showing the candour of the noble residents of Dunluce, than to gratify any other individual.

When the carriers heard of the ring being sent back, they

were almost frozen with terror, knowing into what a Jordan of troubles it must cast both them and her who procured it, and glad would they have been to get escaping with part of their lading, but back to the castle the ring must go, together with information respecting what had occurred at the barrack, all which things were likely to involve the sympathizing heart of her who could not act harshly to any, in a deeper affliction than ever.

Lady M'Donnell, whose agitated mind could not rest until the return of the servants, had prompted her in sending her maid to the drawbridge to watch how the expedition would pass the sentinel at the barrack, and this faithful attendant, anxious nearly as her mistress, remained posted stedfastly at the gate, from the first moment of her orders; she was fortunately on the spot when the soldier came up bearing the ring, and as mankind are pleased to say that women in general are endowed with a ready turn of mind, she corroborated the universal hypothesis.

Is the governor of the castle at home? said the soldier.

He is, said she. Have you any business with him?

Is he engaged at present, said he, or could I speak with him?

I fear not, said she; he is engaged in business of importance and also with particular company.

Well, then, said the soldier, taking out the purse, which she well recognized, being employed some hours before in procuring I say, said he, will you faithfully present the contents of this purse to him, asking him, in the captain's name of the garrison, if he on this night sent that pledge to, convey two horse loads of provisions to Sir Coll M'Donnell and his men encamped somewhere on the mountains?

I myself, said the maid, have seen the ring contained in the purse delivered this very night as a passport for the provisions,

nevertheless I shall if you please return it, but wish that this delay may not be the cause of severe anger both to you and your commander.

If it should, said the soldier, neither of us is to blame ; for I must say that suspicion toward any of the family of M'Quillan, never entered my captain's breast, but he was unable to get over it, and it is merely for conviction to those who would question its veracity that he returned the ring.

I'll soon have an answer to you, said she, flying off with the speed of the wind, and carrying it directly to her mistress, who upon seeing the ring brought back, became pale and insensible, thinking that all was detected, and truly she who might almost be said never to have practised a scheme in her life, if such this might be called, was ill prepared for evil consequences.

The maid was sorry for having informed her at all concerning the matter, as she could have managed it as well by herself, however she added a little comfort to her lady by telling her not to despond, for there was not the least shadow of danger ; you have only, said she, to order the soldier by me, that the ring was evidently sent on the purpose from which it has been returned, and that you would much rather the men had been permitted to pass on than give any unnecessary trouble in retarding them. This being done, she hastened to the gate where the soldier was waiting in mute expectation for an answer. Your officer, said the maid, would have done much better to have permitted the men to continue their journey, as he had sufficient authority to guarantee him against any danger ; yet I dare say the best means of atoning for what is done, is to expedite the carriage.

Does he appear to be in wrath, said he ?

I have spoken as far as my commission goes, said she, and I

neither can nor will inform you farther; so behold your purse, and speed your way back, for it is more than probable that, wherever Sir Coll M'Donnell and his men lie encamped to-night, their hour of dining greatly depends on the arrival of our embassy.

Having received these instructions, the soldier hastened to his officer with no other tidings than what he expected, and delivering the purse together with the sharp rebuke, the captain urged forward the provisions accompanying them with an escort of his choice gallowglasses.\*

The arrival of this lading at the Highlander's camp was as acceptable as unexpected, and indeed an intrenchment in the open air scarcely could be called an encampment; however there being a cabin in the vicinity of this post, they procured fire from it, by the help of which they dressed their victuals and dined sumptuously.

The first question M'Donnell put to the men, was, how were the inhabitants of the castle, or had they a letter for him?

They said all were well at their departure, and handed him the billet from his lady.

After dismissing the men with an answer, he sat down and partook of the blessing which Providence was pleased to send.

"My love is a son of the hill, he pursues the flying deer his grey dogs are panting around him, his bowstring sounds in the wind. Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock or by the noise of the mountain-stream? The rushes are nodding to the wind, the mist flies over the hill. I will approach my love unseen, I will behold him from the rock; lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Bruno, thou wert returning tall from the chase, the fairest among thy friends. No more I tread the hill, no more from on high I see thee fair moving by the stream of the plain, bright as the bow of heaven, as the moon on the western wave."—*Oss.*

Daniel M'Quillan passed this night in conversation with his

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\* The English of the word gallowglass, is the green-coated woodlander, or perhaps countryman.

friends, but from his outward appearance and involuntary actions, his inward perturbation could well be perceived, frequently muttering to himself at a leisure moment, but above all every half hour, his wishing to know what kind of night it was, and asserting that he thought there could not be much cold without, it was easy to perceive he was far from being at rest in mind.

The discourse had now turned upon armour, which we must suppose was a topic often discussed in times wherein chivalry was in all its glory.

He was describing to them the *Baille na sluadh*, a military weapon used in battle by the Irish, which instrument I have mentioned already ; a servant was now ordered to bring it forward, that the company might see the size and fabrication of this destroyer of the human race ; but in place of bringing the intended weapon, he brought and laid on the table before them a silver-mounted basket hilt sword, which his master had received in a present from Sir Coll M'Donnell.

The sight of this sword changed the scene altogether, and drew from M'Quillan that which had been struggling in his breast from the morning : as he hung over it, reading as it were from a book, and calling to mind the amiable dispositions of the donor together with the strong tie that bound him to his family, that he was exposed to the unwholesome damp of night, sleeping under the open canopy of heaven, while he and those around him under costly ceilings were carousing the hours away regardless how he was affected either outwardly or inwardly ; all these things rushing on his mind at the same time, wrung from his aged eyes a tear which falling on the blade he wiped away, and restoring it to the sheathe gave it back to the servant, asking him in rather a dissatisfied tone why he had mistaken the errand on which he was sent ?

As the man was hanging up in the armoury the cause of this unexpected sensation, and rummaging among rusty blades, bills, battle-axes, skeons, dirks, daggers, and habergeons ; some

pointless, some wanting the handle, some gapped like a saw, and some bent into the form of the sickle of Ceres; he had happened on an antiquated coat of mail, a corslet and steel casque, arraying himself in which with the helmet buckled under his chin, to see how he would appear in the habiliments of a warrior, he heard a smart rap at the door and being in haste to attend, forgot to divest himself of his military dress, even to an old Ferarra which he bore in his right hand.

Father Owen, the Rev. Chaplain who united Sir Coll and Aveline, had a respectable living in the house of M'Quillan, being brought from the priory of regular canons at Dungiven, founded by Dermot O'Cahan, and that evening having received a message from her, that he would come to her father, and as his advice was usually sought in every undertaking, she hoped that his interference might be of use in mediating between him and her husband.

'Twas father Owen who rapped at the door, and being aware of the commotions which agitated the family of his friend, he was meditating as he entered how he could best heal the breach between them, but as the door fell back, the appearance of a warrior sheathed in rusty armour from head to foot, and holding in his right hand a drawn sword, quashed his hopes altogether and caused him to shrink back, throwing up his arm as if he feared to receive a thrust from this terrific janitor. However, recovering himself, he seemed not to notice it, but desired to be shown into the apartment where his master was: the man unknowing of his situation, preceded him into the apartment somewhat in the manner of a macebearer ushering into a town the judge of an assize.

As this procession entered the hall where the gentlemen sat, universal consternation spread among them, many starting to their feet and standing a little on the defensive as it were.

I suppose the idea of the islanders in arms had engrossed all their senses, as the iron-coated hero opened the door, and had he in that moment bawled out the sword of M'Donnell

and his philibegs, 'tis hard to tell what evil might have been done.

The servant was now obliged to explain the mysterious manner by which he became metamorphosed into an intimidating warrior, and the errand on which he was first sent being entirely forgotten, they had time to salute father Owen and apologize for their confusion.

I have been often agreeably surprised, father Owen, said M. Quillan, at your entrance ; but I can assure you it was quite otherwise to-night, and I fear were I to inform the brotherhood in what manner you have entered our society just now, they might pass upon your conduct a severe investigation.

I am always glad, said the sage, drawing a seat to himself with some seriousness, that matters turn out better than what they appear at first : we were not sent into this world to enjoy a continued round of bliss ; it is not our home, it is only a place of sojourning, and therefore we should not set our hearts too much on the possessions of it nor arrogate to ourselves an arbitrary right of deciding in matters wherein we should rather submit to the will of providence.

When in the morning of life, man enters upon the character which he is about to personate in his passage through this lower world,—his future conduct is often regulated by his first initiation of whatsoever kind it is whether good or evil ; but many, I say too many, pervert the well intended principles laid in the beginning, and use them to the vilest of purposes.

The days are now gone when our country was a sanctuary for the distressed, when it afforded learning,\* protection, books

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\* In early times, when the continent was overrun by Goths, Huns, Hulans and Vandals, and all their seminaries extinguished by those barbarians, we have ample testimony remaining, that Germans, Saxons, Danes, Swedes and many other nations, flocked to Ireland, then Scotia, as I have said, to receive their collegiate education, so that the college of Ardmacha, now Ardmagh, contained, in one season, seven thousand

and food to all those who wished to apply or shelter themselves under her fostering wing ; it was formerly called in other countries the Island of strangers ; principally on account of the hospitality shewn by the Irish to strangers ; and such, my friend, was your reception of Sir Coll M'Donnell and his countrymen—a worthy deed, a worthy object.

But how have you cast a stain over all your magnanimous deeds ?

How have you tarnished your former conduct, by expelling from your house, from your table—yes, and more, from your bosom, that generous young man, whose greatest affliction of mind this night, I am certain, is, because he is separated from your child.

His fault was nothing but what any brave man would glory in, I mean in preserving the life of a soldier who had followed him faithfully through all dangers ; and I cannot learn but the man who unfortunately recieved his death was the aggressor ; nor do I find, by the strictest enquiry, that the one took the smallest advantage of the other ; and therefore, what can we call the transaction but an unfortunate accident,

These disinterested assertions were delivered in presence of all the company, and whatever any person might think to the contrary of what the good old man pointed out to them, none dared to hint a contradiction : so great was the influence of the fathers over the laity that the most hardened offender shrunk,

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students, at which time there were several other colleges in the nation ; and at that one established in Mayo, Alfred the Great, who reigned in the throne of England, is said to have finished his education. 'Twas in his thirteenth or fourteenth year he was sent by his father to Rome for instruction ; and we find on his leaving that city that he was anointed future king of England, by Pope Leo. 'Twas undoubtedly after this he came to Ireland and it is more than probable 'twas here he acquired his excellence on the harp by which he charmed the savage heart of Guthrum, and regained the British crown. Ireland was then called the college of Christendom, and it was as common to say, such a person is gone to Ireland to college, as we would say now of Glasgow, Trinity Cambridge, or Maynooth.

from his evil purpose before them, nor dared in their presence to support a false argument.

I cannot say they were all upright, all virtuous and infallible as has been no man born of human nature, nor ever shall be ; but I can say, 'tis to the fathers we owe our present refined state of learning, much of our religion, history, &c., &c. Let any person who wishes to assert the contrary opinion look into the universities of Dublin, or Maynooth, and he will then behold with wonder the Herculean labours of those sages, any of whom might, with more propriety than the Venusian bard, exclaim, "*exegi monumentum perennius ære*,"

Father Owen was a plain, sincere, good-natured man, possessed of much learning, and given to deep research.

After Aveline left the convent she was accustomed to receive instructions from him during a certain portion of the day, and to him it might be said, she owed in a great measure, the formation of her judgment, her taste and more than ordinary love for music. He had a tolerable knowledge of the harp, and gave her some lessons on that instrument, relating to her, at intervals the wandering of the minstrels, which tales, although a man of rather austere manners, he frequently entertained her with ; and hence arose her many inquiries respecting the harp—the wandering bards, and the royal residence of Tarah, a name which my ear almost tells me never should be separated from the harp.

After having finished this long dissertation, on the author of which I have taken the liberty to make some scattered remarks, Father Owen looking around him with a sigh, which generally said as much as he was not altogether happy in mind, asked him, where was Aveline ? for he always called her simply by her own name ; I do not remember, said he, to have been so long in the castle at any former time, before she visited me ; but said he answering his own interrogation, old men who are sinking into the vale of years, and returning to childhood a second time, become unpleasing to company, and I believe also to their most intimate friends, before they themselves are properly aware of it.

I, said M'Quillan, have felt something anxious to-night regarding her, poor thing; but, indeed in place of seeing her who, in times past could not be happy from me, I have not so much as seen one of her maids, that I might ask after my child; and I must inform you besides, that this little trouble which has arisen in my family to-day, as I may say, seems to have alienated the hearts of all my domestics, indeed they attend me when I call upon them, but otherwise they shun me.

I can also perceive a certain serious gravity in all their countenances, which circumstances, although they may seem trifling to others, yet they have not failed to render me unhappy.

And from such disinterested conduct of your servants, said Father Owen, do you not perceive, as in a mirror, the shadow of your wrong procedure; and since appearances are so much against your late conduct, I hope I may be saved the unpleasant necessity of speaking further on the subject—only this, that it is in your power, if you think fit, to heal what has been done amiss.

The next morning a messenger was sent to the camp of Sir Coll M'Donnell with an apology for what had taken place, and likewise an invitation to return to the castle—that his friend M'Quillan was sorry for the misunderstanding, and wished that it should be forgotten on both sides as soon as possible.

Sir Coll's reply was, that he did not attribute the harsh treatment with which he met to any individual but evil counsellors, and since his benefactor was pleased to acknowledge his fault, he averred that it was as pleasing to him to receive that acknowledgment; and therefore, without further delay, having ordered the broad flag to be unfurled, and with his drawn sword in his hand marching to the music of the bagpipes, he turned his face to the towers of Dunluce a second time, his hardy mountaineers frisking along to the merry lilt with their knees as bare as the statue of Memnon, and brandishing their shining blades around their heads keeping time to the music, and as they topped every

little eminence filling the air with a shout for the laird of the isles, and the blue hills of Scotland. In such manner did these brave men display their enthusiasm to follow their leader whether he met a friend or an enemy.

The first inhabitant of the castle that met him on his return was a white pigeon, a favourite domestic of his mistress, and which she had fed and rendered so tame, that it would seek her out wherever she was, even to the distance of five or six miles, and perch on her shoulder; it had become as fond of Sir Coll during his sojourn in the castle, and no doubt since his departure, with scrutinizing eye had sought him many a mile both by land and sea; as it approached the noisy Highlanders who we might conclude were sufficient to intimidate even a being of rational intellect, it apparently made an attempt to perch on M'Donnell's sword, but he at a distance knowing it to be his former friend, held out his hand and receiving it, could not avoid placing it to his bosom.

His joy to see this sweet little harbinger of good tidings, did not let him for some time perceive a small billet suspended to its neck with a silk thread, as the bird and paper were both snow-white. This paper contained only a few lines of poetry written in the manner of a welcome to Sir Coll and his men, in the hand-writing of Aveline; but whether the composition were her own or that of some of the minstrels that frequented her father's mansion, I shall not say.

The lines were these:—

Ah, lonely was my place last night,  
 With the taper dimly burning;  
 But splendid lustres gild the hall,  
 For Sir Coll and the clans returning:

The drowsy tongue told twelve at night,  
 To me a tale of sorrow;

But little I thought of the merry peals  
That should welcome my Coll to-morrow.

The hoary minstrels stand at the gate,  
And twang the wires divinely,  
While from her spacious womb Dunluce  
Sends back the sounds sublimely.

So Kead miel a faultie Colla na roon,  
One night you have been a stranger,  
The Columb baan from your Aveline flies,  
To proclaim you are free from danger.

As they approached the outer gate, the officer commanding the gallowglasses had them drawn to the barrack front and under arms, receiving them with three cheers as they entered, playing up M'Donnell's march, and hurling their bonnets into the air with joy to meet their hospitable friends.

Dinner was served up for all, and happiness illumed the countenance of every inmate, when they saw the young Highlander enter the drawbridge bearing in his right hand the sword of his forefathers, and wearing his national bonnet perched on his dark brow.

To delineate the meeting between him and his beautiful spouse would only be to paint the same between two sincere lovers, and therefore as this has been so often and so ably done by others, I hope I shall be pardoned in passing it over.

As soon as the return of M'Donnell to the castle was anticipated, those who had acted as prompters to Daniel M'Quillan retired, knowing that their presence could not be agreeable to a man whose character they had endeavoured to poison in the good understanding of his benefactor :

M'Quillan, however, wishing to create friendship as much as in his power, had them asked to the castle, and a reconciliation effected.

It was some short time afterwards that the welcome tidings were announced to Sir Coll, of a son born to him, and also an heir apparent to the wide domains of Dunluce, notwithstanding that the bounds of these estates in comparison with the possessions which his forefathers held in Scotland were much limited, yet such was the infatuation cast over him from the time of his landing on the shores of Inisfalia, that of all places in the world his heart insinuated to him here was his home.

And what was the cause of this indissoluble attachment? was it of a mercenary nature? No, a secondary cause was the hospitable and open-hearted disposition of his friend M'Quillan, but the strong and powerful charm which riveted his affections was Aveline M'Quillan; 'twas in this lovely Irish girl, shooting among the wild cliffs of Dalriada like a flower in the desert that all the witchery was concealed.

If at the consummation of his daughter's nuptials, M'Quillan wished to have his friends and alliances, at the baptism of his grandson, he was still willing to have a greater number, and for this reason preparations were made to receive an unusual assemblage at the castle on the following week.

'Twas at the conclusion of the baptismal ceremony, after the child's name had been pronounced Archibald M'Donnell, by father Owen, and after he had given them a suitable admonition regarding the instructions, nurture and seeds of virtue requisite to be implanted in the infant's mind; I say these injunctions had been just finished and the company were rising from their knees, in which position they had received a solemn prayer from the good old father, that a wandering minstrel with hoary locks came to the gate, and as I have said before, although the solid oaken door of M'Quillan's mansion never shut out a stranger, yet on the present event he was doubly welcome.

There were several reasons why the bards were everywhere so gladly received by almost every class in Ireland. Their music, their tales both of the present and of other times, their facetious company, their antiquities, and last of all the reverence held time immemorial for them by their countrymen.

As he entered, all turned their eyes toward the sage, and were anxious in accommodating him with victuals and every other necessary fitting to restore a weary traveller. Upon inquiry, he informed them that his name was Cairbre O'Halloran, that he had lived long with the family of O'Kelly, had resided some time in Oilagh na Riagh;\* but the chief place of his residence was among the O'Cahans of the Roe, under whose patronage and protection at the seminary of Dooneven he had received his education.

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\* Oilagh na Riagh, which I have mentioned before in my notes, now Elagh, near Londonderry, was one of the three principal places of royalty in Ireland.

Aodh, or Hugh, king of Ireland, summoned a parliament at Drimceat, in order to settle three important matters. The first was, to levy a tribute on the noble clan of Dalriada in Scotland; the second, to banish the fleas or bards, that had then become a burthen to the people; the third was to lengthen the imprisonment of Scanlon More, king of Ossery, at that time weightily ironed in the royal palace of Oilagh na Riagh. The only person capable of interceding was Saint Columb Kill, a red-hot patriot, who on account of some broil that he raised, was ordered by St. Molaise, a powerful man and abbot of a priory in one of the islands of Lough Erne, never to see Ireland again with his eyes; however, having bandaged them over, he set out for his own country, attended by twenty bishops, thirty priests, fifty deacons, thirty students, besides many more. Although but an abbot himself, and from the island of Hy, the place of his banishment, accompanied by this retinue, he arrived at Drumceat, and by his strong arguments obtained a mitigation both for the bards and the Dalriada; but in regard of the king of Ossery, he could not succeed; however in a prophetic manner he told the king of Ireland that Scanlon More's chains would fall off that night, and as the manuscript says, coming to Eaglis Dubh in Inis Eogain, which is the same place as Elagh in Inishone, where Maolduin king of that district held the monarch in captivity, a large pillar of fire was seen by the soldiers on guard hovering over the prison, and an angel calling to him, arise Scanlon and follow me, which he did, his irons falling off and the soldiers through terror not opposing his passage. The manuscript also says, that being fed on salt meat, his throat was inflamed so that he could not speak to the saint until he supplied him with drink, and that many of his posterity were afflicted with the same disease.

The following account of a very curious relique of antiquity is now in the possession of Adam M'Clean, Esq. of Belfast, which appears to have been the gift of Donald O'Lochlin, or Lachlin, king of Aileagh. Neid or Oileagh na Reagh, the royal palace of Innis Eagan, to his friend Donald M'Amalgaid, promoted to the see of Ardmagh in 1092. The relique consists of a four-sided hand-bell, of rather uncouth form, and composed of two pieces of hammered iron connected by brass solder and by twelve rivets. The bell itself has probably been designed for the internal use of a chapel being only nine and a half inches in height, five in length, and four in breadth. When

The next question started almost by half the company was, did he ever hear of the celebrated Toal O'Cahan, or could he perform any of his favourite pieces? His answer was, that he could, and also said, that he was in possession, he believed, of all the remaining fragments now to be found of that bard. They afterwards proceeded to ask him concerning the air called *Finvola the gem of the Roe*.

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struck by the tongue a dull solemn tone is produced; there is little interesting about it except that it is an instrument of great antiquity; but it is accompanied by a splendid cover unique in its kind, which seems at once to preserve from injury, and to announce the veneration in which it had been held in former times. The ground of the cover is brass edged with copper, and enriched with a great deal of elegant ornaments, raised in all its parts; its top represents a compressed mitre, one side of which is adorned with fine gold fillagree work and silver-gilt. It is also to be observed that there is a hole in the bell worn by time as by the injury it has sustained in the lapse of ages. In the area of the two narrower sides or ends, are pier-shaped sapphires adorned with silver, which has been gilt on one of these sides, which is beautified with stones; there are ornaments of fine gold, representing serpents curiously and elegantly intertwined in most intricate folds and various knobs like the complicated involutions in the collar, of the order of the knights of St. Patrick. It may be worth remarking that on one of the ends, and below the knobs and ring by which it is suspended, there are eight serpents so singularly infolded and intermingled with one another, that it requires minute attention and considerable discernment to trace each separately and to distinguish it from its fellow. Their eyes are skilfully formed of blue glass; above the cross are four of the same kind and in each of the four compartments into which it is divided, there are two golden serpents in relief below the knobs of suspension; on the opposite side or end are six other serpents with blue eyes, but differently intertwined. On the top is a strange representation of two of these creatures with two legs on each of the suspending knobs of the case; two of the sides are also ornamented in a similar manner; when the bell is inclosed, a sliding brass plate on which it rests fills the bottom of the case; on this plate the lower edge of the rim of the instrument has strongly impressed its form—a collateral presumption of the antiquity of its cover; for the weight is not sufficient to have produced the effect there by its pressure, or by any friction which it could have occasioned, except in a long period of time. It proves also that when the cover was made the bell had an under case, as at present; for the indentations seem not to have been the effect of wearing, but of reiterated percussion. It appears unquestionably that the case is as old as the eleventh century, as the inscription implies. How much older the bell itself may be, is matter of inquiry for the antiquary. It was styled St Patrick's bell by the family in whose possession it had long remained. It is said that bells were used in churches by Paulinus at Nola in Campania, so early as four hundred and nine. We learn from Bede they were applied to ecclesiastical purposes in England, in the 7th century. *Audivit ait ille subito in aere notum Campaniæ sonum quo ad orationis excitari vel convocare solebant.* Columba

I suppose, said Cairbre, there are not many individuals of any research in Ireland who can be unacquainted with the history of Finvola O'Cahan; but since it appears to me that you are strangers to an event which took place, I may say almost in your own neighbourhood, I shall, as nearly as I recollect, rehearse the account which I got from a manuscript in the old abbey of Dooneven.\*

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in the 6th century said to one of his attendants, Cloecam pulsa, strike the bell. (a) He is stated by one of his ancient biographers to have found a bell which had been the property of the Irish apostle, and to have transmitted it to Ardmagh; (b) in the 5th century St. Patrick presented some bells to the Connaught churches; (c) Donald's bell we are assured, was for some generations in the possession of a family named Mulholland, (d) and lastly in that of Henry Mulholland, a worthy old schoolmaster now deceased, who lived in Shanescastle, formerly Edenduffcarrick, the seat as well known of one of the ancient and princely septs of O'Neill. The silver work is partly scrolled in alto relievo and partly in bass relief, resembling knots in the order of St. Patrick. In the centre of the top is a blue stone set in fine gold and insphered in a glass head; in its centre are four pearl coloured stones, with four green ones of a smaller size, representing an intersected cross. Under this is a circular space now vacant, which had been probably once occupied by a gem; the other side of the mitre is silver cut into various crosses. One of the quadrangular sides under the mitre is formed into thirty-one various compartments by silver divisions. Nineteen of these are filled with various ornaments in pure gold fillagree, exhibiting the form of serpents and snakes curiously entwined; two of the other compartments are now vacant; in two of the remaining ten are considerably projecting oval pieces of polished rock crystal, or Irish diamond, each about an inch and a half in length and set in silver. The setting of that which occupies the central compartments is silver, representing on its edge small fleurs de lis. Of the eight smaller divisions is one occupied by an oval garnet, and three by oval cornelians; the remaining four have lost their ornaments; the other side of the mitred top is of silver which has been substantially gilt. The top is in bass relief, with scroll-work representing serpents. The

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\* This castle stood further up the river than Coey Na Gall's.

(a) Vita S. Scott, p. 65, Pinkerton.

(b) Trid. Thaum. p. 408.

(c) Vita Trip C. 108.

(d) The name of Mulholland Maolnholm in the original Irish, signifies a person of a family devoted to a religious life under St. Columba, founder of Culdeism, who is frequently styled Columkill.

Dermot O'Cahan an Irish prince possessing broad and extensive domains, bounded by the Bann,\* the Foyle,† and the Northern Ocean, resided on a rock overhanging the river Roe, and nearly adjoining the abbey above mentioned: this nobleman was father to Finvola and twelve sons, for whom he built twelve castles in different parts of his lands; he had frequent intercourse with the kings and princes of the neighbouring

remainder of it is divided into three compartments; in the central one of these appear two birds, The other two present the profile of an nondescript animal.

The area of the quadrangular surface under this side of the mitre is covered with a substantial plate of silver cut into thirty-two crosses with an inscription; on its four edges are quarters in old Irish characters, indicating as far as has been deciphered that the bell was presented by Domnal O'Lochlin to Domnal the comorbo of St. Patrick; the letters in this inscription are not separated into distinct words, and the difficulty of interpreting it is greatly increased by the points or marks formed by the rivets. The number of thirty-one compartments on one side with the two compartments on the mitre, make thirty-three; the years of our Saviour's age and thirty-three crosses might be easily made out on the other side by gaining two of the incomplete ones. The two rock crystals that remain in the principal front of the sides with a niche where a third had been, may have indicated the three years of Christ's ministry. These conjectures are perfectly consistent with the spirit of the times: bells of a similar size are not uncommon. One of these was found concealed in a ivied wall in the ruined church of Kibruny. It was agitated and rung by the wind during the continuance of a storm, and having been discovered by this singular accident, was a few years ago conveyed to Newry chapel. A physician in Belfast has another which was raised in a field near Bangor, in the county of Down: it is formed of iron, with a perfectly smooth surface and rounded corners: its height is twelve inches by eight in breadth, and nine in width. A similar hand-bell was found in the Route, co. Down; is now in possession of James M'Donnell, M. D. Belfast. In 1092, a fire which wasted a considerable part of Ardmagh, destroyed the church, and of course ruined the bells. It is not improbable that the antique bell in question may have been one of a complete set presented by the monarch Donnald to his namesake and friend, the Primate, to repair his loss. From the expenses so profusely lavished on that curious piece of the cover, it seems manifest that the bell itself, the principal object of former veneration, had belonged to a Cathedral (α) or monastery, and had been venerated as a precious relic of antiquity, even in the eleventh century, so much for the antiquity of Daire Calgac.

—STEWART'S HISTORY OF ARMAGH.

(α) Probably the Cathedral of Derry, Flathbeart O'Crolcart, being the first consecrated Bishop after it was erected into a cathedral.

\*—† By Ptolemy called the Vidua and Argita.

nations, and often carried his daughter Finvola and her brothers with him when he visited the courts of Caledonia or Britain. 'Twas returning from the former in the winter season, that Dermont O'Cahan with his son Shane and Finvola his daughter, was overtaken by one of those storms which are frequently known to burst forth among the islands of Caledonia, and as their vessel was badly manned, they narrowly escaped with life, being driven by the tempest on the rugged shores of Ilay in the dead of night.

Under one of those thunder-rifted towers of natural rock which hang frowning over the deep, they were forced to remain during the night, drenched by the rain and benumbed in their joints, untill the beams of a watery winter sun rising from behind the eastern mountains began to re-animate nature, and assist the genial current in resuming its wonted functions: in this forlorn and pitiable situation they remained till far in the morning, not knowing the name of the island on which they were cast, nor whether it was inhabited by a human being, but at this juncture the plashing of oars was heard turning round a high projecting reef that in some measure had sheltered them from the fury of the tempest, and shortly after they saw a fishing boat with five stout young men approaching them, four of these were Norwegians clothed in kind of oiled frocks made of skin, with a hood of the same materials that fell over the shoulders, and rendered them proof against all weathers; the fifth, who was the only one that could address them in a known tongue, was a tall swarthy Highlander of a bold military carriage, and this corrected, if I may be allowed to use the expression, by an easy politeness.

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\* The names of Dermont O'Cahan's twelve sons were, Cooley, ancestor to O'Cahan Limavady, Dermont, Turlough, Shane, Bryan, Donald, Mortogh, Donough, Niall, Owen, Toal, Evenney Patrick; and their places of residence was near the old abbey of Dooneven: O'Cahan's Brook at the foot of Benbraddagh; Limavady: Swatteragh; Glenkeen near Garvagh; Flanders below Dooneven; Castle Rose near Coleraine Eanagh; Ballysheesky near Beechhill; Glondermott; Coolnamunnen; Tiergolin. The place in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, vulgarly called Castle Roe, is properly called Castle Rose, from Rose O'Cahan a celebrated beauty, formerly an inhabitant of it, this being one of the twelve castles built by O'Cahan for his twelve sons.

In rowing up to the strangers, he scarcely waited either to ask their country, or the cause of their disaster, but speaking to his companions in the Norse dialect, bid them assist the strangers in mooring their vessel, and afterward direct them across the island to the mansion; then turning to Prince O'Cahan and his daughter, he begged of them that they would allow him to conduct them to a gentleman's residence which stood at no great distance, and where he was certain there was a good wish as well as capability to supply them with every thing of which they stood in need.

The Hibernian bowed acceptance, and supporting his daughter Finyola, the three walked toward a magnificent castle which stood rather at the farther verge of the island. In a few words he explained to them how he had been on business in Norway, and had felt the severity of the night as well as they, only that his mariners were better skilled in the navigation of those dangerous seas so thickly interspersed with shoals and islands.

And on which of the Scottish islands, said O'Cahan, are we now?

You are now, said the stranger, upon that one called Islay; and also, said O'Cahan interrupting him, the castle to which you are escorting us is the residence of M'Donnell, lord of the isles.

The same, said the stranger.

I fear, said O'Cahan, we are not in good trim to enter the court of our friend M'Donnell to-day; however, as it is not the character of an Irishman to stand upon punctilios, we shall use no other apology than that which a boisterous sea and tempestuous night have supplied us with.

Be assured said the stranger, as far as I can inform you, there

is no apology necessary; a person in distress has always found access to the halls of our ruler, and I have no doubt, Sir, but you have more and weightier claims than that which is common to mankind in general : I presume from certain reasons of my own that your name is O'Cahan, and am willing to pledge myself, that your arrival will be hailed with joy ; but may I ask who the gentleman is whom you left with the sailors.

He is my son, said O'Cahan, and our name is the same which you conjecture, and if I may flatter myself, a name not unknown to the lord of the isles, but to visit the court at this time was not our intention.

As they were discoursing of these matters, and drawing near to the castle, they were met by a party of the clan of M'Donnell, arrayed in the full military costume of their country and surrounded by these was approaching them a portly old man, dressed in a superb garment, and seemingly frank and robust under a green old age. He soon knew the strangers to be Hibernians, and nearly as soon recognized the person of Prince O'Cahan, whom with his two children he welcomed in the Scottish manner, to the court of M'Donnell.

When I say, in the Scottish manner, I presume almost any of my readers will understand my meaning, which is a welcome as hearty as a welcome could be.

At this period O'Cahan's daughter Finvola, or as she was more frequently called Flora, was often talked of, not only at the court of M'Donnell, but also in Holyrood, whence she was returning, and not altogether was she unknown at the royal residence of Britain : although here in Islay she was unattended, save by one maid, and she on account of indisposition had been left in the vessel till such times as they could procure females to take charge of her.

The lord of the Isles, for such was the person whom I have described as meeting them surrounded by his guards, returned with his noble guests, often and often again enquiring how were his friends in the land of Inis-Ealga? how were the

O'Cahans of the Roe, where I myself, said he, was fostered, and along the romantic streams of which I have spent many a pleasant day. The majestic young Islander, who first came to their succour was here introduced to them as son to the lord of the Isles, and who received part of his name from their own family, Angus O'Cahan M'Donnell.

Prince O'Cahan with his daughter, the Princess Finvola, and his son, were now prevailed upon to spend a few weeks in this watery region, where so much variety was to be had in every season of the year, and where he that was fond of enterprize could not fail of finding achievements worthy his most daring ambition.

Among these islands ran many dangerous currents, to navigate which none but a native could with safety attempt; but with all the difficulties and hazards of the Hebrides, Orkneys, and Shetlands, with the different creeks, harbours, and inlets, young M'Donnell was perfectly acquainted; and as many of which as their time would permit he carried his guests to see, not omitting among others the terrific whirlpool, Corry Vrecken, &c. &c., but the time at length arrived, that O'Cahan with his children must seek the shamrock vales and oaken forests of the green Island, and when Finvola, Princess of Northern Inisfalia, bid farewell to the royal mansion of Islay, she carried with her the hopes and the happiness of Angus M'Donnell; leaving him to breathe his sighs among the beetling steeps and rude ridges of the stormy Hebrides, and only responded by the screaming of the sea-fowl and plaintive sound of the north wind.

Now far from the isles, on Ierne's coast,  
The breezes have wafted them over,  
And quick beats the pulse of a hopeless swain,  
'Tis Flora's disconsolate lover.

For the noble maid was of tender years,  
Nor knew of the graces around her,

Nor thought she her eyes had inflicted a pang  
To the youth when first he found her,

But she longed for the pleasant banks of Roe,  
Where the wild deer oft are feeding,  
Or high Benbradagh's hoary peak,  
Where the fawn by the eyrie lies bleeding.

The chiming bells from the abbey grey,  
Proclaim that O'Cahan is coming.  
And the sister nuns at break of day  
A sonnet of thanks are humming.

The bellowing horn from Knock na Ginn,  
Has blown O'Cahan's hallow,  
And golloglaghs from Faure\* and Finn  
Are well prepared to follow.

Bring forth three steeds of fairest form,  
And fleet as the sorel ranger,†  
Let gilded trappings these adorn  
As should in the island of strangers.

For yonder comes Dhooneven's lord,  
He blows a blast of thunder.  
Which from his lair has roused the steg,  
And filled the forest with wonder.

Now dark-browed Rover has shaken his ears,  
And away is merrily bounding,  
While the hooded hawk from the castle top  
Pursues the well known sounding.

\* Near that romantic vale in the county Derry, called Glen Ullin rather on the Garvagh road, is a large fountain issuing from the side of a hill, and like many other wells in Ireland is said to possess certain virtues: the name of this spring is Faure and Finn, out of which it is said the bard Ullin before death longed for a draught, and, says tradition, had he received it, he would not have died.

† Sorel, a fallow deer three years old.

On Dermont O'Cahan's departure for the court of Caledonia, he had ordered the twelve castles above mentioned to be built for his twelve sons, and now on his return after receiving the congratulations of a widely extended and loving people, he began to inquire concerning these buildings—if the workmen had them nearly finished; for in undertakings of the like nature, particularly the castles belonging to their chief, the clansmen were obligated in their oath of allegiance to assist both in procuring materials and in the workmanship, so that in a very short time they could erect a large edifice, and indeed there were few princes in Ireland better beloved by their vassals than the family of which I am speaking: The nunnery of Dooneven was built by the ancestors of O'Cahan, and patronized by every succeeding proprietor with the most princely liberality.

For the support of this seminary there was given what we would call rather a whimsical allowance. Two men blindfolded started at the nunnery, and far as they could travel without falling was religiously set apart for the above purpose; one of the men taking his course north-westerly, and having made the space of nearly two miles and a half, fell, and dislocated his foot, at a spring since called Tober-na-coss, or the foot well. The other made nearly five miles, taking rather a westerly course, until he reached a place called Corn-Arg, where he also fell, this being the extremity of Donn-even parish, where it meets with that of Cumber.

To the seminary of Doon-even were sent the youth of both sexes, from the most respectable families in Ireland for education; for among the many others with which our nation abounded, it had acquired a high character, as well for the purity of its learning as the beneficence of the family that patronized it.

The first abbot that presided here was Paul O'Murray, a man deeply read in the learning of the times, and well acquainted with the fathers: under him were educated many of the Scottish M'Donnells, which was the principal cause of est-

ablishing a lasting friendship between them and the O'Cahan. The students here were daily instructed in the use of the broad-sword and targe, besides all other kinds of manual exercise which could brace the nerves or render the body robust and active.

On the day preceding that on which O'Cahan designed to hunt, he caused the great horn to be sounded three times on Donald's hill, twice on Benbraddagh, and once on Knock-na-Ginn,\* being in the vicinity of the castle, that his tenantry and kinsmen might be apprized of the event that was about to take place on the succeeding day, and also that they might have both horses and dogs in full readiness the moment the stag was roused.

Of all the favourite haunts for the stag in the country of O'Cahan, he chose the deep thickets overhanging the streams of the Roe, in the translucent current of which, after a long hunt, he was wont to bathe his dappled sides, and springing thence, frequently scaled the rugged height of Benevenny, wheeling round on the summit, and frowning down upon his hundred foes weakly clambering beneath him, but none daring to urge the dangerous pass.

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\* Knock-na-Ginn signifies the hill of heads, and is a little mound having on its summit a stone raised on its one end, a mark which usually denotes that something extraordinary is deposited below. This little hill stands scarcely one mile distance from the castle, and, as tradition informs me, had its name from the following cause:—The clan of O'Mullan, which are still a numerous people in the country of O'Cahan, were formerly in the ranks of the latter's Gallowglasses, but becoming powerful in themselves, they withdrew, and when opportunity served, rather held a kind of opposition to their benefactors. It so happened that the O'Cahans were from home fighting another enemy, as they were rarely otherwise employed; and the M'Cluskeys, who, for their services under the O'Cahans, held much of the lands lying west of the Roe, having disputed with the clan O'Mullan, sent two of their boys to hunt toward the Largywood, where O'Mullan meeting them drowned both in the Roe. The news of this fatal event reached both the parents in the evening, who, as night began to spread her sable curtain over the earth, raised the mournful caoine, and being joined by their connexions made the hills re-echo to their cries, and in this manner sought the dwellings of their chieftains; but the flower of their forces were drawn away, as I have said before, on another warlike expedition. However on the following morning

The universal pastime of our ever restless countrymen in those days was pursuing the hare, stag, or fox, and often the boar, a more dangerous exercise; for we have good authority that among the many wild inhabitants of the forests of Ireland, the boar was one, and one also sought out by the most celebrated warriors.

In following the chase they were often presented with difficulties and hazards well calculated to prepare them for the field of battle, both in bracing their nerves and practising their courage, nor was he who could not shine in the exercise of hunting, or who was not foremost in attempting danger where-soever it occurred, capable of keeping company with men ever after; and if he was despised by his own sex, he had little cause to seek shelter among the other; for they who never thought a husband merited their hand unless he had performed some hair-breadth escape or neckbreak achievement, could badly subsist with the attention of a poltroon.

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such as remained at home, arming themselves with whatever weapons they could, marched forth coolly to meet their adversaries which happened at a place called Ballyclose, (a) in the suburbs of Newtownlimavady. The battle was fierce and bloody for some time; but at length the O'Cahans were conquered, and all who fell into the hands of their enemy had their ears cut off. Their friends returning shortly after, and learning the particulars, took an oath that so many of the O'Mullan's heads should pay for the late transaction. These, however, were not easily obtained, but were the cause of another desperate engagement, which took place in a town called since Derrylane, formerly Dairelawn, which signifies the deserted oaks—made desert by the slaughter. In cutting off the heads, the person who was appointed to collect them together, (I cannot omit mentioning his name, M'Harrold,) having an insatiable enmity to the vanquished, cast away the heads privately, always preserving a few, and still the number required was deficient; but on a certain chieftain's head being given to him, and he having cast it away and not being able to account for it, his own was made answer in its place. The heads were taken and buried in the hill (b) above mentioned, in sight of the castle windows, and a stone being erected on the top, it was ever after called Knock-na-Ginn or Knock-na-Chinn—the hill of heads.

(a) Or the town of ears, where the O'Mullans cut off their enemies' ears.

(b) 'Tis shocking to think that the gallows or burial place of a fallen enemy was usually kept within sight of the chief's dwelling.

In the course of two or three months] after O'Cahan returned from visiting the court of Caledonia, being anxious to learn if the horses had lost aught of their mettle, or his dogs of their speed, he caused the great ox horn, blown by seven generations of his forefathers, to be sounded from the hills which I have mentioned, and they lying almost in a line with the Roe, where were the chief residences of the family, could not fail in being heard.

It was then customary, when the sound of the chieftain's horn, whether for the chase or for war, reached a certain length, and still more of the territory over which it was intended to extend lay beyond, that a sub-chieftain took up the blast, and filling the same notes and the same number of breaths, sent it to another and so forward: this when preceding the chase, was called winding the horn, and was equal to the quickest telegraph.

'Twas common for the ladies of Ireland to mingle in the chase, and they not unfrequently bore away the palm; for in a narrow pass, or where a contention in horsemanship happened between the gentlemen, they had too much gallantry not to give precedence to a female, and often assisted her when occasion required.

The horn being sounded from the top of these hills; the highest of which is old Benbraddagh, there was nought to be heard in the plains below but the sound of other chieftains' horns thro' the widely extended plains of O'Cahan, mingled with the howling of dogs and neighing of horses, for both the dog and horse are well known to anticipate the diversion of their master from the signal of the chase.

In the midst of this general clamour, we are not to suppose that the stag, although deeply entrenched in the bosom of dark forests, lay unconcerned;—No! every gale of wind brought sounds no less appalling to his ear than the death knell to a criminal; and the effects of this were, that wheresoever he appeared he was seen stretching himself, snuffing the breeze

and bounding on the plain as if preparing himself against the approaching danger.

“ The bay of Cona received our ships from Erin's rolling waves ; our white sheets hung loose to the mast ; the boisterous winds roared behind the groves of Morven ; the horn of the king is sounded ; the deers start from their rocks ; our arrows flew in the woods ; the feast of the hill is spread.”—Oss.

The horsemen had lain off good part of the morning, and allowed the dogs to beat through the thickets, betimes surprising them with a roar, and again falling quiet as if they were aware that their game lay hard by. They had proceeded much about the space of a mile toward the mountain, up a small stream called Owen Reagh, which empties itself into the Roe, on the western side, when all on a sudden the pack opened with full mouth, and a kind of retreating battle commenced among the underwood, the dogs at times piping most hideously, as if having received the gripe of some powerful enemy, and at intervals a more surly growl was heard, but still in a stifled tone and much below the natural pitch of such a voice ; however, it might well be compared to the voice of some plunderer, who, lest he might draw all his foes on himself at once, was willing to take and give a few hard bites, half in silence, emitting now and then a flash of anger as he received a snap from his adversaries : but all was to no purpose ; the clamorous din thickening round his retreat, and an open mouth assailing him from every point of the compass, he was obliged to fight a sideway battle through his enemies, exhibiting to them a set of tusks which, if they were even in the head of a dead animal, were sufficient to intimidate them.

The dogs separated to right and left, some not without the loss of both ears and tail, and with a bound from the wood he discovered himself in the midst of his pursuers to be a large brown wolf, long an inhabitant of these forests. It was to no use that a stag appeared to them in another place, both men and dogs were resolved to pursue the plunderer with keen resentment : and as to the latter, many of them did it in re-

venge for the scars which they had received both from his fangs and claws.

The contest which had been continued in the bosom of the wood before that the wolf was driven from his covert, had drawn together all the sportsmen at the very place where he first made his appearance, and through these, as well as the dogs, he was obliged to fight his way.

Having cleared himself of his many and inveterate foes, by dint of good heels, and sometimes a backward snap at the most audacious pursuers, he slung himself with the utmost ease over all oppositions that presented themselves to him, directing his career for the inaccessible cliffs of Bennevenny, where he knew he could rest in perfect safety, regardless of his enemies.

It was not until late in the evening, however, that he reached the place which he sought with all his powers from the morning, and this being attained was to him a city of refuge, beneath which his enemy might shew his impotence in whatsoever manner he pleased; for when the fugitive had entrenched himself in a strong hold that stands at the least twelve or thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, all danger seemed to vanish like darkness before the lamp of Apollo.

As the huntsmen saw themselves disappointed in their game, and night beginning to spread her cloak of sombre around them, Bennevenny skirted with wood on the one hand, and on the other, the booming Atlantic rolling his giant waves up the mouth of the Foyle, they concluded that it was better for them to take some refreshment before they began to retrace the steps which they had passed over with rapidity during the day, thoughtless of the hunger or fatigue that must ensue, and on this O'Cahan ordered the horn of requiem to be blown, as well informing them that the chase was over, as to collect the scattered horsemen, if there were any who had not come forward to the scene of preparation, and many of the

most expert hands were employed in cutting down and collecting that timber which would make the best and speediest fire.

Having piled a heap of dry combustibles at the foot of the rock, they laid the green timber above, slanting upward, and by the assistance of a steel and flint, soon had a fire that sent up a volume of flame and smoke approaching the top, and dying the grey surface of stone as far as it went.

The huntsmen seated themselves at each side and in front of the fire, on temporary seats formed of the boughs, chatting over the transactions of the day and making remarks on the agility and hairbreadth escapes of the freebooter that lay secured above them, and perhaps from his retreat eying all that had passed below, while now and then they were surprised by the swoop of one of those birds which harbour in the rock, being disturbed by the flame and smoke, leaving their place of retirement and seeking a shelter elsewhere.

The few herdsmen who resided in the neighbourhood, being either employed by O'Cahan or some of his liegemen, failed not to bring provisions into the place where they knew their chieftain had halted.

I need say nothing on the hospitality of the Irish; but certainly great O'Cahan and his followers could not be at a loss in the country where he ruled as supreme lord, and in many places of which his only annual tribute was a deer, a fat sheep, or a creel of salmon, and these at any other time, save the present, could be of little use to him, having more four-footed animals of every kind than he could use: but still such marks of beneficence shewed the zeal and unshaken attachment of his vassals, and although they came almost gratuitously, yet it was satisfactory in the highest degree to a chieftain, who so often required a proof of the fidelity of his adherents.

As they sat here bountifully feasting on the provisions which they had received, in the manner above described, the horses

were turned at large to feed wherever the impulse of nature directed them, and the dogs in part partook with their masters. The blaze which shot in a pillar of flame up the front of the rock cast a reflection over the smooth waters of the Foyle, as they silently crept towards the ocean, and the wild heath-clad brow of northern Inis Eogain was faintly illumed from the same cause.

Our forefathers, no doubt, said O'Cahan, were well accustomed living in this manner; and I cannot say when the weather is fine but the scenery is grander and the pleasure more exquisite; however, perhaps it appears so to us who have comfortable residences at home; but were we altogether dependent on chance for our night's lodging, or even admitting that we could rest every night as well as the present, I am something aware that a great part of the happiness might disappear, but we are only to consider that we are dining to-day with our friend Evenney, the guardian spirit of our family and of the O'Cahans, in whatsoever country they are; for I could almost assert that there is not an individual dining at the foot of the rock to-night, (I mean an O'Cahan,) who has not experienced the protection of our common guardian at one period or other in his life; and can it be wonderful if we, his immediate descendants, yea, and the very objects of his most peculiar protection, should fare well to-day, taking up our residence at the base of our great ancestor's palace, and who knows, said he, seeing their looks around the fire brightening with the blaze, and all marking with strong credulity—who knows, said he, but the wolf which we hunted to-day from the neighbourhood of Dooneven, has been only our great friend in disguise, who, to our shame be it told, has long been uninvited to the table of an O'Cahan?—and possibly my friends wishing to know how we were, he had paid us a visit in disguise; for you must know that at all our public festivals in days of yore Evenney and his train were the first invited, and if in place of giving him a hearty welcome to-day on his coming to see us, we have pursued him with hound and horn even to his castle-gate, how great has been our ingratitude, and what ought we to expect in return for our conduct?

Each began now in his own mind to look back to the actions of the day, and recollect whether in the pursuit he had by any means injured the wolf, and finding himself clear, returned thanks with great sincerity. But, said he, as a kind of explanation on the matter in question, it is more than probable that hearing the well known sound of the family horn preceeding the chase, for it has a particular echo along this shore, that he knew we were prepared for sport, and therefore assumed his late form to give us some amusement, and lead us home to his very door, and when he has brought us here, you see he has not left our green table uncovered.

They began now to remark, how he overcame the dogs, with what ease he sprang the highest fence, and what confirmed all in their opinion was, that having Prince O'Cahan twice in his power he passed him by harmlessly.

To Inisfalia's homely towers  
A vessel speeds her way,  
But hopeless love unnerves the arm  
That helms her to the bay :

To meet the whale he has no dread  
On Greenland's frozen shore,  
Nor fears he Shetland's boist'rous friths  
Nor Corry Vrecken's roar.

In Inisbanua nigh the Roe,  
His thoughts are long enshrined,  
And there a wild flower lonely grows,  
Fast round his heart entwined.

For hope or helper has he none,  
Nor any he can command,  
But his well rigg'd vessel is stemming the tide,  
And heads for O'Cahan's land.

If fair Finvola has taken the veil,  
And his beating brest foretells,

To castle O'Cahan a last adieu.  
And the Isles a long farewell.

But has another engaged the maid.  
'Tis worse if worse can be,  
For her eyes of the crime are guilty found,  
Tho' her heart as the wind is free.

Now Erin's green-capt hills appear,  
Which cause the stranger to sigh,  
And where dusky clouds their summits shroud,  
A fire has caught his eye.

A tartan plad around him hangs,  
And a sword as bright as flame;  
For castle O'Cahan he bends his way,  
And Angus is his name.

It was then proposed by O'Cahan, and unanimously agreed to by the company, that a toast should be drunk to Evenney and his train, who had treated them so hospitably, and whose favourable interposition they gratefully acknowledged. The chieftain having filled his cup and rising to his feet, called to his men were they ready? who all answering him in the affirmative, the bowls were drained to the bottom, toasting green-coated Evenney of the rock and his light-heeled followers, the firm and ever watchful guardians of O'Cahan and the country of O'Cahan extending from the Bann to the Foyle and from Tyrone to the sea: this was followed by a blast from the great ox horn and three whoops of the war-cry, which rung among the caverns and filled the air with birds frightend from their place of retreat by the unusual noise, and which hovered long about the light, wheeling and flapping their wings as they passed.

Just as the clamour began to cease, and every man about to take his seat, fully satisfied with himself in the honour paid to Evenney their common friend, in a dark crevice of the rock

shaded from the light of the fire by a kind of interposing shelf, the pipes played by no common hand and accompanied by a coarse sonorous drone, struck up O'Cahan's march and what was more singular performed all the variations with due exactness. The confusion that prevailed through the company on hearing the music may be better conceived than described, for notwithstanding the implicit confidence which they seemed to place in their aerial friend, yet it was evident from the countenance of all except a few that they were under a slavish dread lest Evenney should make his appearance.

Dermot O'Cahan addressed them in a kind of exhortative speech, asking them were they not ashamed to express so much terror at the appearance of what they supposed to be their guardian spirit, for whom a few minutes back they had testified so much zeal.

If our friend said he pleases to entertain us with a few airs, and indeed he has shown himself to be our Cleavin\* by beginning with the family march : I say if he is so condescending as to entertain us with good music, I should think we have more right to thank him than to appear under any dread ; but all he could say was not sufficient to strengthen them, and many scarcely dare look above their brows lest some dreadful appearance should burst upon their sight. The pipes after having gone over some Irish airs, changed to the Scottish, and singular to remark, played none but what were well known to the company.

After the music ceased, and the foresters having resumed their former freedom of speech, casting aside much of the reserve which they so lately used, a kind of scrambling was heard above them, and a stone of some pounds weight came tumbling down, accompanied with a tinkling noise like a small bit of iron falling, and passing right through the fire, disappeared in darkness behind them, a voice was heard saying in a low tone, I fear it is lost. O'Cahan, although not credulous in matters of a like

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\* Cleavin a friend or cousin.

nature, could not know what to think on this occasion, but ordering a search to be made where the stone fell, he found a small key, the property of his daughter Finvola, which had been lost on their late excursion to the court of Scotland, and which added to his looks a kind of seriousness unknown to himself.

As they had refreshed themselves now in regard of victuals, and there being no necessity for delaying here longer, orders were given to saddle the horses—mount—and turn their faces toward the grey abbey of Dooneven, wondering much at the scenes of the day.

Having taken the direction above mentioned they could perceive the shadowy form of two human beings keeping a small distance behind them, but so wrapped up, that no appearance of face could be discovered on any side of them, and as to their motion, though it was scarcely visible, yet they preserved an equal distance with the horsemen to that in which they began.

The march continued in a kind of suspicious silence along the many windings of the Roe, until the broad glaring windows of castle O'Cahan, lit up for the coming of their lord, extinguished all other lights. When with his attendanee he came to the abbey, all was silence and darkness, save two apartments dimly illumed by a single taper in each, and through the lattice it was easy to discover the reverent professors after they had finished the noisy labour of the day, enjoying that sweet hour of heavenly meditation of which none but the sincerely studious ever can pretend to participate. Let us not disturb these good men,, said he, they appear solely wrapt in meditation, and you will all confess have been spending their time to better purpose than we.

When for want of exercise for the mind or body, man is necessitated to invent, and enter into schemes of his own planning, I often find him at the conclusion unhappy and discontent, and seldom or ever have I found that pleasures of his own fabrication leave a true relish behind them. Why, said one

of his friends, you certainly cannot accuse yourself with any thing criminal in our pastimes to-day, not with the death of a single animal.

I am not altogether, said he, condemning myself for what I have done to-day, our amusement I may say has been harmless, but I am comparing with myself the life that these good men lead, and thinking to what a different purpose they set apart their time. I find them always engaged, and at the end always happy. The only ordinance of human life that I hear them regret is its shortness, and that we should apply it to better use than what we usually do.

They had now given their horses to the servants, and O'Cahan bidding the company good night, walked into a small apartment of the castle, \* west of the abbey, which was built on a projecting buttment of rock much after the manner of a swallow's nest, and overhanging a ravine of some hundred feet in depth. In this apartment stood a large oaken chair which had accommodated his father and grandfather in hours of leisure, and suitably antique was all the furniture of the place; casting himself into this chair, he pulled out the key which he had found in such a wonderful manner, and whilst he was busy examining it, Finvola his daughter, the constant attendant on her father when conveniency served, came to welcome him from the chase.

After asking her whether she had attended to the instructions of the abbess since he left her in the morning, and also divine worship which was kept regularly twice a day by the fathers, he presented to her the key with a sigh, saying how do you suppose, my daughter, I have come by this?

Both were lost in a deep reverie, Finvola meditating as well

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\* This castle, as well as that of Cooley na Gall, built by O'Cahan, stood on the banks of the river Roe, and was the chief residence, and most ancient, standing near the foot of the mountains.

how her father had come by it, as also the cause of the sigh which he heaved on presenting it to her. As they were thus engaged in a matter which seemed so inexplicable to both, a light foot passed hastily across the floor; O'Cahan raised his head—'twas Angus M'Donnell,

No further elucidation was required on any part of the matter: he had come attended only by one servant, and had an intention of sailing at that time by the island of Rathlin; but some how or other he thought an invisible power directed the helm for the shores of O'Cahan and the streams of the Roe, where he had been fostered. 'Twas only in a distant branch of this family that he had past his childhood, and it is reasonable to believe, that when his friend was wrecked among the western isles, young M'Donnell only guessed at his name.

In the times in which I am speaking, the custom of fostering was prevalent among the Irish, and so strong were the ties formed between the parties, that they not unfrequently outlasted those of blood.

The servant was equipped with a pair of bagpipes, and being led from the shore by the light at the foot of Bennevenny, they had reached the summit just as the toast was about to be drunk to the immortal guardian of the rock.

The joy of the noble Hibernian on seeing at his right hand the son of his friend from a neighbouring nation, and also his own and his children's deliverer, although great, was no way extraordinary from any individual of the same family.

Taking him by both the hands, with as firm a hold as an old sailor, and at the same time looking him full in the face, you are, said he, my brave fellow, a thousand times welcome, or perhaps it would look better in my vernacular tongue, that is, a Kead miel a faultie my bochiel more, to the land, I may almost say, of your nativity. How are all our friends on the other side of the water? Your arrival has been late! Flora, why do you not salute our common friend?

All these unfinished sentences were delivered in quick succession, the interrogator not waiting for an answer to either.

Finvola scarcely recognised the stranger at first, but hearing her father speak of their deliverer, it immediately brought to her mind Angus M'Donnell, son to the Lord of the Isles.

Half from her father's injunctions, and half from her own good will, she turned to young M'Donnell and performed the ceremony of friendship.

We, said Dermot O'Cahan, have been on a party of hunting to-day, the first time I have engaged in that amusement since our excursion to the land of Caledonia; and continued he, our day's sport has been rarely good, what one thing, what another; but why need I tell you further: many of our company departed, happy in the condescension of our immortal relative favouring us with a spring or two on the bagpipes, as you would term it: but now you have spoiled the matter altogether: however, we must not undeceive them in their favourable opinion of Evenney's obliging attention.

The errand of young M'Donnell to Castle O'Cahan was very soon understood by all the family, save one, and that was she on account of whom it was undertaken. Ever employed in receiving instructions from those holy people who had withdrawn themselves from the world and all its allurements, and who alone were supported by the beneficence of her father, she was become religiously serious, and wholly bent upon executing whatever either of her parents pointed out to her, as knowing no law but their orders, nor retaining a wish in her breast unrevealed to them; it was evident that her unbounded affection was well returned on their part.

Her mother was only daughter to O'Connor of Ballanagar, descended in a direct line from Milesius, and concerning whom might be said, even down to this time, as was said of the great Israelite, that the sceptre had not departed from him, nor a lawgiver from the family, &c.

If the person coming to pay his addresses to the daughter of such a nobleman as either of the two I have mentioned could count a long enough pedigree of Avuses, pro-Avuses and Atavuses, it was considered in Ireland every thing : that is, wealth, nobility and dominion.

And so said Cairbre—a conversation to which I was listening the other day, still verifies this opinion—two of our countrymen seeming to dispute, I asked one of them the cause, who answered me, by saying, “the upstart, he can only count his ancestors four hundred years back!”

But to return to Angus M'Donnell, prince of the Isles, and also the subject of our present narration.

His father having only him, and intending, as another Neptune, that he should succeed him in the government of this watery region, had sent him to the family of O'Cahan, in Ireland, to be fostered ; and perceiving, since the departure of his Irish guests, the vigorous constitution, and flashing spirits of his son begin to sink, was at no loss to divine the cause.

My boy, said he to him one day as they sat alone, I fear the draughts which you have sucked in the green island, have not been draughts of oblivion ; may I not attribute the cause of your disease to the departure of Flora O'Cahan from our shores ? Is she not the root of your malady, and if so, my son, be not ashamed to inform your father regarding the matter, so that we may apply for a remedy at least, whether we be successful in procuring it or not. The reply of young M'Donnell was bold and affirmative of his father's conjectures.

I own said he, that prince O'Cahan's daughter is the cause of much uneasiness in my mind since the first moment I saw her, which was no earlier than the morning of their disastrous shipwreck on our island, or if before this time I have seen her, she did not create so much interest in my breast, and would it had always been so. You must not despair, said his father; prince O'Cahan will rejoice in an alliance with our family I am

convinced, and if you cannot obtain the young lady's good wishes, my son, as the old adage is, "Scotland is broad and wide, and full of bonny lasses."

'Twas on this embassy that Angus M'Donnell came, when he met Dermott O'Cahan and his men feasting at the foot of Bennevenny.

In a few days, the noble islander, being a little unhappy regarding his errand, delivered to her father a letter from the lord of the isles, in which a proposal for his daughter was made, and asking for dowry twenty-four chieftains' sons of the O'Cahans, married to the daughters of as many chieftains and sons of the M'Donnells.

The contents of the letter were the subject of some days' meditation in the family; and from the time it was proposed to fair Finvola, all the change that was observable in her countenance was, a silent yielding langour, intimating, as we might suppose, that she was ready at all times to obey the will of her parents.

The connexion was desirable in every way that the parents could view it—the young islander being well beloved by his father's subjects, and also possessed of high acquirements, was well calculated to fill the seat of his ancestors, whether in peace or war; but something lay at the bottom of Finvola's heart, which she never had revealed to any. There was at the monastery of Dooneven, attending the Fathers, a youth descended of another branch of Irish nobility;—this young man's name was O'Hara, between whose family and the O'Cahans there was also a strict friendship; but none could tell whether he, whether her country, leaving her parents, or the pleasant banks of the Røe, was the cause of melancholy to this sweet Irish girl. However, the person to whom she was about to be joined, being such as we might suppose well calculated to efface such melancholy impressions, there was not the slightest doubt of him acquiring her sincerest affections.

The marriage was solemnized in the abbey, in presence of their friends and allies, who all came forward, both to greet the happy pair and bid a final farewell to Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

The conditions on which O'Cahan parted with his daughter were, that her remains should be brought back and deposited in the old abbey of Dooneven, the family burying ground, and these premises being agreed upon, she, with her twelve maids and twenty-four gallant chevaliers, set out for the Isles, leaving many a sorrowful heart behind them.

From Banad's glynn at eve was heard  
The doleful Irish cry,  
Saying, bannagh leat my bochiel bawn,  
Your Callien dhass will die.

For the glynn was long, and the voice was strong,  
And dark roll'd the streams of the Roe,  
And every breeze came wing'd with a tale—  
A tale of sorrow and woe.

There are twelve fair maids gone to Mary's-Birn,\*  
And they've climb'd to the highest stone;  
The Kaivin is lost and the Fillag torn,  
And they're wailing with bitter moan.

With their eyes turn'd true to the mountains blue,  
On Morven's rugged shore,  
Ah, my chuddien htiel I shall sigh for your weal,  
Though my hushla I'll see you no more.

The maid of the Isles with well dress'd smiles  
Is preparing my Cormack's bed,  
While far fom her own his Rosha alone  
Has sworn she never will wed.

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\* A lofty craig overlooking the glynn of Banady, and vale of the Roe.

Can I ever forget the sweet days that are gone,  
 When he braided my Kaivin with green,  
 When he bound round my Fillag with fresh heather bells,  
 And call'd me his Irish queen.

The wolf in the fold, like a ravager bold,  
 Might plunder from evening till day ;  
 But why from my arms and his Callien's charms  
 Did they drag my dear Cormack away ?

When thick pours the hail, and the night-bird does wail,  
 And shadows envelope the moon,  
 The Caoine we'll raise where the wild fires blaze,  
 And we'll mourn them as cold in the tomb.

Now loud roars the blast over Carn's black waste,  
 And the plover pipes lone on the hill ;  
 The winds as they blow roll tidings of woe,  
 In the plaint of the mountain rill.

Young Finvola is gone, and we're left alone,  
 For your bochiels shall never return :  
 Then slan leat go bragh, my vourneen agragh,  
 Since we're fated in silence to mourn.

Where the wild flowers creep on the white mountain steep,  
 That in winter is fringed with snow,  
 With the heath for their bed, and with fern overspread  
 These maidens are laid in a row.

**Angus M'Donnell with his young and beautiful bride embarked for the Isles,\* undoubtedly happier in the treasure**

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Says the genealogical account of the M'Donnells, chiefly the Clanronald branch Angus married Finvola (Flora,) daughter of O'Cahan, an Irish prince. He would accept of an ordinary dowry with her, but insisted on having the sons of twenty of O'Cahan's chieftains to be settled within his territory, and married to twenty of his chieftains' daughters—this was agreed to ; and from these men descended

which he bore than Paris with the Grecian queen, or the Argonauts when returning with the golden fleece. They were welcomed home with many a health drunk in strong aqua vitæ, and as many sets of well blown bagpipes. The brides were chozen for the young Irish chieftains, and happy were the days that Finvola spent with her loving husband.

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many tribes, all of whom originally took the name of M'Donnell, and still conceived themselves to be of that clan. The M'Lellans, M'Keys, M'Eacherns, M'Gillieses, M'Millans or M'Gillevoils, M'Cormacks, M'Gilliemories or Morrisous, M'Duffas, M'Phees, or M'Fees, M'Cuinns or M'Queens. By this marriage, Angus had—first, John, who succeeded him—second, Finvola, married to John Senescalla. This John was the son of Walter, highsteward of Scotland, by his marriage with Isabel, sister to the gallant Sir John the Graham, of Abercorn, and of course brother of Robert, Second, king of Scotland, Edward Second, as I have said in another place, summoned many of the Irish clans to attend him at the battle of Bannockburn; but Angus M'Donnell, on account of his connexion with the family of Bruce, marched to the assistance of Robert Bruce, with seven thousand of his own men from the Isles, and one thousand chosen from the battallion of the Roe, a body of men as high in renown as the ancient Finii. Angus having to collect his men from different parts was long in coming, but when he did arrive he shewed an army of veterans to the king that were equal to undertake any thing, and many of them were personally known to him. The words of his majesty to Angus, when he came up were, my hope is constant in thee. It is a well known fact that victory seemed to incline to the English side, until Bruce brought up his reserve, which consisted of his own men of Carrick, Angus with his legions from the Isles, some few Highlanders from Argyle with the battallion of the Roe; and with these he turned the fortune of the day, and pursued the Royal Fugitive to the gates of Berwick. The ancient poet Barbour describes the forces of Angus M'Donnell after this manner :—

“ Sir Angus of the Isles and Bute elselwae,  
And of the plain lands he had mae  
Of armed men, a noble rout,  
In battle stalwart was and stout.

He said the rere-guard he would maw  
And even before him should gae  
The vanguard, and on either hand  
The other battle should be gangand :

Behind ane side a little space,  
And the king that behind them was,

Revolving time, (said the bard,) which is still in motion brought the period when she must be gathered to her father's; and so dear was she to her partner, that he was even willing to violate the treaty which he had made, and retain the ashes of his best beloved in the land of Caledonia; and indeed, if a breach of any sort was justifiable, we should extend an indulgence to one of this kind sooner than any other. She was worthy of admiration, and if she was, Angus M'Donnell shewed that he held her so, never being able to place another in her room—No, not from the nobility of Scotland.

At her decease, the Isles put on mourning, and though he was sunk in deep affliction, yet the strictest charge was given, lest news of his Flora's death should reach the shores of Inis-falia, and bring over her relatives, who must severely hurt him in whatever way they acted: for should they only reproach him with want of faith in fulfilling the sacred engagement by which he obtained Finvola, the trial he dreaded much, but should they carry off her remains to her native land, he feared it was more than he and his children could bear.

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Should see where there was maist mister,  
And then relieve them with his banner."

The fierce and warlike spirit of the M'Donnells has been well attested on many an occasion, one instance of which is recorded in the same author: "The clans M'Donnell and Frazer were on the worst terms, in consequence of the latter joining the Earl of Huntley, lieutenant of the North, against them, resolving to defeat Ranold's right to succeed, and to choose the next heir to the estate. Huntley summoned the Frasers, Grants, and M'Intoshes, to attend him, and marched into Loughaber to to meet them. The battle commenced at the north end of Lochlochy, the number of each clan being pretty equal. The Frasers stripped to their shirts; the M'Donnells followed their example. Both sides fought with equal desperation, until victory at length declared for the M'Donnells. The place ever after got the name of Blairleine, from the combatants being stripped to their shirts; and was fought in July, 1544. Many were found next day in Lochlochy, pierced to the heart, and locked in each others arms with deadly grasp." Tradition says, that only four of the Frasers went home alive, but eighty of their wives being pregnant, the family by this means was restored.

The ties that are cemented in youth between the sexes are usually of long duration, and frequently only dissolved by death.

In few countries have we found attachments so strong and deeply rooted as the two of which I am speaking; but in regard of my own people, said Cairbre, they never wish to lie in a foreign land, and I'll make the reason plain to you all. Saint Patrick, on his coming over amongst us, blessed and consecrated every inch of our island, and so you see it is no wonder if it is called the Holy Island, nor is it either to be wondered at, if one of ourselves would rather sleep in it than in a land which never received the blessing of our saint.

But although strenuous exertions were used to keep secret from her family the death of Finvola, yet Granie Roe O'Cahan,\* the banshee and guardian spirit of that family, ever watchful over her children, soon wafted the mournful tidings over the cœrulean deep, and howled them through the rugged caverns of Benbraddagh,† beginning at twilight and plying the doleful lamentation through the night, until chased away by the voice of the morning cock.

From the seat of Sir Angus M'Donnell's castle, he could easily perceive the splendor of the torches which illumined the

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\* So familiar were the old women with this spirit, and so certain were they of her cries being a presage of death, as they say that in my own day, a certain female having a relation ailing at some miles distance of one of these glynnns, as she said, and going out in the twilight, heard the banshee, and called aloud, O'Granie achree won't you wait to I tie on my apron, and I'll be up the glynn with you? Granie however continued the cry, and on coming to the house the relation was found to be dead.

† In the front of this mountain are laid two horizontal stones, with a broad flag over them, and here, say the inhabitants, is Granie Roe's bed. It is said, she always keeps it clean swept, and requires a small tribute to be paid by each visitant. I myself when a boy, and venturing to visit the cell of this guardian spirit of the mountain, have been affected with no little dread, nor dared to leave the place before I offered my mite at Granie's shrine.

friths as the vessels approached the shore, and the first sight of land that they saw, a choir of females that they had prepared for the purpose, joined with Granie Roe, singing \* the death song of Finvola, the gem of the Roe, in the most afflictive

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On the western side of the mountain which I have been speaking of, nearly half way up the ascent, but where in place of ascending it changes into a kind of plain, green, smooth and enamelled with daisies, issues a fountain of pure water, and rolls an abundant current down the steep. This spring is called Stroangall, the fountain of the stranger, from some cause unknown in the present day, but always held sacred by the neighbouring peasantry: its waters continue their course through many windings, until they unite themselves with the Roe. From the above fountain, Finvola's maids were every morning accustomed to bring two pitchers for the purpose of ablution, as well on account of its purity as sanctity; and on the borders of this stream was the doleful lamentation of the banshee first heard. Every evening, after dusk, the cry began, and was howled along the banks, until chased by the village cock, at which sound she winged her flight back to the isles of Æbudæ. The place where Granie's lamentation ended every night was afterward called Ballanaturse,† or the mouth of the mournful ford, and is known by that name to the present day. On hearing the nightly wailings of Granie, said Shane O'Cahan, I fear that all is not well with my sister Finvola, for as often as the night approaches, I can distinctly hear the family banshee, and undoubtedly her wild cry speaks to my ear some deeply interesting death: go, said he to his attendants, rouse the O'Cahans from the Bann to the Foyle, and let each, armed with a broadsword in the one hand and a torch in the other set out for the Isles—I know Finvola is dead,—go, said he, and Granie Roe will lead you to the spot.

On the evening of a winter day, the clans of O'Cahan assembled at the mouth of the mournful ford, and every tenth man having lighted his torch, marched forward, the flame being reflected from the haggard grey front of Benbraddagh, and the moment they commenced their journey, that same moment the caoine was raised before them, and continued to point out the way until they arrived at the sea, where they found two vessels ready moored for their service.

\* I have given a small note already regarding the caoine at Irish funerals, but as it is scarcely full enough, I shall now say something under the same head.—When a person of any consequence or antiquity of family died in Ireland, the minstrels were arranged, holding their harps in their hands on one side of the corpse, and the keeners, which was a line of female vocalists, on the other; they began singing a kind of rhyme, extempore, and also of a short measure, repeating, as I said, the good qualities of the deceased, often some of his failings, and frequently some things foolish—this was the first part, and was called the cronnan, being sung rather in an under voice. After this repetition, the minstrels performed the same part, accompanying their harps with their voices. The second part was called the caoine, and was raised a degree higher, being softer and sweeter in the cadence. The third and last part

strains, and when they came to the grave, there they repeated over her all her good parts, her beauty, her virtue, her high descent, frequently asking her, why they did not bring her home to the land of O'Cahan, and not leave her among strangers.

The Islanders being alarmed by the unusual splendour of the torches nearing the shore, and then seeing the whole band surround the family burying ground of M'Donnell, came swarming toward the mourners, and called aloud to prevent them from raising the body; stand off, said Turloughmore O'Cahan, who stood in the door of the cemetery with a ponderous sword in his hand, stand off you faithless Islanders, who can pledge your vows to-day and break them to-morrow; the man wears not tartan either in Æbudæ or Morven dare force this pass, otherwise should he attempt, he shall bite the ground under my sword.

What proud Hibernian art thou, roared a tall Highlander from Glengarry, who wore a broad sword and targe; what art thou, I say, more known by words than deeds? and rushing forward, threw up the targe, and cut deeply at him with a lusty arm.

No strife, my frends, said Sir Angus; Finvola was honourably given to me: she came in love with me, and shall depart

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was called the Tasg, which was raised higher than any of the two foregoing, the use of the Tasg was when the procession moved through the woods to apprise the neighbouring inhabitants that a funeral was approaching. When a former friend or acquaintance came to the wake-house, a name given to the house in which the corpse was laid out, the most sudden and heart-rending shriek imaginable was uttered by the friends over the defunct, when all rising to their feet and clapping their hands, howled in the most affecting manner, till they sunk down nearly exhausted, and when they were sitting down, I have often observed them with their hands clasped together, muttering to themselves and addressing the dead in the second person with the sweetest epithets,\* talk to them as when living. The body of the dead when laid out was usually strewed over with flowers.

\* The Gaelic language is well known to excel all others in expression, whether used in opprobrium or eulogium.

the same; the fault was altogethe mine, and if I have erred, was only too much love: do not dare to molest my Irish ends; their countrymen are with me and my affections are ith them.

The clan O'Cahan halted with Sir Angus during the following day, and at eve having embarked with the remains of their uch beloved Finvola, bearing aloft their flaming torches, ey howled aloud the Irish war-cry, and turned the helm for e sacred land of Iniseagla.

When the body was laid down in the old abbey of Dooneven, e relations and followers standing each according to his rank, it all with drooping heads, the family bard to his harp sung ese lines over the bier:

In the lands of O'Cahan, where bleak mountains rise,  
O'er whose brown ridgy tops now the dusky cloud flies,  
Deep sunk in a valley a wild flower did grow,  
And her name was Finvola, the gem of the Roe,  
And her name was Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

From the Isles of Æbudæ, appeared to our view,  
A youth clad in tartan, 'tis strange as 'tis true,  
With a star on his breast and unstrung was his bow,  
And he sigh'd for Finvola, the gem of the Roe,  
And he sigh'd for Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

No more up the streamlet her maidens shall hie,  
For wan the cold cheek, and bedim'd the blue eye,  
In silent affliction our sorrows shall flow,  
Since gone is Finvola, the gem of the Roe,  
Since gone is Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

She was now committed to her kindred dust, and each departed to his respective habitation.

Dermott O'Cahan the father was then a considerable time ad, and Shane the son being appointed to succeed him in

the castle and estates of Dooneven, was applied to by some of the northern Irish barons, to assist them in driving his majesty's forces out of Ulster.

O'Cahan replied, that for himself he had always lived on friendly terms with the king of England, and it would be an unprincipled act of him now to rise in hostility against that monarch, nor until he should receive an injury from him, could he ever unsheath his sword in such a cause.

These Irish chieftains who wished to stimulate him in supporting their plot, wrote letters to the monarch of England, broadly accusing him as a traitor, and they had it the more in their power, as shortly before this time he had been authorised by the king to embody fifteen hundred men for the British service, and so great was the esteem which his majesty had for Prince O'Cahan, or rather such weight did he hold him in, that he valued his compliance rather as a gratuity than an obedience,

But what was his surprise when he found his castle one morning surrounded by armed men, and the king's broad warrant produced for his apprehension! In vain did the battalion of the Roe draw their shining blades; in vain did they surround the guards, and order them to deliver up the Prince and also their arms.

What are you about to do, my friends? said O'Cahan, are you come to make me appear as guilty as my enemies have represented me? I am this day conscious of an upright heart,—you all are witnesses of it; and why should we use opposition when we know that the justice of our cause will defeat the base intention of our weak-hearted enemies?

I'll die sooner, said Turloughmore O'Cahan his relation, than allow you to be dragged from amongst us like a malefactor, while I stand coolly by, bearing this useless sword in my hand, and knitting his dark brows together, he strode across the pathway and unsheathed the weapon, which he had little thought should be useless.

Strike me, said O'Cahan, but injure not these innocent men, who only obey a rigid mandate, which had they refused their lives must pay the forfeit.

With strong reasoning and exhortation he at length dissuaded them from using violence—told them when his majesty received the matter in its true colours, he would escort him home with additional honours to Castle O'Cahan, but should an insurrection be raised now, it would only confirm what had been falsely reported of him.

He and his lady were then taken to England, and kept prisoners at large until the matter would be fully investigated. He also brought with him some of his attendance and four of his best horses, for in these was his great delight, and the breed from O'Cahan's stud were known throughout the kingdom.

Matters for some time went on well in favour of the prisoner, until witnesses were summoned over to substantiate the accusation, and they knowing that their own safety rested chiefly in his condemnation, confirmed the deed, and now nothing remained wanting but the royal assent that noble O'Cahan should lose his head,

'Twas one morning, as he and his lady had finished breakfast, and as it is natural for the mind to wander back to scenes wherein it has enjoyed the purest happiness, they were entertaining each other with the affairs of their own country, and chatting over every little incident that could recall former days to their minds; when they were interrupted by the clanking of chains and sound of voices approaching the door of their apartment. We have orders from his majesty Prince O'Cahan, said the chief of the guard, for reasons unknown to us, to invest you with these shackles, until his further pleasure is known. Is it said I have committed a new crime? or what is the cause of this undeserved punishment? said O'Cahan.

The most I can inform you, said the officer, is, that two strangers arrived yesterday from Ireland, and had a private conference with the king.

As he finished this sentence, uncovered as he was, and kneeling on one knee, he applied the manacles to his hands and bolts to his feet, to which the prisoner submitted with a sigh, saying, when my enemies have done their utmost, matters will straight be well again, but had I permitted the battallion of the Roe, these bands never should have bound my hands, nor a guardsman ever visited the shores of Britain.

During this scene Lady O'Cahan, who was young, beautiful and only a short time wedded to her lord, sat as if bound to the earth, looking alternately at the prince and the guards; then dissolving into tears, she sunk down on her husband's bosom, who, as well as his pinioned arms could, supported her until she recovered.

The officer informed her ladyship that she was at liberty to walk where she pleased at all times, for the penalty of the law rested only against her lord.

Seeing that grief would do no good to his cause, O'Cahan consoled his lady as well as his situation would allow, and with breasts prepared for the worst, they awaited the final event.

It happened exacty at this period that there was to be a stag hunt in Windsor forest, at which all the nobility of England were to be present, besides many from Normandy and others parts of the continent, attended by the best dogs and horses.

There was then a custom practised, I believe, at the British court alone, that the person who after the stag was run down could first dip his hands in the blood, was honoured with the royal pardon for whatever crimes he or the person for whom he or she supplicated was guilty; but as this attainment depended on the most superior performance both of man and horse, few could hope for it.

O'Cahan had an old blood, named Benroe, once famous on the turf, and which, when taking the country over brakes and precipices, few could equal.

Allowing even that Benroe had a chance for this privilege, of which there were many doubts, his master had no person in England capable of riding him, and therefore any little spark of hope which the excellence of this animal had kindled in his breast was altogether extinguished. Like an electric shock was his mind affected when, a few days preceding the appointed day, his lady proposed herself to mount old Benroe, and put in for the life of her beloved lord. The undertaking, my love, said he, is much too arduous for any female, and you must know it is not on the plains on which you have been accustomed to ride, nor are you to contend with those whose only care was to protect you.

Let us talk no more, said his lady, Benroe and I are well known to each other, 'tis not the first time we have been crowned with laurels among those who pretended to be victorious on the sod, and I shall hazard the attempt, terminate as it will.

The matter being settled, a petition was sent forward to the king, requesting that he, would allow Prince O'Cahan's horn to be sounded previous to the chase. To this his majesty could not fully assent; as in the conditions published, it had been said, that when the royal trumpeter should sound three times, the huntsmen would mount; but he graciously ordered that as often as the trumpeter should sound, Prince O'Cahan's huntsmen would repeat the blast.

Old Benroe being now by the groom led to the window of his master's prison, and hearing his well known voice, neighed aloud, and stretching forward his lofty neck, rolled around a fiery eye, seemingly in great anxiety to know the place whence the voice came.

The royal trumpet being sounded and the gentlemen mounted, Lady O'Cahan appeared, arrayed in a robe white as snow, with a green Fillag studded with diamonds, and running in triple order around her head in form of a shamrock.

On the first blast of the Irish cornu, her courser made a rush forward, and all thought she would have been pitched from the saddle. 'Twas at this moment that a gentleman clothed in green, and mounted on a tall grey, alit, and proposed to exchange horses with her, for your's, my lady. said he, becomes ungovernable, and mine, I can assure you, will be more easily managed. She politely thanked him for his courtesy, but told him there was not the slightest danger, for she was well acquainted with her courser's gaits.

As every new opponent entered the arena, Benroe considering himself as necessitated to contend against all, still became more furious, the same gentleman who made the proposal of his steed to her, observing tears trickle plentifully from under her veil, rode forward to her a second time, and entreated that she would desist from the chase, as he saw she became afraid; and moreover, said he, I fear the contest will be severe to-day between some knights from the continent and us, who I am informed are come over to try the mettle of the British breed. The terrors of the chase, sir, said she, 'are known to me, and turning her horse, she thought she knew his crest to be that of O'Donnell.

In the days when Benroe was accustomed to contend on the sod, being low in condition, he was much more difficult to manage, and shewed a fretful disposition; but, on the other hand, when he knew he was something like capable of his business, he came to the start as cool as a lamb.

I have always, said a gentleman mounted on a lengthy bay, observed that those Irish bloods shew too much capering to come in well at the death: however, two or three courses through Windsor will be a better test of the matter.

The royal trump proclaims the chase,  
Through dark wood, hile and plain,  
And O'Cahan's horn receives the blast,  
And rolls it o'er again.

Now the trembling ground with hoofs resound  
 As they scour across the wood,  
 And the bounding stag is snuffing the gale,  
 As he stems the foaming flood.

Now, softly, my lamb, the lady says,  
 Now softly, my pet, and so,  
 You'll match the fleetest of British steeds  
 If your name be old Benroe.

'Tis not the days, my gallant steed,  
 When our joys were full in store,  
 When with many a gambol you followed your dam  
 On the plains of green Stranmore.\*

'Tis not the days, my noble steed,  
 I tell it with watery eyes,  
 When from many a courser of high renown,  
 You bore away the prize.

'Tis none of the days, my gallant steed,  
 Such happy hours are fled,  
 The prize is laid, my noble Ben,  
 And it is your master's head.

The herald stands on O'Cahan's tower,  
 And he views the flying train,  
 They have twice encircled the rising ground,  
 And they're topping the hill again.

O'Donnell's gray, is he leading the way,  
 For his strain is good, I know?  
 Or the Norman breed, have they taken the lead,  
 And hindmost is old Benroe?

Or is he a bay that has the way?

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\* A plain on the banks of the Roe, south of Dungiven.

Come quickly me inform,  
Does the British tantivy re-echo the hills,  
And silent O'Cahan's horn?

O'Donnell's gray is not leading the way,  
Though his strain is good, you know,  
Nor the Norman breed have not taken the lead  
Nor hindmost is old Benroe.

Nor is he a bay that has the way,  
I'm sorry my lord, to inform ;  
But a long-reined black runs hard on the pack,  
And I hear O'Cahan's horn.

His foam-dripping tongue hangs through his mouth,  
Broad flakes from his nostrils flow,  
And were I not sure that his colour was black,  
I'd pronounce him old Benroe.

Some coursers are running a mile in the rear,  
Though they seem to fly with the wind,  
O'Donnell's gray puts hard for the way,  
But the black has left him behind.

Tidings ! O tidings, my noble lord !  
Great tidings I have to tell ;  
'Tis old Benroe that presses the stag,  
I know his running well.

The foremost hound has lost the ground,  
That he kept the forest through,  
And old Benroe has taken his place,  
For I have them still in view.

His lengthened side and reeking hide,  
A deadly match proclaim,  
And the breathing stag is urging his way,  
But I fear he urges in vain.

The snow-white robe that my lady put on,  
Is changed to a dusky hue,  
And her fleeting courser bathed in foam,  
Has changed his colour too.

When her courser came to the panting stag,  
That lay on the earth alone,  
Three drops of blood have stained her hands,  
With which to the king she is gone.

O lady fair, your message declare,  
For I know you're a wedded wife,  
And I think I know the boon you would ask,  
'Tis great O'Cahan's life.

To save O'Cahan's life, my liege,  
His lady before you stands,  
And the other request that I humbly ask,  
Is our broad and extensive lands.

Your boon I grant with all my heart,  
With all my heart indeed,  
For so fine a face I've not seen at a chace,  
Nor so fine a sweating steed.

Three blasts for Ben the huntsman said,  
My liege I wish to blow,  
For of all the coursers in merry England,  
The fleetest is old Benroe.

When the king had granted the request of lady O'Cahan, he was also graciously pleased to present to her a gold ring set with an emerald, around which ran a shamrock, and engraven on it were these three words, *veni, vidi, vici*. Being informed that their affairs were all well in Ireland, they made a sojourn at the court of Britain for eight months, during which time two events happened, most important in themselves to lady O'Cahan: the one was the decease of her noble lord, and the other was the birth of a son, the only presumptive heir to the

estates of Dooneven. This child was named Donald O'Cahan but his own countrymen, to distinguish him from others of the same family, surnamed him Donald Givlagh, the Gaelic for fetters, intimating as if born in chains ; this was a brave man fond of supporting the former dignity of the family, as the monastery experienced during his time.

He had led his forces to the western part of the kingdom to succour Tyrconnel in his wars, where he received a severe wound in the breast, and was under the necessity of being conveyed home in a litter ; on his way to the castle of his forefathers, he was met by a cousin named Donald Clairry, or Donald the c ribe.

This person was his agent, was also empowered to keep the books of the monastery, the library of which containing many valuable manuscripts with the remaining history and records of the O'Cahan's he had burned in the absence of his friend, and his reason for such an act was that he considered himself apparent heir ; on meeting them bearing his wounded friend with his cloak laid over him, who is this, said he, that you bear, more like a decrepid female than a warrior :

The troops seeing something cruel in his looks as they thought, remained silent, when lo, with a poniard he extinguished the last vital spark in as generous a breast as remained behind him.

The barbarous act was scarcely committed, when an officer under him struck off the assassin's head, the lands being left then without a true heir ; were taken possession of by the monarch of England and so have remained to our day, said Cairbre.

There's an Isle in the verge of the ocean,  
There's a land where the Shamrock grows green,  
There is Mary with snowy white bosom,  
Oh ! the fairest I ever have seen !

There's a stream that steals lone thro' the mountains,  
 Where my spirit's oft wandering you know,  
 Inhaling pure draughts from that fountain,  
 And that crystalline stream is the Roe!  
 Then away with this sighing and crying,  
 Such feelings are follow'd by pain,  
 Tho' in far distant lands I am dieing,  
 Yet in dreams I oft creep back again.

There's a chair for the wand'rer at evening;  
 There's a bed where the weary repose;  
 For a friend there's "a kead miel a faultie;"  
 And Na baklish for sorrows and woes:  
 There's a spirit to soothe you in trouble,  
 And a hand to protect you from wrong;  
 There's a heart with whom joys you may double,  
 And at night there's a cheery old song:  
 Then how can I leave you dear Erin?  
 Sure my soul's in each mountain and rill!  
 Shall I never see white bosom'd Mary?  
 Never list to hear strains on the hill?

Round the green pole on May's hallow'd morning,  
 How we've bounded with spirits of glee;  
 When nature the wilds was adorning,  
 With the blackbird the skylark and bee;  
 When I whisper'd the first tender breathing,  
 Dear Mary how bright thy blue eye;  
 Can I call back the scene without grieving;  
 Or mention that name and not sigh;  
 Then farewell to those bright sunny vallies;  
 Dearest Erin I'll see you no more!  
 My heart whisper'd something of sorrow,  
 When I took my last look at your shore!

There's a spirit at night breathes around me,  
 And whispers of friends far away;  
 There's a spell that has oftentimes bound me,

In the darkness as well as the day ;  
There's a soft sigh that's often heav'd near me,  
In a music that saddens the soul ;  
There's a shadow of light seems to cheer me,  
And to silence my woes to control  
Then farewell to the green banks of Erin,  
To her mountains all shrouded in snow ;  
Farewell to you, soft bosom'd Mary !  
And adieu to the maids of the Roe ! !

Finis.



## APPENDIX.

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In the North of Ulster, anciently a part of what was Dalriada, the chief clans were the O'Kanes and M'Quillans, who held the territory of the Routes, and had their chief seats at Dunluce, Dunseverick, Coleraine, and Dungiven. In the *Annals of Ireland*, (translated from the original Irish of the Four Masters.) A.D. 1211, the MacDonnells of the Hebrides are mentioned as having invaded the territories of Antrim and Derry, where they afterwards made settlements. In the reign of Elizabeth, Somhairle Buidhe MacDonnell, called by English writers Sorley Boy, a chief from the Hebrides, descended from the ancient Irish of the race of Clan Cella, came with his forces and took possession of the glynns. After many long and fierce battles with the M'Quillans the MacDonnells made themselves masters of the country, and dispossessed the M'Quillans. Dubourdeau, in his survey of Antrim, says—"A lineal descendant of the chief M'Quillan lives on the road between Belfast and Carrickfergus, near the Silver Stream, and probably enjoys more happiness as a respectable farmer than his ancestor did as a prince in those turbulent times." The MacDonnells were created Earls of Antrim, a dignity which they still enjoy. The O'Hara's, a branch of the great family of O'Hara, in Sligo, have been long settled in Antrim. Several families of the O'Neills have also been in Antrim from an early period.

The other clans in this territory were the O'Shields, O'Quinns, O'Furries, M'Alisters, Magees, &c. The present Right Honourable Earl O'Neill is the representative of the O'Neill's Princes of Tyrone—a branch of the De Borgos, settled in Galway and Mayo. Among the chiefs that attended Sir Henry Sydney, along with MacWilliam Burke, was an original Irishman of the name of O'Malley, strong in galleys and seamen. This Sir Richard Burke was married to Grace O'Malley, daughter of Owen O'Malley, and chief of Umaille, now the baronies of Burrishoole and Muriak, in the county of Mayo, over which territory the O'Malleys were the ancient chiefs and celebrated mariners. Grace O'Malley, called, in Irish, Grainne-ni-Mahaile, commonly pronounced Grana Weal, is celebrated in Irish history. She was first married to O'Flagherty, Chief of West Connaught, and secondly to Sir Richard Burke, by whom she had a son, Theobald, who was a commander of note on the side of the English, in Connaught, in the reign of Elizabeth. He was called Sir Theobald Burke, and was created Viscount of Mayo by Charles I. In the *Anthologica Hibernica* for 1793 and 1794, an account is given of Grace O'Malley: Her father, Owen O'Malley, was a noted chief, and had a small fleet, with which he made many expeditions; and after his death, her brother being a minor, she took upon herself the command of her galleys, and made, with her crews, many bold expeditions. Her chief rendezvous was at Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo, where she kept her large vessels moored, and had a fortress; but she had her small craft at Carrigahooly Castle, which was her chief residence and stronghold, and there was a hole to be seen in the ruined walls through which a cable was run from one of her ships for the purpose of communicating an alarm to her apartment on any sudden danger. It is said that what was called her piracies became so frequent that she was proclaimed, and £500 offered for her apprehension, and troops were sent from Galway to take the Castle of Carrigahooly, but, after a siege of more than a fortnight, they were forced to retire, being defeated by the valour of Grace and her men. Lodge says that Grace O'Malley was a lady much re-

nowned by the natives of Connaught, who relate many adventures and remarkable actions which she performed on the sea with great courage and undaunted spirit. These exploits were performed by Grace before and after her marriage with O'Flaherty, but after his death, and her marriage with Sir Richard Burke, she became reconciled to the Government, and with her followers assisted the English forces in Connaught, and for her services it is said Queen Elizabeth wrote her a letter of invitation to the Court, in consequence of which Grace, with some of her galleys, set sail for London about the year 1575, and she was received at Court with great honours by the Queen, who offered to create her a Countess, which honour Grace declined, answering, with great spirit and dignity, that both being Princesses they were equal in rank, and they could therefore confer no honours on each other; but Grace said her Majesty might confer any title she pleased on her young son, a child which was born on shipboard during her voyage to England, and it is said the Queen knighted the child, who was called Theobald of the Ships, from the circumstance of his being born on shipboard; and this Sir Theobald Burke was created Viscount of Mayo by Charles I. On her return from England a curious circumstance is mentioned to have taken place on her landing at Howth for some provisions: on proceeding to the castle she found the gates closed, the family being at dinner; Grace was indignant at this dereliction of Irish hospitality, and happening to see a little boy, with an attendant, near the sea shore, she inquired whose child it was, and being answered he was the young heir of Howth she had him carried off by her men to the ships, and conveyed him to Connaught, and it is said she would not consent to restore the young heir till his father, Lord Howth, had entered into a stipulation, that the gates of his castle should never be closed at dinner-time; hence it is said, that ever since the gates are left open when the family go to dinner. The abduction of the young heir of St. Lawrence, by Grace O'Malley, is said to be represented in one of the paintings at Howth Castle. Grace endowed a monastery on Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo, where she was buried, and it is said some remains of her monument are still to be seen there. Grace O'Malley has been long famous as an Irish popular heroine, and her name is still remembered in song, Ireland itself being often personified in the designation of Granna Weal.

Among the information sent from Ireland to the English Court, is the following which is still preserved in the English state paper office, and which gives an interesting picture of the condition of Ireland in the year 1515. The writer of this report reckons more than "sixty separate states, some as big as a shire, some more, some less, some as big as half a shire, and some a little less." In these, he tells us, there reigned more than "sixty chief Captains, whereof some call themselves kings, some princes, dukes, and archdukes, that live only by the sword, and obey no other temporal person, but only him that is strongest, and every one of the said Captains make war, and peace for himself, and holds by the sword and has imperial jurisdiction within his limits, and obeys no other person, English or Irish, except only such persons as may subdue them by the sword." O'Neill of Tyrone and O'Donnell of Tirconnel were the two great chiefs of the North; but there were besides these, seven other independent chieftains in Ulster, O'Neill of Clannaboy, or Clanaboy, O'Cahan of Kenoght in Derry, O'Dogherty of Innishowen, Maguire of Fermanagh, Magennis of Upper Iveagh in Down, O'Hanlon of Armagh, and MacMahon of Irish Uriel, now the County of Monaghan. In Leinster, the chief and original seat of the English power, there were no less than ten independent Irish chiefs, Mac Murrough of Hy-Drone in the east of Wexford, O'Byrne in Wicklow, O'Murrough in Wexford, O'Thole in Wicklow, O'Nolan in the south-west of Wexford, Mac Gilpatrick of Upper Ossory (Queen's County), O'More of Leix, O'Dempsey of Glinalirry (Queen's County), O'Connor, of Offally (King's County), and O'Doyne of Oregan in the Queen's County. The Irish chiefs in Munster were still more numerous; those of the south, or of Desmond were Mac Carthy More, or the Great Mac Carthy, who occupied a part of the county of Kerry, Cormac Mac Teague Mac Carthy in the county of Cork, O'Donaghue of Killarney, O'Sullivan, of Beare (Cork), O'Connor of Kerry, Mac Carthy Reagh of Carberry (Cork); O'Driscoll of Baltimore (Cork), and two O'Mahons of Carberry (Cork); in Thomond there were the

O'Brien of Toybrien (Clare), O'Kennedy of Lower Ormond (North Tipperary), O'Carrol of Ely (King's County), O'Meagher of Ikerin (Tipperary), Mac Mahon of Corkvaskin (Clare), O'Connor of Corcumroe (Clare), O'Loughlin of Burrin (Clare), O'Grady in the district now called the barony of Bunratty, (Clare), O'Brien of Arra (Tipperary), O'Mulrian and O'Dwyer to the south of the last mentioned sept, and Mac Brien of Coonagh in Limerick. The Irish chiefs of Connaught were O'Connor Roe and Mac Dermot in Roscommon; O'Kelly, O'Madden, and O'Flaherty, in Galway; O'Farrel of Annaly (Longford); O'Reilly and O'Rourke of Breffny (Cavan and Leitrim); O'Malley of Mayo; Mac Donagh of Tiragrill, O'Gara of Coolavin, O'Hare of Laney, O'Dowdy of Tir-eragh, Mac Donaghue of Corran, and Mac Manus O'Connor, of Carbury, all in Sligo. The latter was commonly known as O'Connor Sligo. There were three chiefs in Meath, O'Mulloughlin, Mac Geoghegan, and O'Mulmoy, or Mulloy.

The report further states, "that there were other smaller septs, equally independent and turbulent, not enumerated. It is estimated in this report, that the army of the largest of these septs did not exceed 500 spears, 500 galloglasses, and 1,000 kerns. The galloglasses were the heavy armed infantry of the Irish, who wore iron helmets and coats of mail; the kerns had no armour and fought with spears, or pikes, and darts. The report goes on to enumerate more than 30 great captains of the English nobles, that follow the same Irish order; and keep the same rule, and every one of them maketh war and peace for himself, without any license of the King or of any other temporal person, save to him that is strongest and of such that may subdue them by the sword." These were in Munster, the Earl of Desmond, the Knight of Kerry Fitzmaurice, Sir Thomas Desmond, Sir Gerald of Desmond, the Lord Barry, the Lord Roche, the young Lord Barry, the Lord de Courcy, the Lord Cogan, the Lord Barrett, the White Knight, the Knight of Glyn, the sons of Sir Gerald of Desmond, in Waterford, the Powers of Waterford, Sir William Burke, in the county of Limerick, Sir Piers Butler (who claimed the title of Earl of Ormond), and all the captains of the Butlers of the county of Kilkenny, and of the county of Fethard." In Connaught there were the Lord Burke of Mayo, the Lord Burke of Clanrickard, the Lord Bermingham, of Athenry; The Stauntons of Clonmorris, in Mayo; the MacJordans, or sons of Jordon De Exeter, in Mayo; MacCostello Baron Nangle, of Costello, in Mayo; and the Barretts of Tyrawley, in the same county. In Ulster there were the Savages of Lecale, in Down; the FitzHowlins of Tuscard, and the Bissets of the Glynns, of Antrim. The English chiefs, of Meath, who did not acknowledge obedience to the English Government, were the Dillons, the Daltons, the Tyrrells, and the Delamares.

From the forgoing statements of the misrule and feudal conflicts that took place after the invasion of England it is a pleasing fact to notice the judicious and regular manner in which the country was governed under the native monarchs. Thus, for instance, we are assured by the panegyrists of Brian Boru, that under his rule equal justice was impartially administered—that he suffered no one to transgress the laws. Among other writers Warner, in his *History of Ireland*, describes the respect that was universally shewn to the laws by the inhabitants of the nation, by telling us that a young damsel of surpassing beauty, robed in costly dress covered with jewels, carrying in her hand a wand, with a gold ring of great value fixed at the top, wandered, without attendants, from the northernmost part of the island to the South, and that no one attempted, either in face of day or under cover of the shades of night, to rob her of her honour, or strip her of her rich apparel, or even to steal her ring of gold. This circumstance is beautifully versified, by our own national poet Thomas Moore, in the following lines:—

Rich and rare were the gems she wore;  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
"So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?"

"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,  
 "As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
 "No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
 "For though they love women and golden store  
 "Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile  
 In safety lighted her round the green isle.  
 And blest for ever is she who relied  
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

Of the daring spirit and bravery of the MacDonnells, in opposition to English rule, an instance is given in *Lodge's Peerage* (A.D., 1597). Of the Chichesters, Earls of Donegall, it is stated that Sir James McDonnell had a party of Highland Scots concealed in a cave, about four miles from Carrickfergus, while he marched with another body of them towards that town, and leaving the garrison, the governor, Sir John Chichester, made a sally, when MacDonnell, seeming to fly until he had brought Sir John to the place where he had laid his ambuscade, turned on him suddenly, and his party being instantly surrounded by the Scots, joined by those in ambush, they defeated Chichester's forces, and slew great numbers of them. Sir John was taken prisoner and beheaded on a stone at the head of the Glynn. MacDonnell, many years after, on going one day to view the monument to the Chichesters, in the church of St. Nicholas, at Carrickfergus, and seeing Sir John's statue, asked, "How the de'il he came to get his head again, for he was sure he had once cut it off him." It may be here observed that the Irish kerns and galloglasses generally decapitated the chiefs they had slain in battle, as they considered no man actually dead until his head was cut off.

*The Annals of the Four Masters*, and Irish history throughout, gives many interesting details of the conflicts that took place with these and other chieftains, in contests for superiority. When united against the English invaders they were distinguished by deeds of valour not surpassed by any other nation. The O'Neills, O'Donnells, O'Kanes, MacQuillans, and other chieftains, long contested the right of England to enslave their country, and only through the treachery and disunion of parties who had not the love of country at heart, no foreign power could have brought Ireland into subjection. The insolence of English officials frequently goaded the chieftains into acts of rebellion to the British Government, so that they might forfeit their estates and get them to themselves or the supporters of English rule. In May, 1608, Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, Lord of Inishowen, a young man of great spirit and valour, then only in the 21st year of his age, raised an insurrection against the English in Ulster, being unable to tolerate the insolence and tyranny of Sir George Powlet, governor of Derry, who not only abused him in language, with scorn and contempt, but inflicted on him personal castigation, so that he preferred death to life rather than endure the insult and dishonour he had received. O'Dogherty, and his forces having surprized Derry, they slew Powlet and most of the garrison, and burned the town; he also took the fort of Culmore, near Derry, from Captain Hart, where he found 12 pieces of cannon, and gave the command of the fortress to a valiant chief, Phelim MDavett O'Dogherty, ravaged the settlements of the English in various parts of Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone, and defeated their forces in several engagements. Marshal Wingfield then advanced against Burt Castle, the chief residence of O'Dogherty, near Lough Swilly. Mac Geoghegan says the castle was commanded by a monk, who not having a sufficient force to defend it and not wishing to subject O'Dogherty's lady, who was Mary Preston, daughter of Lord Gormanstown, to the dangers of a siege, surrendered the castle on condition that the garrison should be spared, but Wingfield put most of them to the sword, and sent O'Dogherty's wife to her brother. O'Dogherty maintained his ground for about three months in Donegal, the Lord Deputy Chichester offered a reward of 500 marks for his head, and Sir Cahir being encamped at the Rocks

of Donne, near Kilmacrennan, was shot dead with a musket ball, by an English soldier, who took deliberate aim at him, recognizing the warlike chief amidst his men from his waving plume and lofty stature. The extensive estates of O'Dogherty were confiscated, and transferred to Chichester, ancestor of the Earls of Donegal. Six entire counties in Ulster, namely—Armagh, Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan, were also confiscated, and, by the project called the Plantation of Ulster, carried into effect by King James I., from 1607 to 1612. The extensive territories held for many ages by the O'Neils, O'Donnells, O'Doghertys, O'Kanes, Maguires, O'Reillys, and many chiefs mentioned in the *Annals of Ireland*, were forfeited to the Crown. Thus, after a continued contest, and fierce wars for 430 years, from the time of Strongbow, 1170, till 1609, the reduction of Ireland was ultimately effected; and with the heroic struggles of Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell terminated the power of the Irish princes and chiefs, not only in Ulster but in all the other provinces. O'Neill and O'Donnell escaped to France, and died at Rome, and were buried on St. Peter's Hill. Owen Roe MacWard, chief bard of the O'Donnells, wrote a beautiful elegiac Poem, in Irish, on the death of the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, which was admirably versified by Clarence Mangan, of which the following verses afford a favourable specimen. The sister (Nuala) of O'Donnell is pathetically represented as weeping alone over the graves of the Princes, on St. Peter's Hill:—

O woman of the piercing wail,  
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay,  
With sigh and groan;  
Would God thou wert among the Gael!  
Thou wouldst not then from day to day  
Weep thus alone.  
'Twere long before, around a grave,  
In green Tírconnell, one could find  
This loneliness;  
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave,  
Such grief as thine could ne'er have  
pined  
Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegal,  
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,  
Or Killilee;  
Or where the sunny waters fall,  
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,  
This could not be.  
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumelieff,  
Throughout Armagh the Great renowned  
In olden years,  
No day could pass but Woman's grief  
Would rain upon the burial-ground  
Fresh floods of tears!

O no!—from Shannon, Boyne and Suir,  
From high Dunluce's castle walls,  
From Lisadill,  
Would flock alike both rich and poor,  
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls  
To Tara's Hill:  
And some would come from Barrow-side,  
And many a maid would leave her home  
On Leitrim's plains,  
And by melodious Banna's tide,  
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come,  
And swell thy strains!

Two princes of the line of Conn  
Sleep in their cells of clay beside  
O'Donnell Roe:  
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,  
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died  
For Erin's woe!  
Ah! could the men of Ireland read  
The names these noteless burial-stones  
Display to view,  
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,  
Their tears gush forth again, their groans  
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here  
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and  
Lord  
Of Aileach's lands;  
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,  
Thy nephew, long to be deplored  
By Ulster's bands.  
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time  
Could domicile Decay, or house  
Decrepitude!  
They passed from earth ere Manhood's prime,  
Ere years had power to dim their brows  
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,  
Or who can blame thy flowing tears  
That knows their source?  
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,  
Cut off amid his vernal years,  
Lies here a corse  
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom  
Tírconnell of the Helmets mourns  
In deep despair—  
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,  
For all that greatness and adorns,  
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,  
 The lord of Mourne, O'Neill's son;  
 Their mate in death—  
 A prince in look, in deed, and word—  
 Had these three heroes yielded on  
 The field their breath.  
 O, had they fallen on Crimthan's plain,  
 There would not be a town or clan  
 From shore to sea,  
 But would with shrieks bewail the slain,  
 Or chant aloud the exulting *rann* (verse)  
 Of Jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,  
 On fields where Freedom's torch still  
 burned  
 Through Erin's gloom,  
 If one, if barely one of those  
 Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned  
 The hero's doom!  
 If at *Athbuighe*, where hosts of brave  
 Ulidian horsemen sank beneath  
 The shock of spears,  
 Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,  
 Long must the North have wept his death,  
 With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of *Ballaghmoyné*,  
 The lord of Mourne had met, thus young  
 A warrior's fate,  
 In vain would such as thou desire  
 To mourn alone the champion sprung  
 From Niall the Great!  
 No marvel this—for all the dead,  
 Heaped on the field, pile over pile,  
 At *Mullaghbrack*,  
 Were scarce an *Eric* for his head,  
 If Death had stayed his footsteps while  
 On victory's track.

If on the day the Saxon host  
 Were forced to fly—a day so great  
 For *Ashanees*—  
 The chief had been untimely lost,  
 Our conquering troops would moderate  
 Their mirthful glee.  
 There would not lack on Lifford's day,  
 From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,  
 From Limerick's towers,  
 A marshalled file, a long array,  
 Of mourners to bedew the soil  
 With tears in showers.

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm,  
 That bloody night on Fergus' banks  
 But slain our Chief,  
 When rose his camp in wild alarm,—  
 How would the triumph of his ranks  
 Be dashed with grief!

How would the troops of Murbach mourn,  
 If on the *Curlew Mountains'* day,  
 Which England rued,  
 Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,  
 By shedding there amid the fray,  
 Their Prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes  
 Had Roderick found on Sligo's field  
 A gory grave;  
 No Northern chief would soon arise,  
 So sage to guide, so strong to shield,  
 So swift to save.  
 Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept, if Hugh  
 Had met the death he oft had dealt  
 Among the foe;  
 But, had our Roderick fallen too,  
 All Erin must, alas! have felt  
 The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!  
 Already we bewail in vain  
 Their fatal fall!  
 And Erin, once the Great and Free,  
 Now vainly mourns her breakless chain—  
 And iron thrall!  
 Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry  
 Thine overflowing eyes, and turn  
 Thy heart aside;  
 For Adam's race is born to die,  
 And sternly the sepulchral urn  
 Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh for earthly throne,  
 Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—  
 But on thy knees  
 Uplift thy soul to God alone,  
 For all things go their destined way  
 As he decrees.  
 Embrace the faithful Crucifix,  
 And seek the path of pain and prayer  
 Thy Saviour trod;  
 Nor let thy spirit intermix  
 With earthly hope and worldly care  
 Its groans to God.

And thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways  
 Are far above our feeble minds  
 To understand,  
 Sustain us in these doleful days,  
 And render light the chain that binds—  
 Our fallen land!  
 Look down upon our dreary state,  
 And through the ages that may still  
 Roll sadly on,  
 Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,  
 And shield at least from darker ill  
 The blood of Conn!

### THE CLANS OF TIR EOGAIN AND THEIR TERRITORIES.

The chiefs and clans of Tir Eogain, and the territories possessed by each in the twelfth century, are collected from O'Dugan as follows:—O'Dugan commences with the territory of *Aileach of the Kings*, of which he gives—I. O'Neill and Mac Loughlin as princes or kings. II. O'Cathain, or O'Kane, who was of the race of Eogan, or a branch of the O'Neills, and who was the chief of Cianacht of Gleanna Geibhin, or Keenaght of Glen-given. The O'Kanes were also chiefs of the Creeve, now the barony of Colerain, and in after times this powerful clan possessed the greater part of the county of Derry, which was called O'Kane's country; they also possessed, at an early period, part of Antrim, and had their seat at the castle of Dunseverick.

### THE RUINS OF DUNLUCE CASTLE.

The ruined state of Dunluce, the scene of many a bloody contest and hospitable festivity, is well described in *McKinlay's Giant's Causeway*, in the following lines:—

Ah, woe, Dunluce! for since that fatal day,  
Thy feudal pride has faded fast away:  
Yet time has been, when o'er thy proudest tower,  
High streamed in air the banners of thy power;  
And when redoubted ranks advanced to shock  
Each martial fortress round thy sea-girt rock,  
Thy mail-clad warriors rose, in serried might,  
And flamed the signal of the coming fight:  
Then pealed thy cannon o'er the crimsoned wave,  
And in thy fosse whole cohorts found a grave.  
Yet mercy reigned with thy victorious lord—  
The vanquished shared the banquet at his board.  
While kindness, prompt to every stranger's call,  
Gave welcome in thy hospitable hall.  
Then high-strung harps awoke the soul of sound,  
With dance, and song, and festive music round.

Ah! what avails the joys of wealth and power?  
The foot of time has crushed thy firmest tower;  
Now on thy ruins slender sea-pinks bloom;  
And there, when night hangs down her veil of gloom,  
The lonely bird of ocean finds its rest,  
Hushed by the stormy billows of the west,  
That moan beneath thy dark basaltic walls,  
While rushing whirlwinds sweep thy roofless halls;  
What piercing sounds are borne upon the gales?  
'Tis the Banshee, whose caoine wildly wails  
Thy valiant sons, englobed by rival hate,

Who "set unclouded in the gulfs of fate."  
 —Thy towers, that seemed a vista to the sky,  
 Have bowed to earth, and in broad ruins lie;  
 Like that stupendous pile on Shinar's plain,  
 Great was thy fall—never to rise again!

\* \* \* \* \*

Though stern oppression's adamant brand  
 Has oft, my Erin! smote thy sainted land,  
 Yet, oh! my country! still thy sons are brave,  
 On the embattled plain, and blood-stained wave.  
 Thy daughters, blooming as the blush of morn,  
 Thy hills, thy dales, and cottages adorn:  
 They meet the stranger with benignant smile,  
 And greet him welcome to thy holy isle.

\* \* \* \* \*

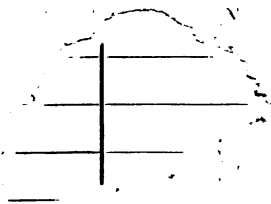


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